

















**MADOC,**

**A POEM,**

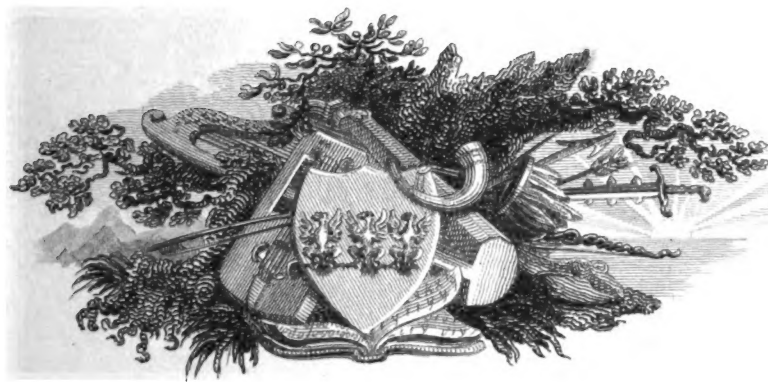
**IN TWO PARTS.**







M A D D C,  
BY  
Robert Southey.



I D D D D

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M. D. C C C. A.



42.  
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TO

CHARLES WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN,

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED,

AS A TOKEN OF SIXTEEN YEARS OF UNINTERRUPTED  
FRIENDSHIP.





## PREFACE.

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THE historical facts on which this Poem is founded may be related in few words. On the death of Owen Gwyneth, king of North Wales, A. D. 1169, his children disputed for the succession. Yorwerth, the eldest, was set aside without a struggle, as being incapacitated by a blemish in his face. Hoel, though illegitimate, and born of an Irish mother, obtained possession of the throne for a while, till he was defeated and slain by David, the eldest son of the late king by a second wife. The conqueror, who then succeeded without opposition, slew Yorwerth, imprisoned Rodri, and hunted others

of his brethren into exile. But Madoc, meantime, abandoned his barbarous country, and sailed away to the West in search of some better resting place. The land which he discovered pleased him; he left there part of his people, and went back to Wales for a fresh supply of adventurers, with whom he again set sail, and was heard of no more. There is strong evidence that he reached America, and that his posterity exist there to this day, on the southern branches of the Missouri, retaining their complexion, their language, and, in some degree, their arts.

About the same time, the Aztecas, an American tribe, in consequence of certain calamities, and of a particular omen, forsook Aztlan, their own country, under the guidance of Yuhidthiton. They became a mighty people, and founded

the Mexican empire, taking the name of Mexicans, in honour of Mexitli, their tutelary god. Their emigration is here connected with the adventures of Madoc, and their superstition is represented the same which their descendants practised, when discovered by the Spaniards. The manners of the Poem, in both its parts, will be found historically true. It assumes not the degraded title of Epic; and the question, therefore, is not whether the story is formed upon the rules of Aristotle, but whether it be adapted to the purposes of poetry.

*Three things must be avoided in Poetry ; the frivolous, the obscure, and the superfluous.*

*The three excellencies of Poetry ; simplicity of language, simplicity of subject, and simplicity of invention.*

*The three indispensable purities of Poetry ; pure truth, pure language, and pure manners.*

*Three things should all Poetry be ; thoroughly erudite, thoroughly animated, and thoroughly natural.*

Triads.



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COME, LISTEN TO A TALE OF TIMES OF OLD!  
COME, FOR YE KNOW ME! I AM HE WHO SUNG  
THE MAID OF ARC; & I AM HE WHO FRAMED  
OF THALABA THE WILD & WONDEROUS SONG.  
COME, LISTEN TO MY LAY, & YE SHALL HEAR  
HOW MADOC FROM THE SHORES OF BRITAIN SPREAD  
THE ADVENTUROUS SAIL, EXPLORED THE OCEAN WAYS.  
AND QUELLED BARBARIAN POWER, & OVERTHREW  
THE BLOODY ALTARS OF IDOLATRY,  
AND PLANTED IN ITS FANES TRIUMPHANTLY  
THE CROSS OF CHRIST. COME, LISTEN TO MY LAY!







M A D D E

I N

W A T E R S

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# MADOC.

---

## THE FIRST PART.

---

### I.

Fair blows the wind, . . the vessel drives along,  
Her streamers fluttering at their length, her sails  
All full, . . she drives along, and round her prow  
Scatters the ocean spray. What feelings then  
Filled every bosom, when the mariners,  
After the peril of that weary way,  
Beheld their own dear country ! Here stands one,  
Stretching his sight toward the distant shore,  
And, as to well-known forms his busy joy

A /

Shapes the dim outline, eagerly he points  
 The fancied headland and the cape and bay,  
 Till his eyes ache, o'erstraining ; this man shakes  
 His comrade's hand, and bids him welcome home,  
 And blesses God, and then he weeps aloud :  
 Here stands another, who, in secret prayer,  
 Calls on the Virgin and his patron Saint,  
 Renewing his old vows of gifts and alms  
 And pilgrimage, so he may find all well.  
 Silent, and thoughtful, and apart from all,  
 Stood Madoc ; now his noble enterprize  
 Proudly remembering, now in dreams of hope,  
 Anon of bodings full, and doubt and fear.  
 Fair smiled the evening, and the favouring gale  
 Sung merrily, and swift the steady bark  
 Rushed roaring through the waves.

The sun goes down.

Far off his light is on the naked crags  
 Of Penmanmawr, and Arvon's ancient hills ;  
 And the last glory lingers yet awhile,  
 Crowning old Snowden's venerable head,  
 That rose amid his mountains. Now the ship  
 Drew nigh where Mona, the dark island, stretched

Her shore along the ocean's lighter line.  
 There through the mist and twilight, many a fire  
 Up-flaming, streamed upon the level sea  
 Red lines of lengthening light, that, far away  
 Rising and falling, flashed athwart the waves.  
 At that did many a thought of ill disturb  
 Prince Madoc's mind: ..did some new conqueror seize  
 The throne of David? had the tyrant's guilt  
 Awakened vengeance to the deed of death?  
 Or blazed they for a brother's obsequies,  
 The sport and mirth of murder? ... Like the lights  
 Which there upon Aberfraw's royal walls  
 Are waving with the wind, the painful doubt  
 Fluctuates within him. .. Onward drives the gale,  
 On flies the bark, .. and she hath reached at length  
 Her haven, safe from her unequalled way!  
 And now in louder and yet louder joy,  
 Clamorous, the happy mariners all-hail  
 Their native shore, and now they leap to land.

There stood an old man on the beach, to wait  
 The comers from the ocean; and he asked,  
 Is it the Prince? And Madoc knew his voice,



And turned to him, and fell upon his neck ;  
 For it was Urien, who had fostered him,  
 Had loved him like a child ; and Madoc loved,  
 Even as a father loved he that old man.

My sister ? quoth the prince. . . Oh, she and I  
 Have wept together, Madoc, for thy loss, . .  
 That long and cruel absence ! . . . She and I,  
 Hour after hour, and day by day, have looked  
 Toward the waters, and with aching eyes,  
 And aching heart, sate watching every sail.

And David, and our brethren ? cried the prince,  
 As they moved on. . . . But then old Urien's lips  
 Were slow at answer ; and he spake, and paused  
 In the first breath of utterance, as to chuse  
 Fit words for uttering some unhappy tale.  
 More blood, quoth Madoc, yet ! Hath David's fear  
 Forced him to still more cruelty ? Alas . . .  
 Woe for the house of Owen !

Evil stars,  
 Replied the old man, ruled o'er thy brethren's birth.  
 From Dolwyddelan driven, his peaceful home,

Poor Yorwerth sought the church's sanctuary ;  
 The murderer followed ! . . Madoc, need I say  
 Who sent the sword ? . . . Llewelyn, his brave boy,  
 Where wanders he ? in this his rightful realm,  
 Houseless and hunted ! richly would the king  
 Gift the red hand that rid him of that fear !  
 Ririd, an outlawed fugitive, as yet  
 Eludes his brother's fury ; Rodri lives,  
 A prisoner he, . . I know not in what fit  
 Of natural mercy, from the slaughter spared.  
 Oh, if my dear old master saw the wreck  
 And scattering of his house ! . . . that princely race !  
 The beautiful band of brethren that they were !

Madoc made no reply, . . he closed his lids,  
 Groaning ; but Urien, for his soul was full,  
 Loving to linger on the woe, pursued :  
 I did not think to live to such an hour  
 Of joy as this ! and often, when my eyes  
 Turned dizzy from the ocean, overcome  
 With heavy anguish, Madoc, I have prayed  
 That God would please to take me to his rest.  
 So as he ceased his speech, a sudden shout

Of popular joy awakened Madoc's ear ;  
 And calling then to mind the festal fires,  
 He asked their import. The old man replied,  
 It is the giddy people's merry-make  
 To welcome their new queen ; unheeding they  
 The shame and the reproach to the long line  
 Of our old royalty ! . . thy brother weds  
 The Saxon's sister.

What ! in loud reply  
 Madoc exclaimed, Hath he forgotten all !  
 David ! King Owen's son . . . my father's son . . .  
 He wed the Saxon . . . the Plantagenet !

Quoth Urien, He so doats, as she had dropt  
 Some philtre in his cup, to lethargy  
 The Briton blood, that came from Owen's veins.  
 Three days his halls have echoed to the song  
 Of joyaunce.

Shame ! foul shame ! that they should hear  
 Songs of such joyaunce ! cried the indignant prince.  
 Oh that my father's hall, where I have heard  
 The song of Corwen and of Keiriog's day,  
 Should echo this pollution ! Will the chiefs  
 Brook this alliance, this unnatural tie ?

There is no face but wears a courtly smile,  
 Urien replied ; Aberfraw's ancient towers  
 Beheld no pride of festival like this,  
 No like solemnities, when Owen came  
 In conquest, and Gwalchmai struck the harp.  
 Only Goervyl, careless of the pomp,  
 Sits in her solitude, lamenting thee.

Saw ye not then my banner? quoth the Lord  
 Of Ocean ; on the topmast-head it stood  
 To tell the tale of triumph ; . . . or did night  
 Hide the glad signal, and the joy hath yet  
 To reach her ?

Now had they almost attained  
 The palace portal. Urien stopt and said,  
 The child should know your coming ; it is long  
 Since she hath heard a voice that to her heart  
 Spake gladness, . . none but I must tell her this !  
 So Urien sought Goervyl, whom he found  
 Alone, and gazing on the moonlight sea.

Oh you are welcome, Urien ! cried the maid.  
 There was a ship came sailing hitherward . . .

I could not see his banner, for the night  
 Closed in so fast around her ; but my heart  
 Indulged a foolish hope !

The old man replied,

With difficult effort keeping down his heart,  
 God, in his goodness, may reserve for us  
 That blessing yet ! I have yet life enow  
 To trust that I shall live to see the day,  
 Albeit the number of my years well-nigh  
 Be full.

Ill-judging kindness ! said the maid.

Have I not nursed for two long wretched years,  
 That miserable hope, that every day  
 Grew weaker, like a baby sick to death,  
 Yet dearer for its weakness, day by day !  
 No, never shall we see his daring bark !  
 I knew and felt it in the evil hour  
 When forth she fared ! I felt it . . . his last kiss  
 Was our death-parting !

And she paused to curb

The agony : anon, . . But thou hast been  
 To learn their tidings, Urien ? He replied,  
 In half-articulate voice, . . they said, my child,  
 That Madoc lived . . . that soon he would be here.

She had received the shock of happiness :  
 Urien ! she cried, . . thou art not mocking me !  
 Nothing the old man spake, but spread his arms,  
 Sobbing aloud. Goervyl from their hold  
 Started, and sunk upon her brother's breast.

Recovering first, the aged Urien said,  
 Enough of this, . . . there will be time for this,  
 My children ! better it behoves ye now  
 To seek the king. And, Madoc, I beseech thee,  
 Bear with thy brother ! gently bear with him,  
 My gentle prince ! he is the headstrong slave  
 Of passions unsubdued ; he feels no tie  
 Of kindly love, or blood ; . . provoke him not,  
 Madoc ! . . . It is his nature's malady.

'Thou good old man ! replied the prince, be sure  
 I shall remember what to him is due,  
 What to myself ; for I was in my youth  
 Wisely and well trained up ; nor yet hath time  
 Effaced the lore my foster-father taught.

Haste, haste ! exclaimed Goervyl ; . . . and her heart  
 Smote her, in sudden terror, at the thought

Of Yorwerth, and of Owen's broken house ; . .  
I dread his dark suspicions ! .

Not for me  
Suffer that fear, my sister ! quoth the prince.  
Safe is the straight and open way I tread !  
Nor hath God made the human heart so bad,  
That thou or I should have a danger there.  
So saying, they toward the palace-gate  
Went on, ere yet Aberfraw had received  
The tidings of her wanderer's glad return.

## II.

The guests were seated at the festal board,  
Green rushes strewed the floor ; high in the hall  
Was David ; Emma, in her bridal robe,  
In youth, in beauty, by her husband's side  
Sate at the marriage feast. The monarch raised  
His eyes, he saw the mariner approach ;  
Madoc ! he cried ; strong nature's impulses  
Prevailed, and with a holy joy he met  
His brother's warm embrace.

With that what peals  
Of exultation shook Aberfraw's tower !  
How then re-echoing rung the home of kings,  
When from subdued Ocean, from the World  
That he had first foreseen, he first had found,  
Came her triumphant child ! The mariners,  
A happy band, enter the clamorous hall ;



Friend greets with friend, and all are friends; one joy  
 Fills with one common feeling every heart,  
 And strangers give and take the welcoming  
 Of hand, and voice, and eye. That boisterous joy  
 At length allayed, the board was spread anew,  
 Anew the horn was brimmed, the central hearth  
 Built up anew for later revelries.  
 Now to the ready feast ! the seneschal  
 Duly below the pillars ranged the crew ;  
 Toward the guests most honourable seat  
 The king himself led his brave brother ; . . then,  
 Eyeing the lovely Saxon as he spake,  
 Here, Madoc, see thy sister ! thou hast been  
 Long absent, and our house hath felt the while  
 Sad diminution ; but my arm at last  
 Hath rooted out rebellion from the land ;  
 And I have stablished now our ancient house,  
 Grafting a scyon from the royal tree  
 Of England, on the sceptre ; so shall peace  
 Bless our dear country.

Long and happy years

Await my sovereigns ! thus the chief replied,  
 And long may our dear country rest in peace !

Enough of sorrow hath our royal house  
 Known in the field of battles, . . yet we reaped  
 The harvest of renown.

Aye, . . many a day,  
 David replied, together have we led  
 The onset ! . . Dost thou not remember, brother,  
 How, in that hot and unexpected charge  
 On Keiriog's bank, we gave the enemy  
 Their welcoming ?

And Berwyn's after-strife !  
 Quoth Madoc, as the memory kindled him :  
 The fool that day, who in his masque attire  
 Sported before King Henry, wished in vain  
 Fitlier habiliments of javelin proof !  
 And yet not more precipitate that fool  
 Dropt his mock weapons, than the archers cast,  
 Desperate, their bows and quivers-full away,  
 When we leapt on, and in the mire and blood  
 Trampled their banner !

That, exclaimed the king,  
 That was a day indeed, that I may still  
 Proudly remember, proved as I have been  
 In conflicts of such perilous assay,

That Saxon combat seemed like woman's war.  
 When with the traitor Hoel I did wage  
 The deadly battle, then was I in truth  
 Put to the proof ; no vantage-ground was there,  
 Nor famine, nor disease, nor storms to aid,  
 But equal, hard, close battle, man to man,  
 Briton to Briton ! By my soul, pursued  
 The tyrant, heedless how from Madoc's eye  
 Flashed the quick wrath like lightning, . . . though I knew  
 The rebel's worth, his prowess then excited  
 Unwelcome wonder ! even at the last,  
 When stiff with toil and faint with wounds, he raised  
 Feebly his broken sword . . . .

Then Madoc's grief  
 Found utterance ; Wherefore, David, dost thou rouse  
 The memory now of that unhappy day,  
 That thou shouldst wish to hide from earth and heaven ?  
 Not in Aberfraw, . . not to me this tale !  
 Tell it the Saxon ! . . he will join thy triumph, . .  
 He hates the race of Owen ! . . but I loved  
 My brother Hoel, . . loved him, . . that ye knew !  
 I was to him the dearest of his kin,  
 And he my own heart's brother,

## David's cheek

Grew pale and dark ; he bent his broad black brow  
 Full upon Madoc's crimson countenance ;  
 Art thou returned to brave me ? to my teeth  
 To praise the rebel bastard ? to insult  
 The royal Saxon, my affianced friend ?

I hate the Saxon ! Madoc cried ; not yet  
 Have I forgotten, how, from Keiriog's shame  
 Flying, the coward wreaked his cruelty  
 On my poor brethren ! . . . David, seest thou never  
 Those eyeless spectres by thy bridal bed ?  
 Forget that horror ? . . may the fire of God  
 Blast my right hand, or ever it be linked  
 With that accurst Plantagenet !

The while,  
 Impatience struggled in the heaving breast  
 Of David ; every agitated limb  
 Shook with ungovernable wrath ; the page,  
 Who chafed his feet, in fear suspends his task,  
 In fear the guests gaze on him silently ;  
 His eyeballs flashed, strong anger choaked his voice,  
 He started up. . . Him Emma, by the hand

Gently retaining, held, with gentle words  
 Calming his rage ; Goervyl, too, in tears  
 Besought her generous brother : he had met  
 Emma's reproaching glance, and, self-reproved,  
 While the warm blood flushed deeper o'er his cheek,  
 Thus he replied ; I pray you pardon me,  
 My sister queen ! nay, you will learn to love  
 This high affection for the race of Owen,  
 Yourself the daughter of his royal house,  
 By better ties than blood.

Grateful the queen  
 Replied, by winning smile and eloquent eye  
 Thanking the gentle prince : a moment's pause  
 Ensued ; Goervyl, then, with timely speech  
 Thus to the wanderer of the waters spake :  
 Madoc, thou hast not told us of the world  
 Beyond the ocean and the paths of man ;  
 A lovely land it needs must be, my brother,  
 Or sure you had not sojourned there so long,  
 Of me forgetful, and my heavy hours  
 Of grief, and solitude, and wretched hope.  
 Where is Cadwallon ? for one bark alone  
 I saw come sailing here.

The tale you ask

Is long, Goervyl, said the mariner,  
 And I in truth am weary. Many moons  
 Have waxed and waned, since from the distant world,  
 The country of my dreams and hope and faith,  
 We spread the homeward sail : a lovely world,  
 My sister ! thou shalt see its goodliness,  
 And greet Cadwallon there ; . . . but this shall be  
 To-morrow's tale : . . . indulge we now the feast ! . .  
 You know not with what joy we mariners  
 Behold a sight like this.

Smiling he spake,  
 And turning, from the sewer's hand he took  
 The flowing mead. David, the while, relieved  
 From rising jealousies, with better eye  
 Regards his venturous brother. Let the bard,  
 Exclaimed the king, give his accustomed lay ;  
 For sweet, I know, to Madoc is the song  
 He loved in earlier years.

Then, strong of voice,  
 The officer proclaimed the sovereign will,  
 Bidding the hall be silent ; loud he spake,  
 And smote the sounding pillar with his wand,

c

And hushed the banqueters. The chief of Bards  
Then raised the ancient lay.

Thee, Lord ! he sung,  
Father ! the eternal ONE ! whose wisdom, power,  
And love, . . . all love, all power, all wisdom thou !  
Nor tongue can utter, nor can heart conceive.  
He in the lowest depth of Being framed  
The imperishable mind ; in every change,  
Through the great circle of progressive life,  
He guides and guards, till evil shall be known,  
And, being known as evil, cease to be ;  
And the pure soul, emancipate by Death,  
The Enlarger, shall attain its end predoomed,  
The eternal newness of eternal joy.

He left his lofty theme ; he struck the harp  
To Owen's fame, swift in the course of wrath,  
Father of heroes. The proud day he sung,  
When from green Erin came the insulting host,  
Lochlin's long burthens of the flood, and they  
Who left their distant homes in evil hour,  
The death-doomed Normen. There was heaviest toil,  
There deeper tumult, where the dragon race

Of Mona trampled down the humbled head  
Of haughty power ; the sword of slaughter carved  
Food for the yellow-footed fowl of heaven,  
And Menai's waters, burst with plunge on plunge,  
Curling above their banks with tempest-swell,  
Their bloody billows heaved.

The long past days

Came on the mind of Madoc, as he heard  
The song of triumph ; on his sun-burnt brow  
Sate exultation : . . other thoughts arose,  
As on the fate of all his gallant house  
Mournful he mused ; oppressive memory swelled  
His bosom, over his fixed eyeballs swam  
The tear's dim lustre, and the loud-toned harp  
Rung on his ear in vain ; . . its silence first  
Roused him from dreams of days that were no more.



### III.

Then on the morrow, at the banquet board,  
The Lord of Ocean thus began his tale.

My heart beat high, when, with the favouring wind,  
We sailed away ; Aberfraw ! when thy towers,  
And the huge headland of my mother isle,  
Shrunk and were gone.

But, Madoc, I would learn,  
Quoth David, how this enterprise arose,  
And the strange hope of worlds beyond the sea ;  
For, at thine outset, being in the war,  
I did not hear from vague and common fame  
The moving cause. Sprung it from bardic lore,  
The hidden wisdom of the years of old,  
Forgotten long ? or did it visit thee  
In dreams, that come from heaven ?

The prince replied,  
 Thou shalt hear all ; . . but if, amid the tale,  
 Strictly sincere, I haply should rehearse  
 Aught to the king ungrateful, let my brother  
 Be patient with the involuntary fault.

I was the guest of Rhys at Dinevawr,  
 And there the tidings found me, that our sire  
 Was gathered to his fathers : . . not alone  
 That sorrow came ; the same ill messenger  
 Told of the strife that shook our royal house,  
 When Hoel, proud of prowess, seized the throne  
 Which you, for elder claim, and lawful birth,  
 Challenged in arms. With all a brother's love,  
 I, on the instant, hurried to prevent  
 The impious battle ; . . all the day I sped,  
 Night did not stay me on my eager way. . .  
 Where'er I passed, new rumour raised new fear. . .  
 Midnight, and morn, and noon I hurried on,  
 And the late eve was darkening when I reached  
 Arvon, the fatal field. . . The sight, the sounds,  
 Live in my memory now, . . for all was done !  
 For horse and horseman, side by side in death,

Lay on the bloody plain ; . . a host of men,  
 And not one living soul, . . and not one sound,  
 One human sound, . . only the raven's wing,  
 Which rose before my coming, and the neigh  
 Of wounded horses, wandering o'er the plain.

Night now was closing in ; a man approached,  
 And bade me to his dwelling nigh at hand.  
 Thither I turned, too weak to travel on ;  
 For I was overspent with weariness,  
 And, having now no hope to bear me up,  
 Trouble and bodily labour mastered me.  
 I asked him of the battle : . . who had fallen  
 He knew not, nor to whom the lot of war  
 Had given my father's sceptre. Here, said he,  
 I came to seek if haply I might find  
 Some wounded wretch, abandoned else to death.  
 My search was vain, the sword of civil war  
 Had bit too deeply.

Soon we reached his home,  
 A lone and lowly dwelling in the hills,  
 By a grey mountain stream. Beside the hearth  
 There sate an old blind man ; his head was raised

As he were listening to the coming sounds,  
 And in the fire-light shone his silver locks.  
 Father, said he who guided me, I bring  
 A guest to our poor hospitality ;  
 And then he brought me water from the brook,  
 And homely fare, and I was satisfied :  
 That done, he piled the hearth, and spread around  
 The rushes of repose. I laid me down ;  
 But, worn with toil, and full of many fears,  
 Sleep did not visit me : the quiet sounds  
 Of nature troubled my distempered sense ;  
 My ear was busy with the stirring gale,  
 The moving leaves, the brook's perpetual flow.

So on the morrow languidly I rose,  
 And faint with feyer : but a restless wish  
 Was working in me, and I said, My host,  
 Wilt thou go with me to the battle-field,  
 That I may search the slain ? for in the fray  
 My brethren fought : vainly, with all my speed,  
 I strove to reach them ere the strife began.  
 Alas, I sped too slow !

Grievest thou for that ?

He answered, grievest thou that thou art spared

The shame and guilt of that unhappy strife,  
 Briton with Briton in unnatural war ?

Nay, I replied, mistake me not ! I came  
 To reconcile the chiefs ; they might have heard  
 Their brother's voice.

                                    Their brother's voice ? said he,  
 Was it not so ? ... And thou, too, art the son  
 Of Owen ! ... yesternight I did not know  
 The cause there is to pity thee.   Alas,  
 Two brethren thou wilt lose when one shall fall ! ..  
 Lament not him whom death may save from guilt ;  
 For in the conqueror thou art doomed to find  
 A foe, whom his own fears make perilous !

I felt as though he wronged my father's sons,  
 And raised an angry eye, and answered him, ...  
 My brethren love me.

                                    Then the old man cried,  
 Oh what is princes love ? what are the ties  
 Of blood, the affections growing as we grow,  
 If but ambition come ? thou deemest sure  
 Thy brethren love thee ; .. ye have played together  
 In childhood, shared your riper hopes and fears,

Fought side by side in battle : . . they may be  
 Brave, generous, all that once their father was,  
 Whom ye, I ween, call virtuous.

At the name,  
 With pious warmth I cried, Yes, he was good,  
 And great, and glorious ! Gwyneth's ancient annals  
 Boast not a name more noble : in the war  
 Fearless he was, . . the Saxon proved him so ;  
 Wise was his counsel, and no suppliant  
 For justice ever from his palace-gate  
 Unrighted turned away. King Owen's name  
 Shall live in the after-world without a blot !

There were two brethren once, of kingly line,  
 The old man replied ; they loved each other well,  
 And when the one was at his dying hour,  
 It then was comfort to him that he left  
 So dear a brother, who would duly pay  
 A father's duties to his orphan boy.  
 And sure he loved the orphan, and the boy,  
 With all a child's sincerity, loved him,  
 And learnt to call him father : so the years  
 Went on, till, when the orphan gained the age

Of manhood, to the throne his uncle came.  
 The young man claimed a fair inheritance,  
 His father's lands; and...mark what follows, prince!  
 At midnight he was seized, and to his eyes  
 The brazen plate was held. . . . He looked around  
 His prison-room for help, .. he only saw  
 The ruffian forms, who to the red-hot brass  
 Forced his poor eyes, and held the open lids,  
 Till the long agony consumed the sense ;  
 And when their hold relaxed, it had been worth  
 The wealth of worlds if he could then have seen  
 Their ruffian faces ! .. I am blind, young prince,  
 And I can tell how sweet a thing it is  
 To see the blessed light !

Must more be told ?

What farther agonies he yet endured ?  
 Or hast thou known the consummated crime,  
 And heard Cynetha's fate ?

A painful glow

Inflamed my cheek, and for my father's crime,  
 I felt the shame of guilt. The dark-browed man  
 Beheld the burning flush, the uneasy eye,  
 That knew not where to rest. Come ! we will search

The slain ! arising from his seat, he said.  
 I followed ; to the field of fight we went,  
 And over steeds, and arms, and men, we held  
 Our way in silence. Here it was, quoth he,  
 The fiercer war was waged ; lo ! in what heaps  
 Man upon man fell slaughtered ! Then my heart  
 Smote me, and my knees shook ; for I beheld  
 Where, on his conquered foemen, Hoel lay.

He paused, his heart was full, and on his tongue  
 The imperfect utterance died ; a general gloom  
 Saddened the hall, and David's cheek grew pale.  
 Commanding first his nature, Madoc broke  
 The oppressive silence.

Then Cadwallon took  
 My hand, and, pointing to his dwelling, cried,  
 Prince, go and rest thee there, for thou hast need  
 Of rest ; . . the care of sepulture be mine.  
 Nor did I then comply, refusing rest,  
 Till I had seen in holy ground inearthed  
 My poor lost brother. Wherefore, he exclaimed,  
 (And I was awed by his severer eye)  
 Wouldst thou be pampering thy distempered mind ?



Affliction is not sent in vain, young man,  
 From that good God, who chastens whom he loves !  
 Oh ! there is healing in the bitter cup !  
 Go yonder, and before the unerring will  
 Bow, and have comfort ! To the hut I went,  
 And there, beside the lonely mountain-stream,  
 I veiled my head, and brooded on the past.

He tarried long ; I felt the hours pass by,  
 As in a dream of morning, when the mind,  
 Half to reality awakened, blends  
 With airy visions and vague phantasies  
 Her dim perception ; till at length his step  
 Aroused me, and he came. I questioned him,  
 Where is the body ? hast thou bade the priests  
 'To say due masses for his soul's repose ?

He answered me, The rains and dews of heaven  
 Will fall upon the turf that covers him,  
 And greener grass shall flourish on his grave.  
 But rouse thee, prince ! there will be hours enough  
 For mournful memory ; . . it befits thee now  
 Take counsel for thyself : . . the son of Owen  
 Lives not in safety here.

I bowed my head,  
 Opprest by heavy thoughts : all wretchedness  
 The present ; darkness on the future lay ;  
 Fearful and gloomy both. I answered not.

Hath power seduced thy wishes ? he pursued,  
 And wouldst thou seize upon thy father's throne ?

Now God forbid ! quoth I. Now God forbid !  
 Quoth he ; . . but thou art dangerous, prince ! and what  
 Shall shield thee from the jealous arm of power ?  
 Think of Cynetha ! . . the unsleeping eye  
 Of justice hath not closed upon his wrongs ; . . .  
 At length the avenging arm is gone abroad, . .  
 One woe is past, . . woe after woe comes on, . .  
 There is no safety here, . . here thou must be  
 The victim, or the murderer ! Does thy heart  
 Shrink from the alternative ? . . look round ! . . behold  
 What shelter, . . whither wouldst thou fly for peace ?  
 What if the asylum of the church were safe, . .  
 Were there no better purposes ordained  
 For that young arm, that heart of noble hopes ?  
 Son of our kings, . . of old Cassibelan,

Great Caratach, immortal Arthur's line . . .  
 Oh, shall the blood of that heroic race  
 Stagnate in cloister sloth ? . . Or wouldst thou leave  
 Thy native isle, and beg, in awkward phrase,  
 Some foreign sovereign's charitable grace, . .  
 The Saxon or the Frank, . . and earn his gold,  
 The hireling in a war whose cause thou knowest not,  
 Whose end concerns not thee ?

I sate and gazed,

Following his eye with wonder, as he paced  
 Before me to and fro, and listening still,  
 Though now he paced in silence. But anon,  
 The old man's voice and step awakened us,  
 Each from his thought ; I shall come out, said he,  
 That I may sit beside the brook, and feel  
 The comfortable sun. As he came forth,  
 I could not chuse but look upon his face :  
 Gently on him had gentle nature laid  
 The weight of years ! all passions that disturb  
 Were past away ; the stronger lines of grief  
 Softened and settled, till they told of grief  
 By patient hope and piety subdued.  
 His eyes, which had their hue and brightness left,

Fixed lifelessly, or objectless they rolled,  
 Nor moved by sense, nor animate with thought.  
 On a smooth stone, beside the stream, he took  
 His wonted seat in the sunshine. Thou hast lost  
 A brother, prince, he cried, . . or the dim ear  
 Of age deceived me. Peace be with his soul !  
 And may the curse that lies upon the house  
 Of Owen turn away ! wilt thou come hither,  
 And let me feel thy face ? . . I wondered at him ;  
 Yet, while his hand perused my lineaments,  
 Deep awe and reverence filled me. O my God,  
 Bless this young man ! he cried ; a perilous state  
 Is his ; . . but let not thou his father's sins  
 Be visited on him !

I raised my eyes,  
 Enquiring, to Cadwallon : Nay, young prince,  
 Despise not thou the blind man's prayer ! he cried ;  
 It might have given thy father's dying hour  
 A hope, that sure he needed ! . . for, know thou,  
 It is the victim of thy father's crime,  
 Who asks a blessing on thee !

At his feet  
 I fell, and claspt his knees : he raised me up ; . .

Blind as I was, a mutilated wretch,  
 A thing that nature owns not, I survived,  
 Loathing existence, and, with impious voice,  
 Accused the will of heaven, and groaned for death.  
 Years past away : this universal blank  
 Became familiar, and my soul reposed  
 On God, and I had comfort in my prayers.  
 But there were blessings for me yet in store :  
 Thy father knew not, when his bloody fear  
 All hope of an avenger had cut off,  
 How there existed then an unborn babe,  
 Child of my lawless love. Year after year  
 I lived, a lonely and forgotten wretch,  
 Before Cadwallon knew his father's fate,  
 Long years and years before I knew my son ;  
 For never, till his mother's dying hour,  
 Learnt he his dangerous birth. He sought me then ;  
 He woke my soul once more to human ties : . .  
 I hope he hath not weaned my heart from heaven,  
 Life is so precious now ! . . .

Dear good old man !

And lives he still ? Goervyl cried, in tears.  
 Madoc replied, I scarce can hope to find

A father's welcome at my distant home.  
 I left him full of days, and ripe for death ;  
 And the last prayer Cynetha breathed upon me  
 Went like a death-bed blessing to my heart !

When evening came, toward the echoing shore  
 I and Cadwallon walked together forth :  
 Bright with dilated glory shone the west ;  
 But brighter lay the ocean-flood below,  
 The burnished silver sea, that heaved and flashed  
 Its restless rays, intolerably bright.  
 Prince, quoth Cadwallon, thou hast rode the waves  
 In triumph, when the invaders felt thine arm.  
 Oh what a nobler conquest might be won  
 There, . . upon that wide field ! . . What meanest thou ?  
 I cried. . . . That yonder waters are not spread  
 A boundless waste, a bourn impassable, . .  
 That Man should rule the Elements, . . that there  
 Might manly courage, manly wisdom find  
 Some happy isle, some undiscovered shore,  
 Some resting place for peace. . . Oh that my soul  
 Could seize the wings of Morning ! soon would I

Behold that other world, where yonder sun  
Speeds now, to dawn in glory !

As he spake,  
Conviction came upon my startled mind,  
Like lightning on the midnight traveller.  
I caught his hand ; .. Kinsman, and guide, and friend,  
Yea, let us go together ! Down we sate,  
Full of the vision, on the echoing shore.  
One only object filled ear, eye, and thought :  
We gazed upon the awful world of waves,  
And talked and dreamt of years that were to come.

#### IV.

Not with a heart unmoved I left thy shores,  
Dear native isle ! oh . . . not without a pang,  
As thy fair uplands lessened on the view,  
Cast back the long involuntary look !  
The morning cheered our outset ; gentle airs  
Curled the blue deep, and bright the summer sun  
Played o'er the summer ocean, when our barks  
Began their way.

And they were gallant barks,  
As ever through the raging billows rode !  
And many a tempest's buffeting they bore.  
Their sails all swelling with the eastern breeze,  
Their tightened cordage clattering to the mast,  
Steady they rode the main ; the gale aloft  
Sung in the shrouds, the sparkling waters hissed  
Before, and frothed, and whitened far behind.



Day after day, with one auspicious wind,  
 Right to the setting sun we held our way.  
 My hope had kindled every heart ; they blest  
 The unvarying breeze, whose unabating strength  
 Still sped us onward ; and they said that heaven  
 Favoured the bold emprise.

How many a time,  
 Mounting the mast-tower-top, with eager ken  
 They gazed, and fancied, in the distant sky,  
 Their promised shore beneath the evening cloud,  
 Or seen, low lying, through the haze of morn.  
 I, too, with eyes as anxious, watched the waves,  
 Though patient, and prepared for long delay ;  
 For not on wild adventure had I rushed,  
 With giddy speed, in some delirious fit  
 Of fancy ; but, in many a tranquil hour,  
 Weighed well the attempt, till hope matured to faith.  
 Day after day, day after day, the same, . .  
 A weary waste of waters ! still the breeze  
 Hung heavy in our sails, and we held on  
 One even course ; a second week was gone,  
 And now another past, and still the same,  
 Waves beyond waves, the interminable sea !

What marvel, if at length the mariners  
 Grew sick with long expectance? I beheld  
 Dark looks of growing restlessness, I heard  
 Distrust's low murmuring ; nor availed it long  
 To see and not perceive. Shame had awhile  
 Represt their fear, till, like a smothered fire,  
 It burst, and spread with quick contagion round,  
 And strengthened as it spread. They spake in tones  
 Which might not be mistaken ; . . they had done  
 What men dared do, ventured where never keel  
 Had cut the deep before ; still all was sea,  
 The same unbounded ocean ! . . to proceed  
 Were tempting heaven.

I heard, with feigned surprise,  
 And, pointing then to where our fellow bark,  
 Gay with her fluttering streamers and full sails,  
 Rode, as in triumph, o'er the element,  
 I asked them what their comrades there would deem  
 Of those so bold ashore, who, when a day,  
 Perchance an hour, might crown their glorious toil,  
 Shrunk then, and, coward-like, returned to meet  
 Mockery and shame? true, they had ventured on  
 In seas unknown, beyond where ever man

Had ploughed the billows yet : more reason so  
 Why they should now, like him whose happy speed  
 Well nigh hath run the race, with higher hope  
 Press onward to the prize. But late they said,  
 Marking the favour of the steady gale,  
 That heaven was with us ; heaven vouchsafed us still  
 Fair seas and favouring skies ; nor need we pray  
 For other aid, the rest was in ourselves ;  
 Nature had given it, when she gave to man  
 Courage and constancy.

They answered not,  
 Awhile obedient ; but I saw, with dread,  
 The silent sullenness of cold assent.  
 Then, with what fearful eagerness I gazed,  
 At earliest daybreak, o'er the distant deep !  
 How sick at heart with hope, when evening closed,  
 Gazed through the gathering shadows ! . . but I saw  
 The sun still sink below the endless waves,  
 And still at morn, beneath the farthest sky,  
 Unbounded ocean heaved. Day after day,  
 Before the steady gale we drove along, . .  
 Day after day ! The fourth week now had past ;  
 Still all around was sea, . . the eternal sea !

So long that we had voyaged on so fast,  
 And still at morning where we were at night,  
 And where we were at morn, at nightfall still,  
 The centre of that drear circumference,  
 Progressive, yet no change ! . . almost it seemed  
 That we had past the mortal bounds of space,  
 And speed was toiling in infinity.  
 My days were days of fear, my hours of rest  
 Were like a tyrant's slumber. Sullen looks,  
 Eyes turned on me, and whispers meant to meet  
 My ear, and loud despondency, and talk  
 Of home, now never to be seen again, . .  
 I suffered these, dissembling as I could,  
 Till that availed no longer. Resolute,  
 The men came round me : .. They had shewn enough  
 Of courage now, enough of constancy ;  
 Still to pursue the desperate enterprize  
 Were impious madness ! they had deemed, indeed,  
 That heaven in favour gave the unchanging gale ; ..  
 More reason now to think offended God,  
 When man's presumptuous folly strove to pass  
 The fated limits of the world, had sent  
 The winds, to waft us to the death we sought.

Their lives were dear, they bade me know, and they  
Many, and I, the obstinate, but one.

With that, attending no reply, they hailed  
Our fellow bark, and told their fixed resolve.  
A shout of joy approved. Thus, desperate now,  
I sought my solitary cabin ; there,  
Confused with vague tumultuous feelings, lay,  
And, to remembrance and reflection lost,  
Knew only I was wretched.

Thus entranced,  
Cadwallon found me ; shame, and grief, and pride,  
And baffled hope, and fruitless anger swelled  
Within me. All is over ! I exclaimed ;  
Yet not in me, my friend, hath time produced  
These tardy doubts and shameful fickleness.  
I have not failed, Cadwallon ! Nay, he cried,  
The coward fears which persecuted me  
Have shown what thou hast suffered. We have yet  
One hope. . . I prayed them to proceed a day, . .  
But one day more ; . . this little have I gained,  
And here will wait the issue ; in yon bark  
I am not needed, . . they are masters there.

One only day ! . . The gale blew strong, the bark  
 Sped through the waters ; but the silent hours,  
 That make no pause, went by, and, centered still,  
 We saw the dreary vacancy of heaven  
 Close round our narrow view, when that brief term,  
 The last poor respite of our hopes, expired.  
 Oh how my proud heart struggled ! . . His calm eye  
 Read, and reproved, and pitied me. Said he,  
 Repress these rebel feelings, which prevent  
 The earthly meed of virtue ! self-applause  
 Is all she finds below, . . that high reward,  
 Madoc, our souls, advanced beyond their age,  
 May yet enjoy. We heard them shorten sail  
 Even while he spake, and call, with coward prayer,  
 For homeward winds. Why, what poor slaves are we !  
 In bitterness I cried ; the abject sport  
 Of chance ! . . even on an enterprise like this,  
 Left to the mercy of the elements,  
 Or the more wayward will of such as these,  
 Blind tools and victims of their destiny !

Yea, Madoc ! he replied, the elements  
 Master, indeed, the feeble powers of man !

Not to the shores of Cambria will thy ships  
 Win back their shameful way ! . . or HE, whose will  
 Unchains the winds, hath bade them minister  
 To aid us, when all human hope was gone,  
 Or we shall soon eternally repose  
 From life's long voyage.

As he spake, I saw  
 The clouds hang thick and heavy o'er the deep ;  
 And heavily, upon the long slow swell,  
 The vessel laboured on the labouring sea.  
 The reef-points rattled on the shivering sail,  
 At fits, the sudden gust howled ominous,  
 Anon, with unremitting fury raged ;  
 High rolled the mighty billows, and the blast  
 Swept from their sheeted sides the showery foam.  
 Vain, now, were all the seamen's homeward hopes,  
 Vain all their skill ! . . we drove before the storm.  
 'Tis pleasant, by the chearful hearth, to hear  
 Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep,  
 And pause at times, and feel that we are safe ;  
 Then listen to the perilous tale again,  
 And, with an eager and suspended soul,  
 Woo Terror to delight us ; . . but to hear

The roaring of the raging elements,  
 To know all human skill, all human strength,  
 Avail not ; to look round, and only see  
 The mountain wave incumbent, with its weight  
 Of bursting waters, o'er the reeling bark, . . .  
 O God, this is indeed a dreadful thing !  
 And he who hath endured the horror, once,  
 Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm  
 Howl round his home, but he remembers it,  
 And thinks upon the suffering mariner !

Onward we drove : with unabating force  
 The tempest raged, night added to the storm  
 New horrors, and the morn arose, o'erspread  
 With heavier clouds. The weary mariners  
 Called on Saint Cyric's aid, and I, too, placed  
 My hope on heaven, relaxing not the while  
 Our human efforts. Ye, who dwell at home,  
 Ye do not know the terrors of the main !  
 When the winds blow, ye walk along the shore,  
 And, as the curling billows leap and toss,  
 Fable that Ocean's mermaid Shepherdess  
 Drives her white flocks afield, and warns in time



The wary fisherman. Gwenhidwy warned us  
 When we had no retreat ! my secret heart  
 Almost had failed me. . . Were the Elements  
 Confounded in perpetual conflict here,  
 Sea, Air, and Heaven ? Or were we perishing  
 Where at their source the Floods, for ever thus,  
 Beneath the nearer influence of the Moon,  
 Laboured in these mad workings ? Did the Waters  
 Here in their outmost circle meet the Void,  
 The verge and brink of Chaos ? or this Earth, . .  
 Was it indeed a living thing, . . its breath  
 The ebb and flow of Ocean ? and had we  
 Reached the storm-rampart of its Sanctuary,  
 The insuperable boundary, raised to guard  
 Its mysteries from the eye of man profane ?

Three dreadful nights and days we drove along ;  
 The fourth, the welcome rain came rattling down :  
 The wind had fallen, and through the broken cloud  
 Appeared the bright dilating blue of heaven.  
 Emboldened now, I called the mariners : . .  
 Vain were it, should we bend a homeward course,  
 Driven by the storm so far : they saw our barks,

For service of that long and perilous way,  
Disabled, and our food belike to fail.  
Silent they heard, reluctant in assent ;  
Anon, they shouted joyfully, . . I looked,  
And saw a bird slow sailing overhead,  
His long white pinions by the sunbeam edged,  
As though with burnished silver ; . . never yet  
Heard I so sweet a music as his cry !

Yet three days more, and hope more eager now,  
Sure of the signs of land, . . weed-shoals, and birds  
Who flocked the main, and gentle airs, that breathed,  
Or seemed to breathe, fresh fragrance from the shore.  
On the last evening, a long shadowy line  
Skirted the sea ; . . how fast the night closed in !  
I stood upon the deck, and watched till dawn.  
But who can tell what feelings filled my heart,  
When, like a cloud, the distant land arose  
Grey from the ocean, . . when we left the ship,  
And cleft, with rapid oars, the shallow wave,  
And stood triumphant on another world !

V.

Madoc had paused awhile ; but every eye  
Still watched his lips, and every voice was hushed.  
Soon as I leapt ashore, pursues the Lord  
Of Ocean, prostrate on my face I fell,  
Kissed the dear earth, and prayed with thankful tears.  
Hard by, a brook was flowing ; . . never yet,  
Even from the gold-tipt horn of victory,  
With harp and song, amid my father's hall,  
Pledged I so sweet a draught, as lying there,  
Beside that streamlet's brink ! . . to feel the ground,  
To quaff the cool clear water, to inhale  
The breeze of land, while fears and dangers past  
Recurrent, and heightened joy, as summer storms  
Make the fresh evening lovelier !

To the shore  
The natives thronged ; astonished, they beheld

Our winged barks, and gazed in wonderment  
 On the strange garb, and bearded countenance,  
 And skin so white, in all unlike themselves.  
 I see with what enquiring eyes you ask  
 What men were they : of dark-brown colour, tinged  
 With sunny redness ; wild of eye ; their brows  
 So smooth, as never yet anxiety,  
 Nor busy thought, had made a furrow there ;  
 Beardless, and each to each of lineaments  
 So like, they seemed but one great family.  
 Their loins were loosely cinctured, all beside  
 Bare to the sun and wind ; and thus their limbs,  
 Unmanacled, displayed the truest forms  
 Of strength and beauty : fearless, sure, they were,  
 And, while they eyed us, grasped their spears, as if,  
 Like Britain's injured but unconquered sons,  
 They, too, had known how perilous it was  
 To see an armed stranger set his foot  
 In their free country.

Soon the courteous guise  
 Of men, nor purporting nor fearing ill,  
 Won confidence ; their wild distrustful looks  
 Assumed a milder meaning ; over one

I cast my mantle, on another's head  
 The velvet bonnet placed, and all was joy.  
 We now besought for food ; at once they read  
 Our gestures ; but I cast a hopeless eye  
 On mountains, thickets, woods, and marshy plains,  
 A waste of rank luxuriance all around.  
 Thus musing, to a lake I followed them,  
 Left, when the rivers to their summer course  
 Withdrew ; they scattered on its water drugs  
 Of such strange potency, that soon the shoals,  
 Cooped there by Nature, prodigally kind,  
 Floated inebriate. As I gazed, a deer  
 Sprung from the bordering thicket ; the true shaft  
 Scarce with the distant victim's blood had stained  
 Its point, when instantly he dropt and died,  
 Such deadly juice imbued it : yet on this  
 We banqueted unharmed, and I perceived,  
 The wisest leech that ever in our world  
 Culled herbs of hidden virtue, was to these  
 Even as an infant.

Sorrowing we beheld  
 The night come on ; but soon did night display  
 More wonders than it veiled : innumerable tribes

From the wood-cover swarmed, and darkness made  
 Their beauties visible ; one while, they streamed  
 A bright blue radiance upon flowers that closed  
 Their gorgeous colours from the eye of day ;  
 Now, motionless and dark, eluded search,  
 Self-shrouded ; and anon, starring the sky,  
 Rose like a shower of fire.

Our friendly hosts

Now led us to the hut, our that night's home,  
 A rude and spacious dwelling : twisted boughs,  
 And canes, and withies, formed the walls and roof ;  
 And from the unhewn trunks which pillared it,  
 Low nets of interwoven reeds were hung.  
 With shouts of honour here they gathered round me,  
 Ungarmented my limbs, and in a net,  
 With softest feathers lined, a pleasant couch,  
 They laid and left me.

To our ships returned,

After short sojourn here, we coasted on,  
 Insatiate of the wonders and the charms  
 Of earth, and air, and sea. Thy summer woods  
 Are lovely, O my mother isle ! the birch  
 Light bending on thy banks, thy elmy vales,

Thy venerable oaks ! . . but there, what forms  
 Of beauty clothed the inlands and the shore !  
 All these in stateliest growth, and, mixt with these,  
 Dark-spreading cedar, and the cypress tall,  
 Its pointed summit waving to the wind,  
 Like a long beacon-flame ; and, loveliest  
 Amid a thousand strange and lovely shapes,  
 The lofty palm, that with its nuts supplied  
 Beverage and food ; they edged the shore, and crowned  
 The far-off mountain summits, their straight stems  
 Bare, without leaf or bough, erect and smooth,  
 Their tresses nodding like a crested helm,  
 The plumage of the grove.

Will ye believe

The wonders of the ocean ? how its shoals  
 Sprung from the wave, like flashing light, .. took wing,  
 And, twinkling with a silver glitterance,  
 Flew through the air and sunshine ? yet were they  
 To sight less wondrous than the tribe who swam,  
 Following, like fowlers, with uplifted eye,  
 Their falling quarry : . . language cannot paint  
 Their splendid tints ! though in blue ocean seen,  
 Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,

In all its rich variety of shades,  
Suffused with glowing gold.

Heaven, too, had there  
Its wonders : . . . from a deep, black, heavy cloud,  
What shall I say ? . . a shoot, . . a trunk, . . an arm  
Came down ; . . yea ! like a demon's arm, it seized  
The waters : Ocean smoked beneath its touch,  
And rose, like dust before the whirlwind's force.

But we sailed onward over tranquil seas,  
Wafted by airs so exquisitely mild,  
That even the very breath became an act  
Of will, and sense, and pleasure ! Not a cloud  
With purple islanded the dark-blue deep.  
By night, the quiet billows heaved and glanced  
Under the moon, . . that heavenly moon ! so bright,  
That many a midnight have I paced the deck,  
Forgetful of the hours of due repose ;  
By day, the Sun, in his full majesty,  
Went forth, like God beholding his own works.

Once, when a chief was feasting us on shore,  
A captive served the food : I marked the youth,



For he had features of a gentler race ;  
And oftentimes his eye was fixed on me,  
With looks of more than wonder. We returned,  
At evening, to our ships ; at night, a voice  
Came from the sea, the intelligible voice  
Of earnest supplication : he had swam  
To trust our mercy ; up the side he sprung,  
And looked among the crew, and, singling me,  
Fell at my feet. Such friendly tokenings  
As our short commerce with the native tribes  
Had taught, I proffered, and sincerity  
Gave force and meaning to the half-learnt forms ;  
For one we needed, who might speak for us,  
And well I liked the youth, the open lines  
That characterized his face, the fearless heart,  
That gave at once, and won full confidence.  
So that night at my feet Lincoya slept.

When I displayed whate'er might gratify,  
Whate'er surprise, with most delight he viewed  
Our arms, the iron helm, the pliant mail,  
The buckler, strong to save ; and then he shook  
The lance, and grasped the sword, and turned to me

With vehement words and gestures, every limb  
 Working with one strong passion ; and he placed  
 The falchion in my hand, and gave the shield,  
 And pointed south and west, that I should go,  
 To conquer and protect ; anon, he wept  
 Aloud, and clasped my knees, and, falling, fain  
 He would have kissed my feet. Went we to shore ?  
 Then would he labour restlessly, to show  
 A better place lay onward ; and in the sand,  
 To south and west, he drew the line of coast,  
 And figured how a mighty river there  
 Ran to the sea. The land bent westward soon,  
 And, thus confirmed, we voyaged on to seek  
 The river inlet, following at the will  
 Of our new friend : and we learnt after him,  
 Well pleased, and proud to teach, what this was called,  
 What that, with no unprofitable toil.  
 Nor light the joy I felt at hearing first  
 The pleasant accents of my native tongue,  
 Albeit in broken words, and tones uncouth,  
 Come from these foreign lips.

At length we came

Where the great river, amid shoals, and banks,

And islands, growth of its own gathering spoils,  
 Through many a branching channel, wide and full,  
 Rushed to the main. The gale was strong; and safe,  
 Amid the uproar of conflicting tides,  
 Our gallant vessels rode. A stream as broad,  
 As turbid, when it leaves the Land of Hills,  
 Old Severn rolls; but banks so fair as these  
 Old Severn views not in his Land of Hills,  
 Nor even where his turbid waters swell,  
 And sully the salt sea.

So we sailed on

By shores, now covered with impervious woods,  
 Now stretching wide and low, a reedy waste,  
 And now, through vales where earth profusely poured  
 Her treasures, gathered from the first of days.  
 Sometimes a savage tribe would welcome us,  
 By wonder from their lethargy of life  
 Awakened; then again we voyaged on  
 Through tracks all desolate, for days and days,  
 League after league, one green and fertile mead,  
 That fed a thousand herds.

A different scene

Rose on our view, of mount on mountain piled,

Which when I see again in memory,  
The giant Cader Idris by their bulk  
Is dwarfed, and Snowdon, with its eagle haunts,  
Shrinks, and seems dwindled like a Saxon hill.

Here, with Cadwallon and a chosen band,  
I left the ships. Lincoya guided us  
A toilsome way among the heights ; at dusk  
We reached the village skirts ; he bade us halt,  
And raised his voice ; the elders of the land  
Came forth, and led us to an ample hut,  
That in the centre of their dwellings stood, . .  
The Stranger's House. They eyed us wondering,  
Yet not for wonder ceased they to observe  
Their hospitable rites ; from hut to hut  
They spread the tale that strangers were arrived,  
Fatigued, and hungry, and athirst ; anon,  
Each from his means supplying us, came food  
And beverage, such as cheers the weary man.

## VI.

At morning, their high priest, Ayayaca,  
Came with our guide : the venerable man  
With reverential awe accosted us,  
For we, he weened, were children of a race  
Mightier than they, and wiser, and by heaven  
Beloved and favoured more : he came to give  
Fit welcome, and he led us to the Queen.  
The fate of war had reft her of her realm ;  
Yet with affection and habitual awe,  
And old remembrances, which gave their love  
A deeper and religious character,  
Fallen as she was, and humbled as they were,  
Her faithful people still, in all they could,  
Obeyed Erillyab. She, too, in her mind  
Those recollections cherished, and such thoughts  
As, though no hope tempered their bitterness,

Gave to her eye a spirit, and a strength  
 And pride to features, which perchance had borne,  
 Had they been fashioned to a happier fate,  
 Meaning more gentle and more womanly,  
 Yet not more worthy of esteem and love.  
 She sate upon the threshold of her hut ;  
 For in the palace where her sires had reigned  
 The conqueror dwelt. Her son was at her side,  
 A boy now near to manhood ; by the door,  
 Bare of its bark, the head and branches shorn,  
 Stood a young tree, with many a weapon hung,  
 Her husband's war-pole, and his monument.  
 There had his quiver mouldered, his stone-axe  
 Had there grown green with moss, his bow-string there  
 Sung as it cut the wind.

She welcomed us,  
 With a proud sorrow in her mien ; fresh fruits  
 Were spread before us, and her gestures said,  
 That when he lived, whose hand was wont to wield  
 Those weapons, . . . that in better days, . . . that ere  
 She let the tresses of her widowhood  
 Grow wild, she could have given to guests like us,  
 A worthier welcome. Soon a man approached,

H

Hooded with sable, his half-naked limbs  
Smeared black ; the people, at his sight, drew round,  
The women wailed and wept, the children turned,  
And hid their faces on their mothers knees.

He to the Queen address his speech, then looked  
Around the children, and laid hands on two,  
Of different sexes, but of age alike,  
Some six years each: they at his touch shrieked out ;  
But then Lincoya rose, and to my feet  
Led them, and told me, that the conquerors claimed  
These innocents, for tribute ; that the Priest  
Would lay them on the altar of his god,  
Tear out their little hearts in sacrifice,  
Yea, with more cursed wickedness, himself  
Feast on their flesh ! . . I shuddered, and my hand  
Instinctively unsheathed the holy sword.  
He, with most passionate and eloquent signs,  
Eye-speaking earnestness, and quivering lips,  
Besought me to preserve himself, and those  
Who now fell suppliant round me, .. youths and maids,  
Grey-headed men, and mothers with their babes.

I caught the little victims up, I kissed  
Their innocent cheeks, I raised my eyes to heaven,  
I called upon Almighty God, to hear  
And bless the vow I made : in our own tongue  
Was that sworn promise of protection vowed, . .  
Impetuous feeling made no pause for thought.  
Heaven heard the vow ; the suppliant multitude  
Saw what was stirring in my breast ; the Priest,  
With eye inflamed, and rapid answer, raised  
His menacing hand ; the tone, the bitter smile,  
Interpreting his threat.

Meantime the Queen,  
With watchful eye and steady countenance,  
Had listened ; now she rose, and to the Priest  
Addressed her speech. Low was her voice and calm,  
As one who spake with effort to subdue  
Sorrow that struggled still ; but as she spake,  
Her features kindled to more majesty,  
Her eye became more animate, her voice  
Rose to the height of feeling ; on her son  
She called, and from her husband's monument  
His battle-axe she took ; and I could see,  
That, as she gave the boy his father's arms,



She called his father's spirit to look on,  
And bless them to his vengeance.

Silently

The tribe stood listening as Erillyab spake ;  
The very priest was awed : once he essayed  
To answer ; his tongue failed him, and his lip  
Grew pale, and fell. He to his countrymen,  
Of rage and shame and wonder full, returned,  
Bearing no victims for their shrines accurst,  
But tidings that the Hoamen had cast off  
Their vassalage, roused to desperate revolt  
By men, in hue and speech and garment strange,  
Who, in their folly, dared defy the power  
Of Aztlan.

When the king of Aztlan heard  
The unlooked-for tale, ere yet he roused his strength,  
Or pitying our rash valour, or belike  
Curious to see the man so bravely rash,  
He sent to bid me to his court. Surprised,  
I should have given to him no credulous faith,  
But fearlessly Erillyab bade me trust  
Her honourable foe. Unarmed I went,  
Lincoya with me, to exchange our speech,

So as he could, of safety first assured ;  
For to their damned idols he had been  
A victim doomed, and, from the bloody rites  
Flying, been carried captive far away.

From early morning, till the midnight hour,  
We travelled in the mountains ; then a plain  
Opened below, and rose upon the sight,  
Like boundless ocean from a hill-top seen.  
A beautiful and populous plain it was ;  
Fair woods were there, and fertilizing streams,  
And pastures spreading wide, and villages  
In fruitful groves embowered, and stately towns,  
And many a single dwelling specking it,  
As though, for many a year, the land had been  
The land of peace. Below us, where the base  
Of the great mountains to the level sloped,  
A broad blue lake extended far and wide  
Its waters, dark beneath the light of noon.  
There Aztlan stood upon the farther shore ;  
Amid the shade of trees its dwellings rose,  
Their level roofs with turrets set around,  
And battlements all burnished white, that shone

Like silver in the sun-shine. I beheld  
 The imperial city, her far-circling walls,  
 Her garden groves, and stately palaces,  
 Her temples mountain size, her thousand roofs ;  
 And when I saw her might and majesty,  
 My mind misgave me then.

We reached the shore :

A floating islet waited for me there,  
 The beautiful work of man. I set my foot  
 Upon green-growing herbs and flowers, and sate  
 Embowered in odorous shrubs : four long light boats  
 Yoked to the garden, with accordant song,  
 And dip and dash of oar in harmony,  
 Bore me across the lake.

Then in a car

Aloft by human bearers was I borne.  
 And through the city-gate, and through long lines  
 Of marshalled multitudes, who thronged the way,  
 We reached the palace court. Four priests were there;  
 Each held a burning censer in his hand,  
 And strewed the precious gum as I drew nigh,  
 And held the steaming fragrance forth to me,  
 As I had been a god. They led me in,

Where, on his throne, the royal Azteca  
 Coanocotzin sate. Stranger, said he,  
 Welcome ! and be this coming to thy weal !  
 A desperate warfare doth thy courage court ;  
 But thou shalt see the people, and the power  
 Whom thy deluded zeal would call to arms ;  
 So may the knowledge make thee timely wise.  
 The valiant love the valiant. Come with me !  
 So saying, he rose ; we went together forth  
 To the Great Temple. 'Twas a huge square hill,  
 Or, rather, like a rock it seemed, hewn out  
 And squared by patient labour. Never yet  
 Did our forefathers, o'er beloved chief  
 Fallen in his glory, heap a monument  
 Of that prodigious bulk, though every shield  
 Was laden for his grave, and every hand  
 Toiled, unremitting, at the willing work,  
 From morn till eve, all the long summer-day.

The ascent was lengthened with provoking art,  
 By steps that led but to a wearying path  
 Round the whole structure ; then another flight,  
 Another road around, and thus a third,

And yet a fourth, before we reached the height.  
 Lo now, Coanocotzin cried, thou seest  
 The cities of this widely-peopled plain ;  
 And, wert thou on yon farthest temple-top,  
 Yet as far onward wouldst thou see the land  
 Well husbanded, like this, and full of men.  
 They tell me that two floating Palaces  
 Brought thee and all thy people ; . . when I sound  
 The Trumpet of the God, ten Cities hear  
 Its voice, and answer to the call, in arms.

In truth I felt my weakness, and the view  
 Had wakened no unreasonable fear,  
 But that a nearer sight had stirred my blood ;  
 For, on the summit where we stood, four Towers  
 Were piled with human skulls, and all around  
 Long files of human heads were strung, to parch  
 And whiten in the sun. What then I felt  
 Was more than natural courage, . . 'twas a trust  
 In more than mortal strength, . . a faith in God, . .  
 Yea, inspiration from him ! I exclaimed,  
 Not though ten Cities ten times told obeyed

The king of Aztlan's bidding, should I fear  
The power of man !

Art thou, then, more than man ?

He answered ; and I saw his tawny cheek  
Lose its life-colour, as the fear arose ;  
Nor did I undeceive him from that fear,  
For, sooth, I knew not how to answer him,  
And therefore let it work. So not a word  
Spake he, till we again had reached the court ;  
And I, too, went in silent thoughtfulness :  
But then when, save Lincoya, there was none  
To hear our speech, again did he renew  
The query, . . Stranger ! art thou more than man,  
That thou shouldst set the power of man at nought ?

Then I replied, Two floating Palaces  
Bore me, and all my people, o'er the seas.  
When we departed from our mother-land,  
The Moon was newly born ; we saw her wax  
And wane, and witnessed her new birth again ;  
And all that while, alike by day and night,  
We travelled through the sea, and caught the winds,  
And made them bear us forward. We must meet

In battle, if the Hoamen are not freed  
 From your accursed tribute, . . thou and I,  
 My people, and thy countless multitudes.  
 Your arrows shall fall from us, as the hail  
 Leaps on a rock, . . and when ye smite with swords,  
 Not blood, but fire, shall follow from the stroke.  
 Yet think not thou that we are more than men !  
 Our knowledge is our power, and God our strength,  
 God, whose almighty will created thee,  
 And me, and all that hath the breath of life.  
 He is our strength ; . . for in his name I speak, . . .  
 And when I tell thee that thou shalt not shed  
 The life of man in bloody sacrifice,  
 It is his holy bidding that I speak :  
 And if thou wilt not listen and obey,  
 When I shall meet thee in the battle field,  
 It is his holy cause for which I fight,  
 And I shall have his power to conquer thee !

And thinkest thou our Gods are feeble ? cried  
 The king of Aztlan ; dost thou deem they lack  
 Power to defend their altars, and to keep  
 The kingdom that they gave us strength to win ?

The Gods of thirty nations have opposed  
 Their irresistible might, and they lie now  
 Conquered and caged and fettered at their feet.  
 That they who serve them are no coward race,  
 Let prove the ample realm they won in arms : . .  
 And I, their leader, am not of the sons  
 Of the feeble ! As he spake, he reached a mace,  
 The trunk and knotted root of some young tree,  
 Such as old Albion, and his monster-brood,  
 From the oak-forest for their weapons plucked,  
 When father Brute and Corineus set foot  
 On the White Island first. Lo this, quoth he,  
 My club ! and he threw back his robe ; and this  
 The arm that wields it ! . . 'twas my father's once :  
 Erillyab's husband, King Tepollomi,  
 He felt its weight . . . did I not show thee him ?  
 He lights me at my evening banquet. There,  
 In very deed, the dead Tepollomi  
 Stood up against the wall, by devilish art  
 Preserved ; and from his black and shrivelled hand  
 The steady lamp hung down.

My spirit rose

At that abomination ; I exclaimed,



Thou art of noble nature, and full fain  
Would I in friendship plight my hand with thine ;  
But till that body in the grave be laid,  
Till thy polluted altars be made pure,  
There is no peace between us. May my God,  
Who, though thou knowest him not, is also thine,  
And, after death, will be thy dreadful Judge,  
May it please him to visit thee, and shed  
His mercy on thy soul ! . . . But if thy heart  
Be hardened to the proof, come when thou wilt !  
I know thy power, and thou shalt then know mine.

## VII.

Now then to meet the war ! Erillyab's call  
Roused all her people to revenge their wrongs ;  
And, at Lincoya's voice, the mountain tribes  
Arose and broke their bondage. I, meantime,  
Took council with Cadwallon and his sire,  
And told them of the numbers we must meet,  
And what advantage from the mountain straits  
I thought, as in the Saxon wars, to win.  
Thou sawest their weapons, then Cadwallon said ;  
Are they like these rude works of ignorance,  
Bone-headed shafts, and spears of wood, and shields  
Strong only for such strife ?

We had to cope  
With wiser enemies, and abler armed.  
What for the sword they wielded was a staff  
Set thick with stones across ; you would have judged

That uncouth shape was cumbrous ; but a hand  
 Expert, and practised to its use, could drive  
 The heavy edge with deadly impulse down.  
 Their mail, if mail it may be called, was woven  
 Of vegetable down, like finest flax,  
 Bleached to the whiteness of the new-fallen snow,  
 To every bend and motion flexible,  
 Light as a warrior's summer-garb in peace ;  
 Yet, in that lightest, softest, habergeon,  
 Harmless the sharp stone-arrow-head would hang.  
 Others, of higher office, were arrayed  
 In feathery breast-plates, of more gorgeous hue  
 Than the gay plumage of the mountain-cock,  
 Than the pheasant's glittering pride. But what were these,  
 Or what the thin gold hauberk, when opposed  
 To arms like ours in battle ? What the mail  
 Of wood fire-hardened, or the wooden helm,  
 Against the iron arrows of the South,  
 Against our northern spears, or battle-axe,  
 Or good sword, wielded by a British hand ?

Then, quoth Cadwallon, at the wooden helm,  
 Of these weak arms the weakest, let the sword

Hew, and the spear be thrust : the mountaineers,  
 So long inured to crouch beneath their yoke,  
 We will not trust in battle ; from the heights,  
 They, with their arrows, may annoy the foe ;  
 And, when our closer strife has won the fray,  
 Then let them loose for havoc.

O my son !

Exclaimed the blind old man, thou counsell'st ill !  
 Blood will have blood, revenge beget revenge,  
 Evil must come of evil ! We shall win,  
 Certes, a cheap and easy victory  
 In the first field ; their arrows from our arms  
 Will fall, and, on the hauberk and the helm,  
 The stone-edge blunt and break ; while thro' their limbs,  
 Naked, or vainly fenced, the griding steel  
 Shall sheer its mortal way. But what are we  
 Against a nation ? Other hosts will rise  
 In endless warfare, with perpetual fights  
 Dwindling our all-too-few ; or multitudes  
 Will wear and weary us, till we sink subdued  
 By the very toil of conquest. Ye are brave ;  
 But he, who puts his trust in mortal strength,  
 Leans on a broken reed ! First prove your power ;

Be in the battle terrible, but spare  
 The fallen, and follow not the flying foe ;  
 Then may ye win a nobler victory,  
 So dealing with the captives as to fill  
 Their hearts with wonder, gratitude, and awe,  
 That love shall mingle with their fear, and fear  
 Stablish the love, else wavering : let them see,  
 That as more pure and gentle is your faith,  
 Yourselves are gentler, purer. Ye shall be  
 As gods among them, if ye thus obey  
 God's precepts.

Soon the mountain-tribes, in arms,  
 Rose at Lincoya's call ; a numerous host,  
 More than in numbers, in the memory  
 Of long oppression, and revengeful hope,  
 A formidable foe. I stationed them  
 Where, at the entrance of the rocky straits,  
 Secure themselves, their arrows might command  
 The coming army. On the plain below  
 We took our stand, between the mountain base  
 And the green margin of the waters. Soon  
 Their long array came on. Oh what a pomp  
 And pride and pageantry of war was there !

Not half so gorgeous, for their May-day mirth  
 All wreathed and ribbanded, our youths and maids,  
 As these stern Aztecas in war attire !  
 The golden glitterance, and the feather-mail,  
 More gay than glittering gold ; and round the helm,  
 A coronal of high upstanding plumes,  
 Green as the spring grass in a sunny shower ;  
 Or scarlet-bright, as in the wintry wood  
 The clustered holly ; or of purple tint, . .  
 Whereto shall that be likened ? to what gem  
 Indiademed, . . what flower, . . what insect's wing ?  
 With war-songs and wild music they came on,  
 We, the while, kneeling, raised with one accord  
 The hymn of supplication.

Front to front

And now the embattled armies stood : a band  
 Of priests, all sable-garmented, advanced ;  
 They piled a heap of sedge before our host,  
 And warned us, . . Sons of Ocean ! from the land  
 Of Aztlan, while ye may, depart in peace !  
 Before the fire shall be extinguished, hence !  
 Or, even as yon dry sedge amid the flame,  
 So ye shall be consumed ! . . . The arid heap

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They kindled, and the rapid flame ran up,  
 And blazed, and died away. Then from his bow,  
 With steady hand, their chosen archer loosed  
 The Arrow of the Omen. To its mark  
 The shaft of divination fled ; it smote  
 Cadwallon's plated breast ; the brittle point  
 Rebounded. He, contemptuous of their faith,  
 Stoopt for the shaft, and while with zealous speed  
 To the rescue they rushed onward, snapping it  
 Asunder, cast the fragments back in scorn.

Fierce was their onset ; never in the field  
 Encountered I with braver enemies.  
 Nor marvel ye, nor think it to their shame,  
 If soon they staggered, and gave way, and fled,  
 So many from so few ; they saw their darts  
 Recoil, their lances shiver, and their swords  
 Fall ineffectual, blunted with the blow.  
 Think ye no shame of Aztlan that they fled,  
 When the bowyers of Deheubarth plied so well  
 Their shafts, with fatal aim ; through the thin gold,  
 Or feather-mail, while Gwyneth's deep-driven spears  
 Pierced to the bone and vitals ; when they saw

The falchion, flashing late so lightning like,  
 Quenched in their own life-blood. Our mountaineers  
 Showered from the heights, meantime, an arrowy storm,  
 Themselves secure ; and we who bore the brunt  
 Of battle, iron men, impassible,  
 Stood in our strength unbroken. Marvel not  
 If then the brave felt fear, already impressed  
 That day by ominous thoughts, to fear akin ;  
 For it so chanced, high heaven ordaining so,  
 The king, who should have led his people forth,  
 At the army head, as they began their march,  
 Was with sore sickness stricken ; and the stroke  
 Came like the act and arm of very God,  
 So suddenly, and in that point of time.  
 A gallant man was he, who, in his stead,  
 That day commanded Aztlan ; his long hair,  
 Tufted with many a cotton lock, proclaimed  
 Of princely prowess many a feat atchieved,  
 In many a field of fame. Oft had he led  
 The Aztecas, with happy fortune, forth ;  
 Yet could not now Yuhidthiton inspire  
 His host with hope : he, not the less, that day,  
 True to his old renown, and in the hour



Of rout and ruin, with collected mind,  
Sounded his signals shrill, and in the voice  
Of loud reproach, and anger, and brave shame,  
Called on the people. . . But when nought availed,  
Seizing the standard from the timid hand  
Which held it in dismay, alone he turned,  
For honourable death resolved, and praise  
That would not die. At that, the braver chiefs  
Rallied, anew their signals rung around,  
And Aztlan, seeing how we spared her flight,  
Took heart, and rolled the tide of battle back.  
But when Cadwallon from the chieftain's grasp  
Had cut the standard-staff away, and stunned  
And stretched him at his mercy on the field ;  
Then fled the enemy in utter rout,  
Broken, and quelled at heart. One chief alone  
Bestrode the body of Yuhidthiton ;  
Bareheaded did young Malinal bestride  
His brother's body, wiping from his brow  
With the shield-hand the blinding blood away,  
And dealing frantically, with broken sword,  
Obstinate wrath, the last resisting foe.  
Him, in his own despite, we seized and saved.

Then, in the moment of our victory,  
 We purified our hands from blood, and knelt,  
 And poured to heaven the grateful prayer of praise,  
 And raised the choral psalm. Triumphant thus  
 To the hills we went our way ; the mountaineers  
 With joy, and dissonant song, and antic dance ;  
 The captives sullenly, deeming that they went  
 To meet the certain death of sacrifice,  
 Yet stern and undismayed. We bade them know,  
 Ours was a law of mercy and of love ;  
 We healed their wounds, and set the prisoners free.  
 Bear ye, quoth I, my bidding to your King !  
 Say to him, Did the Stranger speak to thee  
 The words of truth, and hath he proved his power ?  
 Thus saith the Lord of Ocean, in the name  
 Of God, Almighty, Universal God,  
 Thy Judge and mine, whose battles I have fought,  
 Whose bidding I obey, whose will I speak ;  
 Shed thou no more, in impious sacrifice,  
 The life of man ; restore unto the grave  
 The dead Tepollomi ; set this people free,  
 And peace shall be between us.

On the morrow

Came messengers from Aztlan, in reply.

Coanocotzin with sore malady

Hath, by the Gods, been stricken. Will the Lord

Of Ocean visit his sick-bed ? . . he told

Of wrath, and as he said, the vengeance came.

Let him bring healing now, and stablish peace.

## VIII.

Again, and now with better hope, I sought  
The city of the King : there went with me  
Iolo, old Iolo, he who knows  
The virtue of all herbs of mount or vale,  
Or greenwood shade, or quiet brooklet's bed ;  
Whatever lore of science, or of song,  
Sages and Bards of old have handed down.  
Aztlán that day poured forth her swarming sons,  
To wait my coming. Will he ask his God  
To stay the wrathful hand ? that was the cry,  
The general cry, And will he save the King ?  
Coanocotzin too had nursed that thought,  
And the strong hope upheld him : he put forth  
His hand, and raised a quick and anxious eye, ..  
Is it not peace and mercy ? .. thou art come  
To pardon and to save !

I answered him,  
That power, O King of Aztlan, is not mine.  
Such help as human cunning can bestow,  
Such human help I bring ; but health and life  
Are in the hand of God, who at his will  
Gives or withdraws ; and what he wills is best.  
Then old Iolo took his arm, and felt  
The symptom, and he bade him have good hope,  
For life was strong within him. So it proved ;  
The drugs of subtle virtue did their work ;  
They quelled the venom of the malady,  
And from the frame expelled it, . . that a sleep  
Fell on the king, a sweet and natural sleep,  
And from its healing he awoke refreshed,  
Though weak, and joyful like a man who felt  
The peril past away.

Ere long we spake  
Of concord, and how best to knit the bonds  
Of lasting friendship. When we won this land,  
Coanocotzin said, these fertile vales  
Were not, as now, with fruitful groves embowered,  
Nor rich with towns and populous villages,  
Abounding, as thou seest, with life and joy :

Our fathers found bleak heath, and desert moor,  
 Wild woodland, and savannahs wide and waste,  
 Rude country of rude dwellers : from our arms  
 They to the mountain fastnesses retired,  
 And long with obstinate and harassing war  
 Provoked us, hoping not for victory,  
 Yet mad for vengeance : till Tepollomi  
 Fell by my father's hand ; and with their king,  
 The strength and flower of all their youth cut off,  
 All in one desolating day, they took  
 The yoke upon their necks. What wouldst thou  
 That to these Hoamen I should now concede?  
 Lord of the Ocean, speak !

Let them be free !

Quoth I. I come not from my native isle  
 To wage the war of conquest, to cast out  
 Your people from the land which time and toil  
 Have rightly made their own. The World is wide :  
 There is enough for all. So they be freed  
 From that accursed tribute, and ye shed  
 The life of man no more in sacrifice, . .  
 In the most holy name of God I say,  
 Let there be peace between us !

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Thou hast won  
 Their liberty, the King replied : henceforth,  
 Free as they are, if they provoke the war,  
 Reluctantly will Aztlan raise her arm.  
 Be thou the peace-preserver. To what else  
 Thou sayest, instructed by calamity,  
 I lend a humble ear ; but to destroy  
 The worship of my fathers, or abate  
 Or change one point, lies not within the reach  
 And scope of kingly power. Speak thou hereon  
 With those whom we hold holy, with the sons  
 Of the Temple, they who commune with the Gods ;  
 Awe them, for they awe me. So we resolved,  
 That when the bones of King Tepollomi  
 Had had their funeral honours, they and I  
 Should, by the green lake-side, before the King,  
 And in the presence of the people, hold  
 A solemn talk.

Then to the mountain huts,  
 The bearer of good tidings, I returned,  
 Leading the honourable train who bore  
 The relics of the King ; not parched and black,  
 As I had seen the unnatural corpse stand up,

In ghastly mockery of the attitude  
 And act of life ; . . his bones had now been blanched  
 With decent reverence. Soon the mountaineers  
 Saw the white deer-skin shroud ; the rumour spread ;  
 They gathered round, and followed in our train.  
 Before Erillyab's hut the bearers laid  
 Their burthen down. She, calm of countenance,  
 And with dry eye, albeit her hand, the while,  
 Shook like an agueish limb, unrolled the shroud.  
 The multitude stood gazing silently,  
 The young and old alike, all awed and hushed  
 Under the holy feeling, . . and the hush  
 Was awful ; that huge multitude so still,  
 That we could hear distinct the mountain stream  
 Roll down its rocky channel far away.  
 And this was all ; sole ceremony this,  
 The sight of death and silence, . . till at length,  
 In the ready grave the bones were laid to rest.  
 'Twas in her hut and home, yea, underneath  
 The marriage bed, the bed of widowhood,  
 Her husband's grave was dug ; on softest fur  
 The bones were laid, with fur were covered o'er,



Then heapt with bark and boughs, and, last of all,  
Earth was to earth trod down.

And now the day  
Appointed for our talk of peace was come.  
On the green margin of the lake we met,  
Elders, and Priests, and Chiefs; the multitude  
Around the circle of the council stood.  
Then, in the midst, Coanocotzin rose,  
And thus the King began: Pabas, and Chiefs  
Of Aztlan, hither ye are come to learn  
The law of peace. The Lord of Ocean saith,  
The Tribes whom he hath gathered underneath  
The wings of his protection, shall be free:  
And, in the name of his great God, he saith,  
That ye shall never shed in sacrifice  
The blood of man. Are ye content? that so  
We may together here, in happy hour,  
Bury the sword!

Hereat a Paba rose,  
And answered for his brethren: . . . He hath won  
The Hoamen's freedom, that their blood no more  
Shall on our altars flow; for this the Lord  
Of Ocean fought, and Aztlan yielded it

In battle: but if we forego the rites  
 Of our forefathers, if we wrong the Gods,  
 Who give us timely sun and timely showers,  
 Their wrath will be upon us; they will shut  
 Their ears to prayer, and turn away the eyes  
 That watch for our well-doing, and with-hold  
 The hands that scatter our prosperity.

Cynetha then arose; between his son  
 And me supported, rose the blind old man.  
 Ye wrong us, men of Aztlan, if ye deem  
 We bid ye wrong the Gods; accurst were he  
 Who would obey such bidding, . . more accurst  
 The wretch who dared command impiety!  
 It is the will of God that we make known,  
 Your God and ours. Know ye not Him, who laid  
 The deep foundations of the earth, and built  
 The arch of heaven, and kindled yonder sun,  
 And breathed into the woods and waves and sky  
 The power of life?

We know Him! they replied,  
 The great For-Ever One, the God of Gods,  
 Ipalnemoani, He by whom we live!

And we too, quoth Ayayaca, we know  
And worship the Great Spirit, who in clouds  
And storms, in mountain caves, and by the fall  
Of waters, in the woodland solitude,  
And in the night and silence of the sky,  
Doth make his being felt. We also know,  
And fear, and worship the Beloved One.

Our God, replied Cynetha, is the same,  
The Universal Father. He to the first  
Made his will known ; but when men multiplied,  
The Evil Spirits darkened them, and sin  
And misery came into the world, and men  
Forsook the way of truth, and gave to stocks  
And stones the incommunicable name.  
Yet with one chosen, one peculiar Race,  
The knowledge of their Father and their God  
Remained, from sire to son transmitted down.  
While the bewildered Nations of the earth  
Wandered in fogs, and were in darkness lost,  
The light abode with them ; and when at times  
They sinned and went astray, the Lord hath put  
A voice into the mouths of holy men,

Raising up witnesses unto himself,  
 That so the saving knowledge of his name  
 Might never fail ; nor the glad promise, given  
 To our first parent, that at length his sons,  
 From error, sin, and wretchedness redeemed,  
 Should form one happy family of love.  
 Nor ever hath that light, howe'er bedimmed,  
 Wholly been quenched : still in the heart of man  
 A feeling and an instinct it exists,  
 His very nature's stamp and privilege,  
 Yea, of his life the life. I tell ye not,  
 O Aztecas ! of things unknown before ;  
 I do but waken up that living sense  
 That sleeps within ye ! Do ye love the Gods  
 Who call for blood ? Doth the poor sacrifice  
 Go with a willing step, to lay his life  
 Upon their altars ? . . Good must come of good,  
 Evil of evil : if the fruit be death,  
 The poison springeth from the sap and root,  
 And the whole tree is deadly ; if the rites  
 Be evil, they who claim them are not good,  
 Not to be worshipped then ; for to obey  
 The evil will is evil. Aztecas !

From the For-Ever, the Beloved One,  
 The Universal Only God I speak,  
 Your God and mine, our Father and our Judge.  
 Hear ye his law, . . hear ye the perfect law  
 Of love, "Do ye to others, as ye would  
 That they should do to you !" He bids us meet  
 To praise his name, in thankfulness and joy ;  
 He bids us, in our sorrow, pray to him,  
 The Comforter ; love him, for he is good !  
 Fear him, for he is just ! obey his will,  
 For who can bear his anger !

While he spake,  
 They stood with open mouth, and motionless sight,  
 Watching his countenance, as though the voice  
 Were of a God ; for sure it seemed that less  
 Than inspiration could not have infused  
 That eloquent passion in a blind man's face.  
 And when he ceased, all eyes at once were turned  
 Upon the Pabas, waiting their reply,  
 If that to that acknowledged argument  
 Reply could be devised ; but they themselves,  
 Stricken by the truth, were silent ; and they looked  
 Toward their chief and mouth-piece, the High Priest

Tezozomoc ; he too was pale and mute,  
 And when he gathered up his strength to speak,  
 Speech failed him, his lip faltered, and his eye  
 Fell, utterly abashed, and put to shame.  
 But in the Chiefs, and in the multitude,  
 And in the King of Aztlan, better thoughts  
 Were working ; for the Spirit of the Lord  
 That day was moving in the heart of man.  
 Coanocotzin rose : Pabas, and Chiefs,  
 And men of Aztlan, ye have heard a talk  
 Of peace and love, and there is no reply.  
 Are ye content with what the Wise Man saith ?  
 And will ye worship God in that good way  
 Which God himself ordains ? If it be so,  
 We will together here, in happy hour,  
 Bury the sword.

Tezozomoc replied,  
 This thing is new, and in the land till now  
 Unheard : . . what marvel, therefore, if we find  
 No ready answer ? Let our Lord the King  
 Do that which seemeth best.

Yuhidthiton,  
 Chief of the Chiefs of Aztlan, next arose.

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Of all her numerous sons, could Aztlan boast  
 No mightier arm in battle, nor whose voice  
 To more attentive silence hushed the hall  
 Of council. When the Wise Man spake, quoth he,  
 I asked of mine own heart if it were so,  
 And, as he said, the living instinct there  
 Answered, and owned the truth. In happy hour,  
 O King of Aztlan, did the Ocean Lord  
 Through the great waters hither wend his way ;  
 For sure he is the friend of God and man !

At that an uproar of assent arose  
 From the whole people, a tumultuous shout  
 Of universal joy and glad acclaim.  
 But when Coanocotzin raised his hand,  
 That he might speak, the clamour and the buzz  
 Ceased, and the multitude, in tiptoe hope,  
 Attent and still, await the final voice.  
 Then said the Sovereign, Hear, O Aztecas,  
 Your own united will ! From this day forth  
 No life upon the altar shall be shed,  
 No blood shall flow in sacrifice ; the rites  
 Shall all be pure, such as the blind old man,

Whom God hath taught, will teach. This ye have willed;  
And therefore it shall be !

The King hath said !

Like thunder the collected voice replied :  
Let it be so !

Lord of the Ocean, then  
Pursued the King of Aztlan, we will now  
Lay the war-weapon in the grave, and join  
In right-hand friendship. By our custom, blood  
Should sanctify and bind the solemn act ;  
But by what oath and ceremony thou  
Shalt proffer, by the same will Aztlan swear.

Nor oath, nor ceremony, I replied,  
O King, is needful. To his own good word  
The good and honourable man will act.  
Oaths will not curb the wicked. Here we stand  
In the broad day-light ; the For-Ever One,  
The Every-Where beholds us. He will hear  
The word, and mark the action : in his sight  
We join our hands in peace : if e'er again  
Should these right hands be raised in enmity,  
Upon the offender will His judgment fall.



The grave was dug ; Coanocotzin laid  
His weapon in the earth ; Erillyab's son,  
Young Amalahta, for the Hoamen, laid  
His hatchet there ; and there I laid the sword.

Here let me end. What followed was the work  
Of peace, no theme of story ; how we fixed  
Our sojourn in the hills, and sowed our fields,  
And, day by day, saw all things prospering.  
Thence have I sailed, Goervyl, to announce  
The tidings of my happy enterprise ;  
There I return, to take thee to our home.  
I love my native land ; with as true love  
As ever yet did warm a British heart,  
Love I the green fields of the beautiful Isle,  
My father's heritage ! but far away,  
Where Nature's booner hand has blest the earth,  
My heritage hath fallen ; beyond the seas  
Madoc hath found his home ; beyond the seas  
A country for his children hath he chosen,  
A land wherein their portion may be peace.

## IX.

But while Aberfraw echoed to the sounds  
Of merriment and music, Madoc's heart  
Mourned for his brethren. Therefore, when no ear  
Was nigh, he sought the King, and said to him,  
To-morrow, I set forth for Mathraval;  
For long I must not linger here, to pass  
The easy hours in feast and revelry,  
Forgetful of my people far away.  
I go to tell the tidings of success,  
And seek new comrades. What if it should chance  
That, for this enterprise, our bretheren,  
Foregoing all their hopes and fortunes here,  
Would join my banner? . . . Let me send abroad  
That summons, O my brother! so secure,  
You may forgive the past, and once again  
Will peace and concord bless my father's house.

Hereafter will be time enow for this,  
 The King replied ; thy easy nature sees not,  
 How, if the traitors for thy banner send  
 Their bidding round, in open war against me  
 Their own would soon bespread. I charge thee, Madoc,  
 Neither to see nor aid these fugitives,  
 The shame of Owen's blood.

Sullen he spake,  
 And turned away ; nor farther commune now  
 Did Madoc seek, nor had he more endured ;  
 For bitter thoughts were rising in his heart,  
 And anguish, kindling anger. In such mood  
 He to his sister's chamber took his way.  
 She sate with Emma, with the gentle Queen ;  
 For Emma had already learnt to love  
 The gentle maid. Goervyl saw what thoughts  
 Troubled her brother's brow. Madoc, she cried,  
 Thou hast been with the king, been rashly pleading  
 For Ririd and for Rodri ! . . He replied,  
 I did but ask him little, . . did but say,  
 Belike our brethren would go forth with me,  
 To voluntary exile ; then, methought,  
 His fear and jealousy might well have ceased,  
 And all be safe.

And did the King refuse ?

Quoth Emma. I will plead for them, quoth she,  
With dutiful warmth and zeal will plead for them ;  
And surely David will not say me nay.

O sister ! cried Goervyl, tempt him not !  
Sister, you know him not ! alas, to touch  
That perilous theme is, even in Madoc here,  
A perilous folly. . . Sister, tempt him not !  
You do not know the King !

At that, a fear  
Fled to the cheek of Emma, and her eye,  
Quickening with wonder, turned toward the Prince,  
As if expecting that his manly mind  
Would mould Goervyl's meaning to a shape  
Less fearful, would interpret and amend  
The words she hoped she did not hear aright.  
Emma was young ; she was a sacrifice  
To that sad king-craft, which, in marriage-vows  
Linking two hearts, unknowing each of each,  
Perverts the ordinance of God, and makes  
The holiest tie a mockery and a curse.  
Her eye was patient, and she spoke in tones

So sweet, and of so pensive gentleness,  
 That the heart heard them. Madoc ! she exclaimed,  
 Why dost thou hate the Saxons ? O my brother !  
 If I have heard aright, the hour will come  
 When the Plantagenet shall wish herself  
 Among her nobler, happier countrymen,  
 From these unnatural enmities escaped,  
 And from the curse which they will call from heaven.

Shame then suffused the Prince's countenance,  
 Mindful how, drunk in anger, he had given  
 His hatred loose. My sister Queen, quoth he,  
 Marvel not you that with my mother's milk  
 I sucked that hatred in. Have they not been  
 The scourge and the devouring sword of God,  
 The curse and pestilence that he hath sent  
 To root us from the land ? Alas, our crimes  
 Have drawn this fearful visitation down !  
 Our sun hath long been westering ; and the night,  
 And darkness, and extinction are at hand.  
 We are a fallen people ! . . From ourselves  
 The desolation and the ruin come !  
 In our own vitals doth the poison work . . .

The House that is divided in itself,  
How shall it stand ? . . A blessing on you, Lady !  
But in this wretched family the strife  
Is rooted all too deep : it is an old  
And cankered wound, . . an eating, killing sore,  
For which there is no healing ! . . If the King  
Should ever speak his fear, . . and sure to you  
All his most inward thoughts he will make known, . .  
Counsel him then to let his brethren share  
My enterprise, to send them forth with me  
To everlasting exile. . . She hath told you  
Too rudely of the King ; I know him well ;  
He hath a stormy nature ; and what germs  
Of virtue would have budded in his heart,  
Cold winds have checked, and blighting seasons nipt,  
Yet in his heart they live : . . A blessing on you,  
That you may see their blossom and their fruit !

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## X.

And now went Madoc forth for Mathraval ;  
O'er Menai's ebbing tide, up mountain paths,  
Beside grey mountain-stream, and lonely lake,  
And through old Snowden's forest solitude,  
He held right on his solitary way.  
Nor paused he in that rocky vale, where oft  
Up the familiar path, with gladder pace,  
His steed had hastened to the well-known door, . .  
That valley, o'er whose crags, and sprinkled trees,  
And winding stream, so oft his eye had loved  
To linger, gazing, as the eve grew dim,  
From Dolwyddelan's Tower ; . . alas ! therefrom,  
As from his brother's monument, he turned  
A loathing eye, and through the rocky vale  
Sped on. From morn till noon, from noon till eve,  
He travelled on his way ; and when at morn

Again the Ocean Chief bestrode his steed,  
 The heights of Snowden on his backward glance  
 Hung like a cloud in heaven. O'er heath and hill  
 And barren height he rode ; and darker now,  
 In loftier majesty thy mountain seat,  
 Star-loving Idris, rose. Nor turned he now  
 Beside Kregennan, where his infant feet  
 Had trod Ednywain's hall ; nor loitered he  
 In the green vales of Powys, till he came  
 Where Warnway rolls his waters underneath  
 The walls of Mathraval, old Mathraval,  
 Cyveilioc's princely and paternal seat.

But Madoc rushed not forward now to greet  
 The chief he loved, for from the hall was heard  
 The voice of harp and song. It was, that day,  
 The feast of victory at Mathraval ;  
 Around the Chieftain's board the warriors sate ;  
 The sword, and shield, and helmet, on the wall,  
 And round the pillars, were in peace hung up ;  
 And, as the flashes of the central fire  
 At fits arose, a dance of wavy light  
 Played o'er the reddening steel. The Chiefs, who late



So well had wielded, in the play of war,  
 Those weapons, sate around the board, to quaff  
 The beverage of the brave, and hear their fame.  
 Cyveilioc stood before them, . . in his pride  
 Stood 'up the Poet-Prince of Mathraval ;  
 His hands were on the harp, his eyes were closed,  
 His head, as if in reverence to receive  
 The inspiration, bent ; anon, he raised  
 His glowing countenance, and brighter eye,  
 And swept, with passionate hand, the ringing harp.

Fill high the Hirlas Horn ! to Gruffydd bear  
 Its frothy beverage, . . from his crimson lance  
 The invader fled ; . . fill high the gold-tipt Horn !  
 Heard ye in Maelor the step of war ? . .  
 The hastening shout ? . . the onset ? . . Did ye hear  
 The clash and clang of arms ? . . the battle-din,  
 Loud as the roar of Ocean, when the Winds  
 At midnight are abroad ? . . the yell of wounds ? . .  
 The rage ? . . the agony ? . . give to him the Horn  
 Whose spear was broken, and whose buckler pierced  
 With many a shaft, yet not the less he fought  
 And conquered ; . . therefore let Ednyved share

The generous draught ; give him the long blue Horn !  
 Pour out again, and fill again the spoil  
 Of the wild bull, with silver wrought of yore ;  
 Bear ye to Tudyr's hand the golden lip,  
 Eagle of battle ! for Moreiddig fill  
 The honourable Hirlas ! .. where are They ?  
 Where are the noble Brethren ? Wolves of war,  
 They kept their border well, they did their part,  
 Their fame is full, their lot is praise and song . . .  
 A mournful song to me, a song of woe ! ..  
 Brave Brethren ! for their honour brim the cup,  
 Which they shall quaff no more.

We drove away

The strangers from our land ; profuse of life,  
 Our warriors rushed to battle, and the Sun  
 Saw, from his noontide fields, their manly strife.  
 Pour thou the flowing mead ! Cup-bearer, fill  
 The Hirlas ! for hadst thou beheld the day  
 Of Llidom, thou hadst known how well the Chiefs  
 Deserve this honour now. Cyveilioc's shield  
 Were they in danger, when the Invader came ;  
 Be praise and liberty their lot on earth,  
 And joy be theirs in Heaven !

Here ceased the song.

Then from the threshold on the rush-strewn floor  
Madoc advanced. Cyveilioc's eye was now  
To present forms awake, but, even as still  
He felt his harp-chords throb with dying sounds,  
The heat and stir and passion had not yet  
Subsided in his soul. Again he struck  
The loud-toned harp. . . . Pour from the silver vase,  
And brim the honourable Horn, and bear  
The draught of joy to Madoc, . . he who first  
Explored the desert ways of Ocean, first,  
Through the wide waste of sea and sky, held on  
Undaunted, till upon another World,  
The Lord and Conqueror of the Elements,  
He set his foot triumphant ! Fill for him  
The Hirlas ! fill the honourable Horn !  
This is a happy hour, for Madoc treads  
The hall of Mathraval ; by every foe  
Dreaded, by every friend beloved the best,  
Madoc, the Briton Prince, the Ocean Lord,  
Who never for injustice reared his arm.  
Give him the Hirlas Horn ! fill, till the draught  
Of joy shall quiver o'er the golden brim !

In happy hour the hero hath returned !  
 In happy hour the friend, the brother, treads  
 Cyveilioc's floor !

He sprung to greet his guest ;  
 The cordial grasp of fellowship was given ;  
 They gave the seat of honour, and they filled  
 For him the Hirlas Horn. . . So there was joy  
 In Mathraval. Cyveilioc and his Chiefs,  
 All eagerly, with wonder-waiting eyes,  
 Look to the Wanderer of the Waters' tale.  
 Nor mean the joy which kindled Madoc's brow,  
 Whenas he told of daring enterprise  
 Crowned with deserved success. Intent they heard  
 Of all the blessings of that happier clime ;  
 And when the adventurer spake of soon return,  
 Each on the other gazed, as if to say,  
 Methinks it were a goodly lot to dwell  
 In that fair land in peace.

Then said the Prince  
 Of Powys, Madoc, at an happy time  
 Thy feet have sought the house of Mathraval ;  
 For on the morrow, in the eye of light,  
 Our bards will hold their congress. Seekest thou

Comrades to share success ? proclaim abroad  
 Thine invitation there, and it shall spread  
 Far as our fathers ancient tongue is known.

The mantling mead went round at Mathraval ; . .  
 That was a happy hour ! Of other years  
 They talked, of common toils, and fields of war  
 When they fought side by side ; of Corwen's day  
 Of glory, and of comrades now no more : . .  
 Themes of delight, and grief that brought its joy.  
 Thus they beguiled the pleasant hours, while night  
 Wained fast away ; then late they laid them down,  
 Each on his bed of rushes, stretched around  
 The central fire.

The Sun was newly risen  
 When Madoc joined his host, no longer now  
 Clad as the conquering chief of Maelor,  
 In princely arms, but in his nobler robe,  
 The sky-blue mantle of the bard, arrayed.  
 So for the place of meeting they set forth ;  
 And now they reached Melangell's lonely church.  
 Amid a grove of evergreens it stood,  
 A garden and a grove, where every grave

Was decked with flowers, or with unfading plants  
 O'ergrown, sad rue, and funeral rosemary.  
 Here Madoc paused. The morn is young, quoth he ;  
 A little while to old remembrance given  
 Will not belate us. . . Many a year hath fled,  
 Cyveilioc, since you led me here, and told  
 The legend of the Saint. Come ! . . be not loath !  
 We will not loiter long. . . So soon to mount  
 The bark, which will for ever bear me hence,  
 I would not willingly pass by one spot  
 That thus recals the thought of other times,  
 Without a pilgrim's visit.

Thus he spake,  
 And drew Cyveilioc through the church-yard porch,  
 To the rude image of Saint Monacel.  
 Dost thou remember, Owen, said the Prince,  
 When first I was thy guest in early youth,  
 That once, as we had wandered here at eve,  
 You told, how here a poor and hunted hare  
 Ran to the Virgin's feet, and looked to her  
 For life ? . . I thought, when listening to the tale,  
 She had a merciful heart, and that her face  
 Must with a saintly gentleness have beamed,

When beasts could read its virtue. Here we sate,  
 Upon the jutting root of this old yeugh . . .  
 Dear friend ! so pleasant didst thou make those days,  
 That in my heart, long as my heart shall beat,  
 Minutest recollections still will live,  
 Still be the source of joy.

As Madoc spake,

His glancing eye fell on a monument,  
 Around whose base the rosemary drooped down,  
 As yet not rooted well. Sculptured above,  
 A warrior lay ; the shield was on his arm ;  
 Madoc approached, and saw the blazonry.  
 A sudden chill ran through him, as he read,  
 Here Yorwerth lies . . . it was his brother's grave.

Cyveilioc took him by the hand : For this,  
 Madoc, was I so loath to enter here !  
 He sought the sanctuary, but close upon him  
 The murderers followed, and by yonder copse  
 The stroke of death was given. All I could  
 Was done ; . . I saw him here consigned to rest,  
 Daily due masses for his soul are sung,  
 And duly hath his grave been decked with flowers.

So saying, from the place of death he led  
The silent prince. But lately, he pursued,  
Llewelyn was my guest, thy favourite boy.  
For thy sake and his own, it was my hope  
That he would make his home at Mathraval :  
He had not needed then a father's love.  
But he, I know not on what enterprise,  
Was brooding ever ; and these secret thoughts  
Led him away. God prosper the brave boy !  
It were a happy day for this poor land  
If e'er Llewelyn mount his rightful throne.



## XI.

The place of meeting was a high hill-top,  
Nor bowered with trees, nor broken by the plough,  
Remote from human dwellings, and the stir  
Of human life, and open to the breath  
And to the eye of Heaven. In days of yore,  
There had the circling stones been planted ; there,  
From earliest ages, the primeval lore,  
From Bard to Bard, with reverence handed down.  
They whom to wonder, or the love of song,  
Or reverence of their fathers' ancient rites,  
Led thither, stood without the ring of stones.  
Cyveilioc entered to the initiate Bards,  
Himself, albeit his hands were stained with war,  
Initiate ; for the Order in the lapse  
Of years, and in their nation's long decline,  
From the first rigour of their purity

Somewhat had fallen. The Masters of the Song  
 In azure robes were robed, that one bright hue  
 To emblem unity, and peace, and truth,  
 Like Heaven, that o'er a world of wickedness  
 Spreads its eternal canopy serene.

The bards of Britain there, a noble band,  
 Within the Stones of Federation stood,  
 On the green turf, and under the blue sky,  
 Their heads in reverence bare, and bare of foot.  
 A deathless brotherhood ! Cyveilioc there,  
 Lord of the Hirlas ; Llywarc there was seen,  
 And old Cynddelw, to whose lofty song,  
 So many a time amid his father's hall,  
 Resigning all his soul, had Madoc given  
 The flow of feeling loose. But Madoc's heart  
 Was full ; old feelings and remembrances,  
 And thoughts from which was no escape, arose :  
 He was not there to whose sweet lay, so oft,  
 With all a brother's fond delight, he loved  
 To listen, . . Hoel was not there ! . . the hand  
 That once so well, amid the triple chords,  
 Moved in the rapid maze of harmony,

It had no motion now ; the lips were dumb  
Which knew all tones of passion ; and that heart,  
That warm, ebullient heart, was cold and still,  
Upon its bed of clay. He looked around,  
And there was no familiar countenance,  
None but Cynddelw's face, which he had learnt  
In childhood, and old age had set his mark,  
Making unsightly alteration there.  
Another generation had sprung up,  
And made him feel how fast the days of man  
Flow by, how soon their number is told out.  
He knew not then that Llywarc's lay should give  
His future fame ; his spirit, on the past  
Brooding, beheld, with no forefeeling joy,  
The rising sons of song, who there essayed  
Their eaglet flight. But there among the youth,  
In the green vesture of their earliest rank,  
Or with the aspirants clad in motley garb,  
Young Benvras stood ; and, one whose favoured race  
Heaven with the hereditary power had blest,  
The old Gwalchmai's not degenerate child ;  
And there another Einion ; gifted youths,  
The heirs of immortality on earth,

Whose after-strains, through many a distant age  
 Cambria shall boast, and love the songs that tell  
 The fame of Owen's house.

There, in the eye  
 Of light, and in the face of day, the rites  
 Began. Upon the Stone of Covenant  
 The sheathed sword was laid ; the Master then  
 Raised up his voice, and cried, Let them who seek  
 The high degree and sacred privilege  
 Of Bardic science, and of Cimbric lore,  
 Here to the Bards of Britain make their claim !  
 Thus having said, the Master bade the youths  
 Approach the place of peace, and merit there  
 The Bard's most honourable name : At that,  
 Heirs and transmitters of the ancient light,  
 The youths advanced ; they heard the Cimbric lore,  
 From earliest days preserved ; they struck their harps,  
 And each in due succession raised the song.

Last of the aspirants, as of greener years,  
 Young Caradoc advanced : his lip as yet  
 Scarce darkened with its down, his flaxen locks  
 Wreathed in contracting ringlets waving low ;

His large blue eyes were bright, and kindled now  
 With that same passion that inflamed his cheek ;  
 Yet in his cheek there was the sickliness  
 Which thought and feeling leave, wearing away  
 The hue of youth. Inclining on his harp,  
 He, while his comrades in probation song  
 Approved their claim, stood hearkening, as it seemed,  
 And yet like unintelligible sounds  
 He heard the symphony and voice attuned ;  
 Even in such feelings as, all undefined,  
 Come with the flow of waters to the soul,  
 Or with the motions of the moonlight sky.  
 But when his bidding came, he at the call  
 Arising from the dreamy mood, advanced,  
 Threw back his mantle, and began the lay.

Where are the sons of Gavran ? where his tribe,  
 The faithful ? following their beloved Chief,  
 They the Green Islands of the Ocean sought.  
 Nor human tongue hath told, nor human ear,  
 Since from the silver shores they went their way,  
 Hath heard their fortunes. In his crystal Ark,  
 Whither sailed Merlin with his band of Bards,

Old Merlin, master of the mystic lore ?  
 Belike his crystal Ark, instinct with life,  
 Obedient to the mighty Master, reached  
 The Land of the Departed ; there, belike,  
 They in the clime of immortality,  
 Themselves immortal, drink the gales of bliss,  
 That o'er Flathinnis breathe eternal spring,  
 That blend whatever odours make the gale  
 Of evening sweet, whatever melody  
 Charms the wood-traveller. In their high-roofed halls,  
 There, with the Chiefs of other days, feel they  
 The mingled joy pervade them ? . . Or beneath  
 The mid-sea waters, did that crystal Ark  
 Down to the secret depths of Ocean plunge  
 Its fated crew ? Dwell they in coral bowers  
 With Mermaid loves, teaching their paramours  
 The songs that stir the sea, or make the winds  
 Hush, and the waves be still ? In fields of joy  
 Have they their home, where central fires maintain  
 Perpetual summer, where one emerald light  
 Through the green element for ever flows ?

Twice have the sons of Britain left her shores,  
 As the fledged eaglets quit their native nest ;

Twice over ocean have her fearless sons  
 For ever sailed away. Again they launch  
 Their vessels to the deep. . . Who mounts the bark ?  
 The Son of Owen, the beloved Prince,  
 Who never for injustice reared his arm.  
 Respect his enterprize, ye Ocean Waves !  
 Ye Winds of Heaven, waft Madoc on his way !  
 The Waves of Ocean, and the Winds of Heaven  
 Became his ministers, and Madoc found  
 The world he sought.

Who seeks the better land ?

Who mounts the vessel for the world of peace ?  
 He who hath felt the throb of pride, to hear  
 Our old illustrious annals ; who was taught  
 To lisp the fame of Arthur, to revere  
 Our Caratach's unconquered soul, and call  
 That gallant chief his countryman, who led  
 The wrath of Britain, from her chalky shores  
 To drive the Roman robber. He who loves  
 His country, and who feels his country's shame,  
 Whose bones amid a land of servitude  
 Could never rest in peace ; who, if he saw  
 His children slaves, would feel a pang in heaven, . .  
 He mounts the bark, to seek for liberty.

Who seeks the better land? The wretched one,  
 Whose joys are blasted all, whose heart is sick,  
 Who hath no hope, to whom all change is gain,  
 To whom remembered pleasures strike a pang  
 Which only guilt should know, . . he mounts the bark.  
 The Bard will mount the bark of banishment ;  
 The harp of Cambria shall, in other lands,  
 Remind the Cambrian of his fathers fame ; . .  
 The Bard will seek the land of liberty,  
 The world of peace. . . . O Prince, receive the Bard !

He ceased the song. His cheek, now fever-flushed,  
 Was turned to Madoc, and his asking eye  
 Lingered on him in hope ; nor lingered long  
 The look expectant ; forward sprung the Prince,  
 And stretched to Caradoc the right-hand pledge,  
 And for the comrade of his enterprize,  
 With joyful welcome, hailed the joyful Bard.

Nor needed now the Searcher of the Sea  
 Announce his enterprize, by Caradoc  
 In song announced so well ; from man to man  
 The busy murmur spread, while from the Stone



Of Covenant the sword was taken up,  
And from the Circle of the Ceremony  
The Bards went forth, their meeting now fulfilled.  
The multitude, unheeding all beside,  
Of Madoc and his noble enterprize  
Held stirring converse on their homeward way,  
And spread abroad the tidings of the Land,  
Where Plenty dwelt with Liberty and Peace.

## XII.

So in the court of Powys pleasantly,  
With hawk and hound afield, and harp in hall,  
The days went by ; till Madoc, for his heart  
Was with Cadwallon, and in early spring  
Must he set forth to join him over-sea,  
Took his constrained farewell. To Dinevawr  
He bent his way, whence many a time with Rhys  
Had he gone forth to smite the Saxon foe.  
The Son of Owen greets his father's friend,  
With reverential joy ; nor did the Lord  
Of Dinevawr with cold or deadened heart  
Welcome the Prince he loved, though not with joy  
Unmingled now, nor the proud consciousness  
That in the man of tried and approved worth  
Could bid an equal hail. Henry had seen  
The Lord of Dinevawr between his knees

Vow homage ; yea, the Lord of Dinevawr  
 Had knelt in homage to that Saxon king,  
 Who set a price upon his father's head,  
 That Saxon, on whose soul his mother's blood  
 Cried out for vengeance. Madoc saw the shame  
 Which Rhys would fain have hidden, and, in grief  
 For the degenerate land, rejoiced at heart  
 That now another country was his home.

Musing on thoughts like these, did Madoc roam  
 Alone, along the Towy's winding shore.  
 The beavers in its bank had hollowed out  
 Their social place of dwelling, and had dammed  
 The summer-current, with their perfect art  
 Of instinct, erring not in means nor end.  
 But as the floods of spring had broken down  
 Their barrier, so its breaches unrepaired  
 Were left, and round the piles, that deeper-driven  
 Still held their place, the eddyng waters whirled.  
 Now in those habitations desolate  
 One sole survivor dwelt : him Madoc saw,  
 Labouring alone, beside his hermit house ;  
 And in that mood of melancholy thought, . .

For in his boyhood he had loved to watch  
 Their social work, and for he knew that man  
 In bloody sport had well-nigh rooted out  
 The poor community, . . the ominous sight  
 Became a grief and burthen. Eve came on.  
 The dry leaves rustled to the wind, and fell  
 And floated on the stream ; there was no voice,  
 Save of the mournful rooks, that overhead  
 Winged their long line ; for fragrance of sweet flowers,  
 Only the odour of the autumnal leaves ; . .  
 All sights and sounds of sadness : and the place  
 To that despondent mood was ministrant ; . .  
 Among the hills of Gwyneth, and its wilds  
 And mountain glens, perforce he cherished still  
 The hope of mountain liberty ; they braced  
 And knit the heart and arm of hardihood ; . .  
 But here, in these green meads, by these low slopes  
 And hanging groves, attempered to the scene,  
 His spirit yielded. As he loitered on,  
 There came toward him one in peasant garb,  
 And called his name ; . . he started at the sound,  
 For he had heeded not the man's approach ;  
 And now that sudden and familiar voice

Came on him, like a vision. So he stood  
 Gazing, and knew him not in the dim light,  
 Till he again cried, Madoc ! .. then he woke,  
 And knew the voice of Ririd, and sprang on,  
 And fell upon his neck, and wept for joy  
 And sorrow.

O my brother ! Ririd cried,  
 Long, very long it is since I have heard  
 The voice of kindness ! .. Let me go with thee !  
 I am a wanderer in my father's land, ..  
 Hoel he killed, and Yorwerth hath he slain ;  
 Llewelyn hath not where to hide his head  
 In his own kingdom ; Rodri is in chains. . .  
 Let me go with thee, Madoc, to some land  
 Where I may look upon the sun, nor dread  
 The light that may betray me ; where at night  
 I may not, like a hunted beast, rouse up,  
 If the leaves rustle over me.

The Lord

Of Ocean struggled with his swelling heart.  
 Let me go with thee ? .. but thou didst not doubt  
 Thy brother. . . . Let thee go ? .. with what a joy,  
 Ririd, would I collect the remnant left,

The wretched remnant now of Owen's house,  
 And mount the bark of willing banishment,  
 And leave the tyrant to his Saxon friends,  
 And to his Saxon yoke! . . . I urged him thus,  
 Curbed down my angry spirit, and besought  
 Only that I might bid our brethren come,  
 And share my exile. And he spurned my prayer!  
 Yea, he commanded me to aid them not,  
 To seek them not, to see them not, as though  
 I were his slave, as though I were condemned  
 To think his crown had sanctified his crimes.  
 Thou hast a gentle pleader at his court;  
 She may prevail; till then abide thou here, . .  
 But not in this, the garb of fear and guilt.  
 Come thou to Dinevawr, . . assume thyself; . .  
 The good old Rhys will bid thee welcome there,  
 And the Great Palace, like a sanctuary,  
 Is safe. If then Queen Emma's plea should fail,  
 My timely bidding hence shall summon thee,  
 When I shall spread the sail. . . Nay! hast thou learnt  
 Suspicion? . . Rhys is noble, and no deed  
 Of treachery ever sullied his fair fame.

Madoc then led his brother to the hall  
 Of Rhys. I bring to thee a suppliant,  
 O King, he cried ; thou wert my father's friend ;  
 And till our barks be ready in the spring,  
 I know that here the persecuted son  
 Of Owen will be safe.

A welcome guest !

The old warrior cried ; by his good father's soul,  
 He is a welcome guest at Dinevawr !  
 And rising as he spake, he pledged his hand  
 In hospitality. . . How now ! quoth he ;  
 This raiment ill beseems the princely son  
 Of Owen ! . . Ririd at his words was led  
 Apart ; they washed his feet, they gave to him  
 Fine linen, as beseemed his royal race,  
 The tunic of soft texture woven well,  
 The broidered girdle, the broad mantle edged  
 With fur and flowing low, the bonnet last,  
 Formed of some forest martin's costly spoils.  
 The Lord of Dinevawr sat at the dice  
 With Madoc, when he saw him, thus arrayed,  
 Returning to the hall. Aye ! this is well !  
 The noble Chief exclaimed ; 'tis as of yore,

When in Aberfraw, at his father's board,  
 We sate together, after we had won  
 Peace and rejoicing, with our own right hands,  
 By Corwen, where, commixt with Saxon blood,  
 Along its rocky channel the dark Dee  
 Rolled darker waters. . . Would that all his house  
 Had, in their day of trouble, thought of me,  
 And honoured me like this ! David respects  
 Deheubarth's strength, nor would respect it less,  
 When such protection leagued its cause with Heaven.

I had forgot his Messenger ! quoth he,  
 Arising from the dice. Go, bid him here !  
 He came this morning at an ill-starred hour,  
 To Madoc he pursued ; my lazy grooms  
 Had let the hounds play havoc in my flock,  
 And my old blood was chafed. I'faith, the King  
 Hath chosen well his messenger : . . he saw  
 That, in that mood, I might have rendered him  
 A hot and hasty answer, and hath waited,  
 Belike to David's service and to mine,  
 My better leisure.



## Now the Messenger

Entered the hall ; Goagan of Powys-land,  
 He of Caer-Einion was it, who was charged  
 From Gwyneth to Deheubarth ; a brave man,  
 Of copious speech. He told the royal son  
 Of Gryffidd, the descendant of the line  
 Of Rhys-ab-Tudyr-mawr, that he came there  
 From David, son of Owen, of the stock  
 Of kingly Cynan. I am sent, said he,  
 With friendly greeting ; and as I receive  
 Welcome and honour, so, in David's name,  
 Am I to thank the Lord of Dinevawr.

Tell on ! quoth Rhys, the purport and the cause  
 Of this appeal ?

Of late, some fugitives  
 Came from the South to Mona, whom the King  
 Received with generous welcome. Some there were  
 Who blamed his royal goodness ; for they said,  
 These were the subjects of a rival Prince,  
 Who, peradventure, would with no such bounty  
 Cherish a northern suppliant. This they urged,  
 I know not if from memory of old feuds,

Better forgotten, or in envy. Moved  
 Hereby, King David swore he would not rest  
 Till he had put the question to the proof,  
 Whether, with liberal honour, the Lord Rhys  
 Would greet his messenger ; but none was found,  
 Of all who had instilled that evil doubt,  
 Ready to bear this embassy : I heard it,  
 And did my person tender, . . for I knew  
 The nature of Lord Rhys of Dinevawr.

Well ! quoth the Chief, Goagan of Powys-land,  
 This honourable welcome that thou seekest,  
 Wherein may it consist ?

In giving me,  
 Goagan of Powys-land replied, a horse  
 Better than mine, to bear me home, a suit  
 Of seemly raiment, and ten marks in coin,  
 And raiment and two marks to him who leads  
 My horse's bridle.

For his sake, said Rhys,  
 Who sent thee, thou shalt have the noblest steed  
 In all my studs. . . I double thee the marks,  
 And give the raiment threefold. More than this, . .

Say thou to David, that the guests who sit  
At board with me, and drink of my own cup,  
Are Madoc and Lord Ririd. Tell the King,  
That thus it is Lord Rhys of Dinevawr  
Delighteth to do honour to the sons  
Of Owen, of his old and honoured friend.

### XIII.

Farewell, my brother, cried the Ocean Chief;  
A little while farewell ! as through the gate  
Of Dinevawr he past, to pass again  
That hospitable threshold never more.  
And thou too, O thou good old man ! true friend  
Of Owen, and of Owen's house, farewell !  
'Twill not be told me, Rhys, when thy grey hairs  
Are to the grave gone down ; .. but oftentimes  
In the distant world I shall remember thee,  
And think that, come thy summons when it may,  
Thou wilt not leave a braver man behind. . . .  
Now God be with thee, Rhys !

The old Chief paused

A moment ere he answered, as for pain ;  
Then shaking his hoar head, I never yet  
Gave thee this hand unwillingly before !

When for a guest I spread the board, my heart  
 Will think on him, whom ever with most joy  
 It leapt to welcome : should I ever lift  
 The spear against the Saxon, . . for old Rhys  
 Hath that within him yet, that could uplift  
 The Cimbric spear, . . I then shall wish his aid,  
 Who oft has conquered with me : when I kneel  
 In prayer to Heaven, an old man's prayer shall beg  
 A blessing on thee !

Madoc answered not,  
 But graspt his hand in silence, then sprang up,  
 And spurred his courser on. A weary way,  
 Through forest and o'er fell, Prince Madoc rode.  
 And now he skirts the bay whose reckless waves  
 Roll o'er the plain of Gwaelod : fair fields,  
 And busy towns, and happy villages,  
 They overwhelmed in one disastrous day ;  
 For they, by their eternal siege, had sapped  
 The bulwark of the land, while Seithenyn  
 Took of his charge no thought, till, in his sloth  
 And riotous cups surprised, he saw the sea  
 Roll like an army o'er the levelled mound.  
 A suppliant in other courts, he mourned  
 His crime and ruin ; in another's court

The kingly harp of Garanhir was heard,  
 Wailing his kingdom wrecked ; and many a Prince,  
 Warned by the visitation, sought and gained  
 A saintly crown, Tyneio, Merini,  
 Boda and Brenda and Aelgyvarch,  
 Gwynon and Celynin and Gwynodyl.

To Bardsey was the Lord of Ocean bound ;  
 Bardsey, the holy Islet, in whose soil  
 Did many a Chief and many a Saint repose,  
 His great progenitors. He mounts the skiff ;  
 Her canvass swells before the breeze ; the sea  
 Sings round her sparkling keel, and soon the Lord  
 Of Ocean treads the venerable shore.

There was not, on that day, a speck to stain  
 The azure heaven ; the blessed Sun, alone,  
 In unapproachable divinity,  
 Careered, rejoicing in his fields of light.  
 How beautiful, beneath the bright blue sky,  
 The billows heave ! one glowing green expanse,  
 Save where along the bending line of shore  
 Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck

Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,  
 Embathed in emerald glory. All the flocks  
 Of Ocean are abroad : like floating foam,  
 The sea-gulls rise and fall upon the waves ;  
 With long protruded neck the cormorants  
 Wing their far flight aloft, and round and round  
 The plovers wheel, and give their note of joy.  
 It was a day that sent into the heart  
 A summer feeling : even the insect swarms  
 From their dark nooks and coverts issued forth,  
 For one day of existence more, and joy ;  
 The solitary primrose, on the bank,  
 Seemed now as though it had no cause to mourn  
 Its bleak autumnal birth ; the Rocks, and Shores,  
 And everlasting Mountains, had put on  
 The smile of that glad sunshine, . . they partook  
 The universal blessing.

To this Isle,  
 Where his forefathers were consigned to dust,  
 Did Madoc come in natural piety ;  
 And therefore had he made his coming known,  
 Ordering a solemn service for their souls.  
 Therefore for this the Church that day was dressed ;

For this the Abbot, in his alb arrayed,  
 At the high altar stood ; for this infused,  
 Sweet incense from the waving thuribule  
 Rose like a mist, and the grey brotherhood  
 Chaunted the solemn mass. And now on high  
 The mighty Mystery had been elevate,  
 And now around the graves the bretheren  
 In long array proceed ; each in his hand,  
 Tall as the staff of some wayfaring man,  
 Bears the brown taper, with their daylight flame  
 Dimming the chearful day. Before the train  
 The Cross is borne, where, fashioned to the life,  
 In shape, and size, and ghastly colouring,  
 The awful Image hangs. Next, in its shrine  
 Of gold and crystal, by the Abbot held,  
 The mighty Mystery came ; on either hand  
 Three Priests uphold above, on silver wands,  
 The purple pall. With holy water next  
 A father went, therewith, from hyssop branch,  
 Sprinkling the graves ; the while, with one accord,  
 The solemn psalm of mercy all intoned.

Pure was the faith of Madoc, though his mind  
 To all this pomp and solemn circumstance



Yielded a willing homage. But the place  
Was holy ; . . the dead air, that underneath  
Those arches never felt the healthy sun,  
Nor the free motion of the elements,  
Chilly and damp, infused associate awe :  
The sacred odours of the incense still  
Floated ; the daylight and the taper-flames  
Commingled, dimming each, and each bedimmed ;  
And as the slow procession paced along,  
Still to their hymn, as if in symphony,  
The regular foot-fall sounded ; swelling now,  
Their voices in one chorus, loud and deep,  
Rung o'er the echoing aisle ; and when it ceased,  
The silence of that huge and sacred pile  
Came on the heart. What wonder if the Prince  
Yielded his homage now ? the influences  
Of that sweet autumn day made every sense  
Alive to every impulse, . . and he stood  
On his forefathers' dust. Father ! quoth he,  
When now the rites were ended, far away  
It hath been Madoc's lot to pitch his tent  
On other shores ; there, in a foreign land,  
Far from my fathers' burial place, must I

Be laid to rest ; yet would I have my name  
 Be held with theirs in memory. I beseech you,  
 Have this a yearly rite for evermore,  
 As I will leave endowment for the same ;  
 And let me be remembered in the prayer.  
 The day shall be a holy day with me,  
 While I do live ; they who come after me  
 Will hold it holy ; it will be a bond  
 Of love and brotherhood, when all beside  
 Hath been dissolved ; and though wide ocean rolls  
 Between my people and their mother Isle,  
 This shall be their communion : They shall send,  
 In the same language, the same prayer to Heaven,  
 And, each remembering each in piety,  
 Pray for the others welfare.

The old man

Partook that feeling, and some pious tears  
 Fell down his aged cheek. Kinsman and son,  
 It shall be so ! said he ; and thou shalt be  
 Remembered in the prayer : nor then alone ;  
 But till my sinking sands be quite run out,  
 This feeble voice shall, from its solitude,  
 Go up for thee to Heaven !

And now the bell  
Rung out its chearful summons ; to the hall,  
In seemly order, pass the brotherhood :  
The serving-men wait with the ready ewer ;  
The place of honour to the Prince is given,  
The Abbot's right-hand guest : the viands smoke,  
The horn of ale goes round ; and now, the cates  
Removed, for days of festival reserved,  
Comes choicer beverage, clary, hippocras,  
And meed mature, that to the goblet's brim  
Sparkles, and sings, and smiles. It was a day  
Of that allowable and temperate mirth,  
That leaves a joy for memory. Madoc told  
His tale ; and thus, with question and reply,  
And chearful intercourse, from noon till nones  
The brethren sate ; and when the quire was done,  
Renewed their converse, till the vesper bell.

And now the Porter called Prince Madoc out,  
To speak with one, he said, who from the land  
Had sought him, and required his private ear.  
Madoc in the moonlight met him : in his hand  
The stripling held an oar, and on his back,

Like a broad shield, the coracle was hung.  
 Uncle ! he cried, and, with a gush of tears,  
 Sprung to the glad embrace.

O my brave boy !

Llewelyn ! my dear boy ! with stifled voice,  
 And interrupted utterance, Madoc cried,  
 Llewelyn, come with me, and share my fate !

No ! by my God ! the high-hearted youth exclaimed,  
 It never shall be said Llewelyn left  
 His father's murderer on his father's throne !  
 I am the rightful king of this poor land. . .  
 Go thou, and wisely go ; but I must stay,  
 That I may save my people. Tell me, Uncle,  
 The story of thy fortunes ; I can hear it  
 Here in this lonely Isle, and at this hour,  
 Securely.

Nay, quoth Madoc, tell me first,  
 Where are thy haunts and coverts, and what hope  
 Thou hast to bear thee up ? Why goest thou not  
 To Mathraval ? there would Cyveilioc give  
 A kinsman's welcome ; or at Dinevawr,  
 The guest of honour shouldst thou be with Rhys ;

And he, belike, from David might obtain  
Some recompense, though poor.

What recompense ?

Exclaimed Llewelyn ; what hath he to give,  
But life for life ? and what have I to claim  
But vengeance, and my father Yorwerth's throne ?  
If with aught short of that my soul could rest,  
Would I not through the wide world follow thee,  
Dear Uncle ! and fare with thee, well or ill,  
And show to thine old age the tenderness  
My childhood found from thee ! . . What hopes I have  
Let time display : Have thou no fear for me !  
My bed is made within the ocean-caves,  
Of sea-weeds, bleached by many a sun and shower ;  
I know the mountain dens, and every hold  
And fastness of the forest ; and I know, . . .  
What troubles him by day and in his dreams, . . .  
There's many an honest heart in Gwyneth yet ! . .  
But tell me thine adventure ; that will be  
A joy to think of in long winter nights,  
When stormy billows make my lullaby.

So, as they walked along the moonlight shore,  
Did Madoc tell him all ; and still he strove,

By dwelling on that noble end and aim,  
 That of his actions was the heart and life,  
 To win him to his wish. It touched the youth ;  
 And when the Prince had ceased, he heaved a sigh,  
 Long-drawn and deep, as if regret were there.  
 No, no ! he cried, that must not be ! lo yonder  
 My native mountains, and how beautiful  
 They rest in the moonlight ! I was nurst among them ;  
 They saw my sports in childhood, they have seen  
 My sorrows, they have saved me in the hour  
 Of danger ; . . I have vowed, that as they were  
 My cradle, they shall be my monument ! . .  
 But we shall meet again, and thou wilt find me,  
 When next thou visitest thy native Isle,  
 King in Aberfraw !

Never more, Llewelyn,  
 Madoc replied, shall I behold the shores  
 Of Britain, nor will ever tale of me  
 Reach the Green Isle again. With fearful care  
 I chuse my little company, and leave .  
 No traces of our path, where Violence,  
 And bloody Zeal, and bloodier Avarice,  
 Might find their blasting way.

If it be so, . .

And so it should be, then the youth replied,  
Thou wilt not know my fate ; . . but this be sure,  
It shall not be inglorious. I have in me  
A hope from Heaven. . . Give me thy blessing, Uncle!

Llewelyn knelt upon the sand, and clasped  
His knees, with lifted head and streaming eyes  
Listening. He rose, and fell on Madoc's neck,  
And clasped him, with a silent agony, . .  
Then launched his coracle, and took his way,  
A lonely traveller on the moonlight sea.

#### XIV.

Now hath Prince Madoc left the holy Isle,  
And homeward to Aberfraw, through the wilds  
Of Arvon, bent his course. A little way  
He turned aside, by natural impulses  
Moved, to behold Cadwallon's lonely hut.  
That lonely dwelling stood among the hills,  
By a grey mountain-stream ; just elevate  
Above the winter torrents did it stand,  
Upon a craggy bank ; an orchard slope  
Arose behind, and joyous was the scene,  
In early summer, when those antic trees  
Shone with their blushing blossoms, and the flax  
Twinkled beneath the breeze its liveliest green.  
But, save the flax-field and that orchard slope,  
All else was desolate, and now all wore  
One sober hue ; the narrow vale which wound



Among the hills, was grey with rocks, that peered  
 Above its shallow soil ; the mountain side  
 Was with loose stones bestrewn, which, oftentimes  
 Sliding beneath the foot of straggling goat,  
 Clattered adown the steep, or huger crags,  
 Which, when the coming frost should loosen them,  
 Would thunder down. All things assorted well  
 With that grey mountain hue ; the low stone lines,  
 Which scarcely seemed to be the work of man,  
 The dwelling, rudely reared with stones unhewn,  
 The stubble flax, the crooked apple-trees,  
 Grey with their fleecy moss and misseltoe,  
 The white-barked birch, now leafless, and the ash,  
 Whose knotted roots were like the rifted rock,  
 Where they had forced their way. Adown the vale,  
 Broken by stones, and o'er a stoney bed,  
 Rolled the loud mountain-stream.

When Madoc came,  
 A little child was sporting by the brook,  
 Floating the fallen leaves, that he might see them  
 Whirl in the eddy now, and now be driven  
 Down the descent, now on the smoother stream  
 Sail onward, far away. But when he heard

The horse's tramp, he raised his head, and watched  
The Prince, who now dismounted and drew nigh.  
The little boy still fixed his eyes on him,  
His bright blue eyes ; the wind just moved the curls  
That clustered round his brow ; and so he stood,  
His rosy cheeks still lifted up to gaze,  
In innocent wonder. Madoc took his hand,  
And now had asked his name, and if he dwelt  
There in the hut, when from that cottage door  
A woman came, who, seeing Madoc, stopt  
With such a fear, . . . for she had cause for fear, . . .  
As when a bird, returning to her nest,  
Turns to a tree beside, if she behold  
Some prying boy too near the dear retreat.  
Howbeit, advancing soon, she now approached  
The approaching Prince, and timidly enquired,  
If, on his wayfare, he had lost the track,  
That thither he had strayed. Not so, replied  
The gentle Prince ; but having known this place,  
And its old habitants, I came once more  
To view the lonely hut among the hills.  
Hath it been long your dwelling ?  
Some few years,  
Here we have dwelt, quoth she, my child and I.

Will it please you enter, and partake such fare  
 As we can give ? Still timidly she spake,  
 But gathering courage from the gentle mien  
 Of him with whom she conversed. Madoc thanked  
 The friendly proffer, and toward the hut  
 They went, and in his arms he took the boy.  
 Who is his father ? said the Prince, but wished  
 The word unuttered ; for thereat her cheek  
 Was flushed with sudden heat, and manifest pain ;  
 And she replied, He perished in the war.

They entered now her home ; she spread the board,  
 Bringing fresh curds, and cheese like curd so white,  
 The orchard fruits, and what sweet beverage  
 Her bees, who now were slumbering in the hive,  
 Had toiled to purvey all the summer long.  
 Three years, said Madoc, have gone by, since here  
 I found a timely welcome, overworn  
 With toil, and sorrow, and sickness :... three long years !  
 'Twas when the battle had been waged hard by,  
 Upon the plain of Arvon.

She grew pale,  
 Suddenly pale ; and seeing that he marked

The change, she told him, with a feeble voice,  
That was the fatal fight which widowed me.

O Christ! cried Madoc, 'tis a grief to think  
How many a gallant Briton died that day,  
In that accursed strife! I trod the field  
When all was over, . . I beheld them heaped . . .  
Aye, like ripe corn within the reaper's reach,  
Strewn round the bloody spot where Hoel lay;  
Brave as he was, himself cut down at last,  
Oppressed by numbers, gashed with wounds, yet still  
Clenching, in his dead hand, the broken sword! . .  
But you are moved, . . you weep at what I tell.  
Forgive me, that, renewing my own grief,  
I should have wakened yours! Did you then know  
Prince Hoel?

She replied, Oh no! my lot  
Was humble, and my loss a humble one;  
Yet was it all to me! They say, quoth she, . . .  
And, as she spake, she struggled to bring forth,  
With painful voice, the interrupted words, . . .  
They say Prince Hoel's body was not found;

But you, who saw him dead, perchance can tell  
Where he was laid, and by what friendly hand.

Even where he fell, said Madoc, is his grave ;  
For he who buried him was one whose faith  
Recked not of boughten prayers, nor passing bell.  
There is a hawthorn grows beside the place,  
A solitary tree, nipt by the winds,  
That it doth seem a fitting monument  
For one untimely slain. .. But wherefore dwell we  
On this ungrateful theme ?

He took the harp  
That stood beside, and, passing o'er its chords,  
Made music. At the touch the child drew nigh,  
Pleased by the sounds, and leant on Madoc's knee,  
And bade him play again : So Madoc played,  
For he had skill in minstrelsy, and raised  
His voice, and sung Prince Hoel's lay of love.

I have harnessed thee, my Steed of shining grey,  
And thou shalt bear me to the dear white walls.  
I love the white walls by the verdant bank,  
That glitter in the sun, where Bashfulness

Watches the silver sea-mew sail along.  
 I love the glittering dwelling, where we hear  
 The ever-sounding waves ; for there she dwells,  
 The shapely Maid, fair as the ocean spray,  
 Her cheek as lovely as the apple flower,  
 Or evening's summer glow. I pine for her ;  
 In crowded halls my spirit is with her ;  
 Through the long sleepless night I think on her ;  
 And happiness is gone, and health is lost,  
 And fled the flush of youth, and I am pale  
 As the pale ocean on a sunless morn.  
 I pine away for her, yet pity her,  
 That she should spurn a love so true as mine.

He ceased, and laid his hand upon the child, . .  
 And didst thou like the song ? The child replied,  
 Oh yes ! it is a song my mother loves,  
 And so I love it too. He stooped, and kissed  
 The boy, who still was leaning on his knee,  
 Already grown familiar. I should like  
 To take thee with me, quoth the Ocean Lord,  
 Over the seas.

T

Thou art Prince Madoc, then ! . . .  
 The Mother cried, . . . thou art indeed the Prince !  
 That song . . . that look ! . . . and at his feet she fell,  
 Panting. . . Oh take him, Madoc ! save the child !  
 Thy brother Hoel's orphan !

Long it was  
 Ere that in either agitated heart  
 The tumult could subside. One while the Prince  
 Gazed on the child, tracing intently there  
 His brother's lines ; and now he caught him up,  
 And kissed his cheek, and gazed again, till all  
 Was dim and dizzy ; then blest God, and vowed  
 That he should never need a father's love.

At length, when copious tears had now relieved  
 Her burthened heart, and many a broken speech  
 In tears had died away, O Prince, she cried,  
 Long hath it been my dearest prayer to heaven,  
 That I might see thee once, and to thy love  
 Commit this friendless boy ! For many a time,  
 In phrase so fond did Hoel tell thy worth,  
 That it hath wakened misery in me  
 To think, I could not as a sister claim

Thy love! and therefore was it that till now  
 Thou knewest me not; for I intreated him,  
 That he would never let thy virtuous eye  
 Look on my guilt, and make me feel my shame.  
 Madoc, I did not dare to see thee then, . .  
 Thou wilt not scorn me now, . . for I have now  
 Forgiven myself; and, while I here performed  
 A mother's duties in this solitude,  
 Have felt myself forgiven.

With that she clasped  
 His hand, and bent her face on it, and wept.  
 Anon collecting, she pursued, . . My name  
 Is Llaian: by the chance of war I fell  
 Into his power, when all my family  
 Had been cut off, all in one hour of blood.  
 He saved me from the ruffian's hand, he soothed,  
 With tenderest care, my sorrow. . . You can tell  
 How gentle he could be, and how his eyes,  
 So full of life and kindness, could win  
 All hearts to love him. Madoc, I was young;  
 I had no living friend; . . and when I gave  
 This infant to his arms, when with such joy  
 He viewed it o'er and o'er again, and pressed



A father's kiss upon its cheek, and turned  
 To me, and made me feel more deeply yet  
 A mother's deep delight, . . oh ! I was proud  
 To think my child in after years should say,  
 Prince Hoel was his father !

Thus I dwelt,

In the white dwelling by the verdant bank, . .  
 Though not without my melancholy hours, . .  
 Happy. The joy it was when I beheld  
 His steed of shining grey come hastening on,  
 Across the yellow sand ! . . Alas ! ere long,  
 King Owen died. I need not tell thee, Madoc,  
 With what a deadly and forefeeling fear  
 I heard how Hoel seized his father's throne,  
 Nor with what ominous woe I welcomed him,  
 In that last little miserable hour  
 Ambition gave to love. I think his heart,  
 Brave as it was, misgave him. When I spake  
 Of David and my fears, he smiled upon me ;  
 But 'twas a smile that came not from the heart, . .  
 A most ill-boding smile ! . . O Madoc ! Madoc !  
 You know not with what misery I saw  
 His parting steps, . . with what a dreadful hope

I watched for tidings ! . . . And at length it came, . .  
 Came like a thunderbolt ! . . I sought the field :  
 O Madoc, there were many widows there,  
 But none with grief like mine ! I looked around ;  
 I dragged aside the bodies of the dead,  
 To search for him, in vain ; . . and then a hope  
 Seized me, that it was agony to lose !

Night came. I did not heed the storm of night ;  
 But for the sake of this dear babe, I sought  
 Shelter in this lone hut : 'twas desolate ;  
 And when my reason had returned, I thought,  
 That here the child of Hoel might be safe,  
 Till we could claim thy care. But thou, meantime,  
 Didst go to roam the ocean ; so I learnt  
 To bound my wishes here. The carcanet,  
 The embroidered girdle, and what other gauds  
 Were once my vain adornment, soon were changed  
 For things of profit, goats and bees, and this,  
 The tuneful solace of my solitude.  
 Madoc, the harp is as a friend to me ;  
 I sing to it the songs which Hoel loved,

And Hoel's own sweet lays ; it comforts me,  
And gives me joy in grief.

Often I grieved,  
To think the son of Hoel should grow up  
In this unworthy state of poverty ;  
Till Time, who softens all regrets, had worn  
That vain regret away, and I became  
Humbly resigned to God's unerring will.  
To him I looked for healing, and he poured  
His balm into my wounds. I never formed  
A prayer for more, . . and lo ! the happiness  
That he hath, of his mercy, sent me now !

## XV.

On Madoc's docile courser Llaian sits,  
Holding her joyful boy ; the Chief beside  
Paces afoot, and, like a gentle Squire,  
Leads her loose bridle ; from the saddle-bow  
His shield and helmet hang, and with the lance,  
Staff-like, he stayed his steps. Before the sun  
Had climbed his southern eminence, they left  
The mountain-feet ; and hard by Bangor now,  
Travelling the plain before them, they espy  
A princely cavalcade, for so it seemed,  
Of knights, with hawk in hand, and hounds in leash,  
Squires, Pages, Serving-men, and armed Grooms,  
And many a sumpter-beast and laden wain,  
Far following in their rear. The bravery  
Of glittering bauldricks, and of plumed crests,  
Embroidered surcoats, and emblazoned shields,

And lances, whose long streamers played aloft,  
 Made a rare pageant, as with sound of trump,  
 Tambour and cittern, proudly they went on ;  
 And ever, at the foot-fall of their steeds,  
 The tinkling horse-bells, in rude symphony,  
 Accorded with the joy.

What have we here ?

Quoth Madoc then, to one who stood beside  
 The threshold of his osier-woven hut.  
 'Tis the great Saxon Prelate, he returned,  
 Come hither for some end, I wis not what,  
 Only be sure no good ! . . How stands the tide ?  
 Said Madoc ; Can we pass ? . . 'Tis even at flood,  
 The man made answer, and the Monastery  
 Will have no hospitality to spare  
 For one of Wales to-day. Be ye content  
 To guest with us.

He took the Prince's sword ;  
 The daughter of the house brought water then,  
 And washed the stranger's feet ; the board was spread,  
 And o'er the bowl they communed of the days  
 Ere ever Saxon set his hateful foot  
 Upon the beautiful Isle.

As so they sate,  
 The bells of the Cathedral rung abroad  
 Unusual summons. What is now ? exclaimed  
 Prince Madoc ; let us go ! . . Forthwith they went,  
 He and his host, their way. They found the rites  
 Begun ; the mitred Baldwin, in his hand  
 Holding a taper, at the altar stood.  
 Let him be cursed ! . . were his words which first  
 Assailed their ears, . . living and dead, in limb  
 And life, in soul and body, be he curst  
 Here and hereafter ! Let him feel the curse  
 At every moment, and in every act,  
 By night and day, in waking and in sleep !  
 We cut him off from Christian fellowship ;  
 Of Christian sacraments we deprive his soul ;  
 Of Christian burial we deprive his corpse ;  
 And when that carrion to the Fiends is left  
 In unprotected earth, thus let his soul  
 Be quenched in hell !

He dashed upon the floor  
 His taper down, and all the ministring Priests  
 Extinguished each his light, to consummate  
 That imprecation.

Whom is it ye curse,  
 Cried Madoc, with these horrors? They replied,  
 The contumacious Prince of Mathraual,  
 Cyveilioc.

What! quoth Madoc, and his eye  
 Grew terrible, . . . Who is he that sets his foot  
 In Gwyneth here, and with this hellish hate  
 Insults the blameless Lord of Mathraual? . . .  
 We wage no war with women nor with Priests;  
 But if there be a knight amid your train,  
 Who dare come boldly forth, and to my face  
 Say that Cyveilioc hath deserved this curse,  
 Lo! here stand I, Prince Madoc, who will make  
 That wretched man cry craven in the dust,  
 And eat his lying words!

Be temperate!

Quoth one of Baldwin's Priests, who, Briton born,  
 Had known Prince Madoc in his father's court;  
 It is our charge, throughout this Christian land  
 To call upon all Christian men to join  
 The armies of the Lord, and take the cross;  
 That so, in battle with the Infidels,  
 The palm of victory or of martyrdom,

Glorious alike, may be their recompense.  
This holy badge, whether in godless scorn,  
Or for the natural blindness of his heart,  
Cyveilioc hath refused ; thereby incurring  
The pain, which, not of our own impulse, we  
Inflict upon his soul, but at the will  
Of our most holy Father, from whose word  
Lies no appeal on earth.

      'Tis well for thee,  
Intemperate Prince ! said Baldwin, that our blood  
Flows with a calmer action than thine own !  
Thy brother David hath put on the cross,  
To our most pious warfare piously  
Pledging his kingly sword. Do thou the like,  
And for this better object lay aside  
Thine other enterprize, which, lest it rob  
Judea of one single Christian arm,  
We do condemn as sinful. Follow thou  
The banner of the church to Palestine ;  
So shalt thou expiate this rash offence,  
Against the which we else should fulminate  
Our ire, did we not see in charity,



And therefore rather pity than resent,  
The rudeness of this barbarous land.

At that,

Scorn tempering wrath, yet anger sharpening scorn,  
Madoc replied, Barbarians as we are,  
Lord Prelate, we received the law of Christ  
Many a long year before your pirate sires  
Had left their forest dens : nor are we now  
To learn that law from Norman or from Dane,  
Saxon, Jute, Angle, or whatever name  
Suit best your mongrel race ! Ye think, perchance,  
That, like your own poor woman-hearted King,  
We too in Gwyneth are to take the yoke  
Of Rome upon our necks ; . . but ye may tell  
Your Pope, that when I sail upon the seas,  
I shall not strike a topsail for the breath  
Of all his maledictions !

Saying thus,

He turned away, lest farther speech might call  
Farther reply, and kindle farther wrath,  
More easy to avoid than to allay.  
Therefore he left the church ; and soon his mind  
To gentler mood was won, by social talk,

And the sweet prattle of that blue-eyed boy,  
Whom in his arms he fondled.

But when now

Evening had settled, to the door there came  
One of the brethren of the Monastery,  
Who called Prince Madoc forth. Apart they went,  
And in the low suspicious voice of fear,  
Though none was nigh, the Monk began. Be calm,  
Prince Madoc, while I speak, and patiently  
Hear to the end. Thou knowest that, in his life,  
Becket did excommunicate thy sire  
For his unlawful marriage ; but the King,  
Feeling no sin in conscience, heeded not  
The inefficient censure. Now, when Baldwin  
Beheld his monument to-day, impelled,  
As we do think, by anger against thee,  
He swore that, even as Owen in his deeds  
Disowned the Church when living, even so  
The Church disowned him dead, and that his corpse  
No longer should be suffered to pollute  
The sanctuary . . . Be patient, I beseech,  
And hear me out. Gerald at this, who felt  
A natural horror, sought, . . as best he knew

The haughty Primate's temper, . . to dissuade  
 By politic argument, and chiefly urged  
 The quick and fiery nature of our nation, . .  
 How, at the sight of such indignity,  
 They would arise in arms, and limb from limb  
 Piece-meal tear him and all his company.  
 So far did this prevail, that he will now  
 Commit the deed in secret ; and, this night,  
 Thy father's body from its resting-place,  
 O Madoc ! shall be torn, and cast aside  
 In some unhallowed pit, with foul disgrace  
 And contumelious wrong.

Sayest thou to-night ?

Quoth Madoc. . . . Aye, at midnight, he replied,  
 Shall this impiety be perpetrated.  
 Therefore hath Gerald, for the reverence  
 He bears to Owen's royal memory,  
 Sent thee the tidings. Now be temperate  
 In thy just anger, Prince ! and shed no blood.  
 Thou knowest how dearly the Plantagenet  
 Atones for Becket's death ; and be thou sure,  
 Though thou thyself shouldst sail beyond the storm,  
 That it would fall on Britain.

While he spake,  
 Madoc was still ; the feeling worked too deep  
 For speech, or visible sign. At length he cried,  
 What if amid their midnight villainy  
 I should appear among them ?

That were well,  
 The monk replied, if, at a sight like that,  
 Thou canst with-hold thy hand.

Oh, fear me not !  
 Good and true friend, quoth Madoc. I am calm ;  
 And calm as thou beholdest me will prove  
 In word and action. Quick I am to feel  
 Light ills, . . perhaps o'er-hasty : summer gnats,  
 Finding my cheek unguarded, may infix  
 Their skin-deep stings, to vex and irritate ;  
 But if the wolf, or forest boar be nigh,  
 I am awake to danger. Even so  
 Bear I a mind of steel and adamant  
 Against all greater wrongs. My heart hath now  
 Received its impulse ; and thou shalt behold  
 How in this strange and hideous circumstance  
 I shall find profit. . . . Only, my true friend,  
 Let me have entrance.

At the western porch,  
 Between the complines and the matin-bell,  
 The Monk replied ; come ! and the ready door  
 Shall yield. Thy single person will suffice ;  
 For Baldwin knows his danger, and the hour  
 Of guilt or fear convicts him, both alike  
 Opprobrious. Now, farewell !

Then Madoc took  
 His host aside, and in his private ear  
 Told him his purport, and wherein his help  
 Was needed. Night came on ; the hearth was heapt,  
 The women went to rest. They twain, the while,  
 Sate at the board, and while the untasted bowl  
 Stood by them, watched the glass whose falling sands  
 Told out the weary hours. The hour is come ;  
 Prince Madoc helmed his head, and from his neck  
 He slung the bugle-horn ; they took their shields,  
 And lance in hand went out. And now arrived,  
 The bolts give back before them, and the gate  
 Rolls on its heavy hinge.

Beside the grave  
 Stood Baldwin and the Prior, who, albeit  
 Cambrian himself, in fear and awe obeyed

The lordly Primate's will. They stood and watched  
 The ministers perform the irreverent work.  
 And now with spade and mattock have they broken  
 Into the house of death, and now have they  
 From the stone coffin wrenched the iron cramps,  
 When sudden interruption startled them,  
 And, clad in complete mail from head to foot,  
 They saw the Prince come on. Their tapers gleamed  
 Upon his visage, as he wore his helm  
 Open; and when in that pale countenance, . .  
 For the strong feeling blanched his cheek, . . they saw  
 His father's living lineaments, a fear  
 Like ague shook them. But anon that fit  
 Of scared imagination to the sense  
 Of other peril yielded, when they heard  
 Prince Madoc's dreadful voice. Stay! he exclaimed, . .  
 For now they would have fled; . . stir not a man, . .  
 Or if I but put breath into this horn,  
 All Wales will hear, as if dead Owen called  
 For vengeance from that grave. Stir not a man,  
 Or not a man shall live! The doors are watched,  
 And ye are at my mercy.

But at that,  
 Baldwin from the altar seized the crucifix,  
 And held it forth to Madoc, and cried out,  
 He who strikes me, strikes Him ! forbear, on pain  
 Of endless——

Peace ! quoth Madoc, and profane not  
 The holy Cross, with those polluted hands  
 Of midnight sacrilege ! . . Peace ! I harm thee not, . .  
 Be wise, and thou art safe. . . For thee, thou knowest,  
 Prior, that if thy treason were divulged, .  
 David would hang thee on thy steeple top,  
 To feed the steeple daws. Obey, and live !  
 Go, bring fine linen, and a coffer meet  
 To bear these relics ; and do ye, meanwhile,  
 Proceed upon your work.

They at his word  
 Raised the stone cover, and displayed the dead,  
 In royal grave-clothes habited, his arms  
 Crossed on the breast, with precious gums and spice  
 Fragrant, and incorruptibly preserved.  
 At Madoc's bidding, round the corpse they wrap  
 The linen web, fold within fold involved :  
 They laid it in the coffer, and with cloth

At head and foot filled every interval,  
And prest it down compact ; they closed the lid,  
And Madoc with his signet sealed it thrice.  
Then said he to his host, Bear thou, at dawn,  
This treasure to the ships. My father's bones  
Shall have their resting place, where mine one day  
May moulder by their side. He shall be free  
In death, who, living, did so well maintain  
His and his country's freedom. As for ye,  
For your own safety, ye, I ween, will keep  
My secret safe. So saying, he went his way.



## XVI.

Now hath the Lord of Ocean once again  
Set foot in Mona. Llaian there receives  
Sisterly greeting from the royal maid,  
Who, while she tempers to the public eye  
Her welcome, safely to the boy indulged  
In fond endearments of instinctive love.  
When the first flow of joy was overpast,  
How went the equipment on, the Prince enquired.  
Nay, brother, quoth Goervyl, ask thou that  
Of Urien ; . . it hath been his sole employ  
Daily, from cock-crow until even-song,  
That he hath laid aside all other thoughts,  
Forgetful even of me ! She said, and smiled  
Playful reproach upon the good old man,  
Who, in such chiding as affection loves,  
Dallying with terms of wrong, returned rebuke.

There, Madoc ! pointing to the shore, he cried,  
 There are they moored ; six gallant barks, as trim  
 And worthy of the sea, as ever yet  
 Gave canvass to the gale. The mariners  
 Flock to thy banner, and the call hath roused  
 Many a brave spirit. Soon as Spring shall serve,  
 There need be no delay. I should depart  
 Without one wish that lingers, could we bear  
 Ririd from hence, and break poor Rodri's chains,  
 Thy lion-hearted brother; . . and that boy,  
 If he were with us, Madoc ! that dear boy  
 Llewelyn !

Sister, said the Prince at that,  
 How sped the Queen ?

Oh Madoc ! she replied,  
 A hard and unrelenting heart hath he.  
 The gentle Emma told me she had failed,  
 And that was all she told ; but in her eye  
 I could see sorrow struggling. She complains not,  
 And yet, I know, in bitterness laments  
 The hour, which brought her as a victim here.

Then I will seek the Monarch, Madoc cried ;  
 And forth he went. Cold welcome David gave,

Such as might chill a suppliant; but the Prince  
 Fearless began. . I found at Dinevawr  
 Our brother Ririd, and he made his suit  
 That he might follow me, a banished man.  
 He waits thy answer at the court of Rhys.  
 Now I beseech thee, David, say to him  
 His father's hall is open !

Then the king  
 Replied, I told thee, Madoc, thy request  
 Displeased me heretofore ; I warned thee, too,  
 To shun the rebel ; yet my messenger  
 Tells me, the guests at Dinevawr, who sate  
 At board with Rhys, and drank of his own cup,  
 Were Madoc and Lord Ririd. . . Was this well,  
 This open disobedience to my will,  
 And my express command ?

Madoc subdued  
 His rising wrath. If I should tell thee, Sire,  
 He answered, by what chance it so fell out,  
 I should of disobedience stand excused,  
 Had that been here a crime. Yet think again,  
 David, and let thy better mind prevail !  
 I am his surety here ; he comes alone ;

The strength of yonder armament is mine ;  
 And when did I deceive thee ? . . I did hope,  
 For natural love and public decency,  
 That ye would part in friendship . . . let that pass !  
 He may remain, and join me in the hour  
 Of embarkation. But, for thine own sake,  
 Cast off these vile suspicions, and the fear  
 That makes its danger ! Call to mind, my brother,  
 The rampart that we were to Owen's throne !  
 Are there no moments when the thoughts and loves  
 Of other days return ? . . Let Rodri loose !  
 Restore him to his birth-right ! . . Why wouldst thou  
 Hold him in chains, when benefits would bind  
 His noble spirit ?

Leave me ! cried the King ;  
 Thou knowest the theme is hateful to my ear.  
 I have the mastery now, and idle words,  
 Madoc, shall never thrust me from the throne,  
 Which this right arm in battle hardly won.  
 There must he lie till Nature set him free,  
 And so deliver both. Trespass no more !

A little yet bear with me, Madoc cried.  
 I leave this land for ever ; let me first

Behold my brother Rodri, lest he think  
My summer love be withered, and in wrath  
Remember me hereafter.

Leave me, Madoc!

Speedily, ere indulgence grow a fault,  
Exclaimed the Monarch. Do not tempt my wrath.  
Thou knowest me!

Aye! the Ocean Prince replied,  
I know thee, David, and I pity thee,  
Thou poor, suspicious, miserable man!  
Friend hast thou none, except thy country's foe,  
That hateful Saxon, he whose bloody hand  
Plucked out thy brethren's eyes; and for thy kin,  
Them hast thou made thy perilous enemies.  
What if the Lion Rodri were abroad?  
What if Llewelyn's banner were displayed?  
The sword of England could not save thee then.  
Frown not, and menace not! for what am I,  
That I should fear thine anger? . . . And with that  
He turned indignant from the wrathful King.

## XVII.

Winter hath past away ; the vernal storms  
Have spent their rage, the ships are stored, and now  
To-morrow they depart. That day a Boy,  
Weary and foot-sore, to Aberfraw came,  
Who to Goervyl's chamber made his way,  
And caught the hem of her garment, and exclaimed,  
A boon, . . a boon, . . dear Lady ! nor did he  
Wait more reply than that encouragement,  
Which her sweet eye and lovely smile bestowed ; . .  
**I** am a poor, unhappy, orphan boy,  
**B**orn to fair promises and better hopes,  
**B**ut now forlorn. Take me to be your page ! . .  
**F**or blessed Mary's sake, refuse me not !  
**I** have no friend on earth, nor hope but this.

The Boy was fair ; and though his eyes were swoln,  
And cheek defiled with tears, and though his voice

Y

Came choaked by grief, yet to that earnest eye  
 And supplicating voice so musical,  
 It had not, sure, been easy to refuse  
 The boon he begged. I cannot grant thy suit,  
 Goervyl cried, but I can aid it, boy ! . .  
 Go ask of Madoc ! . . and herself arose,  
 And led him where her brother on the shore  
 That day the last embarkment oversaw.  
 Mervyn then took his mantle by the skirt,  
 And knelt, and made his suit ; she too began  
 To sue, but Madoc, smiling on the Maid,  
 Won by the virtue of the countenance  
 That looked for favour, lightly gave the yes.

Where wert thou, Caradoc, when that fair boy  
 Told his false tale ? for hadst thou heard the voice,  
 The gentle voice, so musically sweet,  
 And seen that earnest eye, it would have healed  
 Thy wounded heart, and thou hadst voyaged on,  
 The happiest man that ever yet forsook  
 His native country ! He, on board the bark,  
 Leant o'er the vessel-side, and there he stood  
 And gazed, almost unconscious that he gazed,

Toward yon distant mountains where she dwelt,  
 Senena, his beloved. Caradoc,  
 Senena, thy beloved, is at hand !  
 Her golden locks are clipt, and her blue eye  
 Is wandering through the throng in search of thee,  
 For whose dear sake she hath forsaken all.  
 You deem her false, that her frail constancy  
 Shrunk from her father's anger, that she lives  
 Another's victim-bride ; but she hath fled  
 From that unnatural anger, hath escaped  
 The unnatural union ; she is on the shore,  
 Senena, blue-eyed Maid, a seemly boy,  
 To share thy fortunes, to reward thy love,  
 And to the land of peace to follow thee,  
 Over the ocean waves.

Now all is done.

Stores, beeves, and flocks, and water all aboard ;  
 The dry East blows, and not a sign of change  
 Stains the clear firmament. The Sea Lord sate  
 At the last banquet in his brother's court,  
 And heard the song : It told of Owen's fame,  
 When, with his Normen, and the assembled force  
 Of Guienne and Gascony, and Anjou's strength,



The Flemings aid, and England's chosen troops,  
Along the ascent of Berwyn, many a day  
The Saxon vainly on his mountain foes  
Denounced his wrath : for Mona's dragon sons,  
By wary patience, baffled long his force,  
Winning slow Famine to their aid, and helped  
By the angry Elements, and Sickness sent  
From Heaven, and Fear, that of its vigour robbed  
The healthy arm ; . . then in quick enterprize  
Fell on his weary and disheartened host,  
Till with defeat, and loss, and obloquy,  
He fled with all his nations. Madoc gave  
His spirit to the song ; he felt the theme  
In every pulse ; the recollection came,  
Revived and heightened to intenser pain,  
That in Aberfraw, in his father's hall,  
He never more should share the feast, nor hear  
The echoing harp again ! His heart was full ;  
And, yielding to its yearnings, in that mood  
Of awful feeling, he called forth the King,  
And led him from the palace porch, and stretched  
His hand toward the ocean, and exclaimed,  
To-morrow over yon wide waves I go ;

To-morrow, never to return, I leave  
My native land. O David, O my brother,  
Turn not impatiently a reckless ear  
To that affectionate and natural voice,  
Which thou wilt hear no more! Release our brethren!  
Recall the wanderers home, and link them to thee  
By cordial confidence, by benefits  
Which bless the benefactor. Be not thou  
As is the black and melancholy yeugh,  
That strikes into the grave its baleful roots,  
And prospers on the dead! . . The Saxon King, . .  
Think not I hate him now; . . an hour like this  
Hath softened all my harsher feelings down;  
Nor will I hate him for his sister's sake,  
Thy gentle Queen, whom, that great God may bless,  
And, blessing her, bless thee and our dear country,  
Shall never be forgotten in my prayers; . .  
But he is far away; and should there come  
The evil hour upon thee, . . if thy kin,  
Wearied by suffering, and driven desperate,  
Should lift the sword, or young Llewelyn raise  
His banner, and demand his father's throne, . .  
Were it not trusting to a broken reed,

To lean on England's aid ? . . I urge thee not  
 For answer now ; but sometimes, O my brother !  
 Sometimes recal to mind my parting words,  
 As 'twere the death-bed counsel of the friend  
 Who loved thee best !

The affection of his voice,  
 So mild and solemn, softened David's heart ;  
 He saw his brother's eyes, suffused with tears,  
 Shine in the moon-beam as he spake ; the King  
 Remembered his departure, and he felt  
 Feelings, that long from his disnured breast  
 Ambition had expelled : he could almost  
 Have followed their strong impulse. From the shore,  
 Madoc, with quick and agitated step,  
 Had sought his home ; the monarch slow returned,  
 Serious and slow, and laid him down that night  
 With painful recollections, and such thoughts  
 As might, if heaven had willed it, have matured  
 To penitence and peace.

The day is come ;  
 The adventurers, in Saint Cybi's holy fane,  
 Hear the last mass, and, all assoiled of sin,  
 Partake the bread of Christian fellowship.

Then, as the Priest his benediction gave,  
 They knelt, in such an awful stillness hushed,  
 As with yet more oppression seemed to load  
 The oppressed heart. At times, and half suppress,  
 Womanly sobs were heard, and manly cheeks  
 Were wet with silent tears. Now forth they go,  
 And at the portal of the Church unfurl  
 Prince Madoc's banner ; at that sight, a shout  
 Burst from his followers, and the hills and rocks  
 Thrice echoed their acclaim.

There lie the ships,  
 Their sails all loose, their streamers rolling out  
 With sinuous flow and swell, like water-snakes,  
 Curling aloft ; the waves are gay with boats,  
 Pinnace, and barge, and coracle, . . the sea  
 Swarms, like the shore, with life. Oh what a sight  
 Of beauty for the unconcerned heart,  
 If heart there be which unconcerned could view  
 A sight like this ! . . how yet more beautiful  
 For him, whose soul can feel and understand  
 The solemn import ! Yonder they embark,  
 Youth, beauty, valour, virtue, reverend age ;  
 Some led by love, of noble enterprize,

Others, who, desperate of their country's weal,  
 Fly from the impending yoke ; all warm alike  
 With confidence and high heroic hope,  
 And all in one fraternal bond conjoined,  
 By reverence to their Chief, the best beloved  
 That ever yet on hopeful enterprize  
 Led gallant army forth. He, even now  
 Lord of himself, by faith in God, and love  
 To man, subdues the feeling of this hour,  
 The bitterest of his being.

At this time,  
 Pale, and with feverish eye, the King came up,  
 And led him somewhat from the throng apart,  
 Saying, I sent at day-break to release  
 Rodri from prison, meaning that with thee  
 He should depart in peace ; but he was gone !  
 That very night he had escaped ! . . Perchance,  
 As I do hope, . . it was thy doing, Madoc ?  
 Is he aboard the fleet ?

I would he were !  
 Madoc replied ; with what a lightened heart  
 Then should I sail away ! Ririd is there  
 Alone . . . alas ! that this was done so late !

Reproach me not ! half sullenly the King,  
 Answering, exclaimed ; Madoc, reproach me not !  
 Thou knowest how hardly I attained the throne ;  
 And is it strange that I should guard with fear  
 The precious prize ? .. Now, .. when I would have taken  
 Thy counsel, . . be the evil on his head !  
 Blame me not now, my brother, lest sometimes  
 I call again to mind thy parting words  
 In sorrow !

God be with thee ! Madoc cried ;  
 And if, at times, the harshness of a heart,  
 Too prone to wrath, have wronged thee, let these tears  
 Efface all faults. I leave thee, O my brother,  
 With all a brother's feelings !

So he said,  
 And grasped, with trembling tenderness, his hand,  
 Then calmed himself, and moved toward the boat.  
 Emma, though tears would have their way, and sighs  
 Would swell, suppressing still all words of woe,  
 Followed Goervyl to the extremest shore.  
 But then, as on the plank the maid set foot,  
 Did Emma, staying her by the hand, pluck out  
 The crucifix, which next her heart she wore,

In reverence to its relic, and she cried,  
 Yet, ere we part, change with me ! dear Goervyl, . .  
 Dear sister, loved too well, or lost too soon, . .  
 I shall betake me often to my prayers,  
 Never in them, Goervyl, of thy name  
 Unmindful ; . . thou too wilt remember me  
 Still in thine orisons ; . . but God forefend,  
 That ever misery should make thee find  
 This Cross thy only comforter !

She said,

And kissed the holy pledge, as each to each  
 Transferred the mutual gift. Nor could the Maid  
 Answer, for agony, to that farewell ;  
 She held Queen Emma to her breast, and close  
 She clasped her with a strong convulsive sob,  
 Silently. Madoc, too, in silence went,  
 But prest a kiss on Emma's lips, and left  
 His tears upon her cheek. With dizzy eyes  
 Gazing she stood, nor saw the boat push off ; . .  
 The dashing of the oars awakened her ;  
 She wipes her tears away, to view once more  
 Those dear familiar faces ; . . they are dim  
 In the distance ; never shall her waking eye

Behold them, till that hour of happiness,  
When Death hath made her pure for perfect bliss !

Two hearts alone, of all that company,  
Of all the thousands who beheld the scene,  
Partook unmingled joy. Dumb with delight,  
Young Hoel views the ships, and feels the boat  
Rock on the heaving waves ; and Llaian felt  
Comfort, . . though sad, yet comfort, . . that for her  
No eye was left to weep, nor heart to mourn.  
Hark ! 'tis the mariners, with voice attuned,  
Timing their toil ! and now, with gentle gales,  
Slow from the holy haven they depart.



## XVIII.

Now hath the evening settled ; the broad Moon  
Rolls through the rifted clouds. With gentle gales  
Slowly they sail along, when they behold  
A boat, with press of sail, and stress of oar,  
Speed forward to the fleet ; and now, arrived  
Beside the Chieftain's vessel, one enquires  
If Madoc be aboard ? the answer given,  
Swift he ascended up the lofty side.  
With joyful wonder did the Ocean Lord  
Again behold Llewelyn ; but he gazed,  
Doubtful, upon his comrade's countenance ;  
A meagre man, severe of brow, his eye  
Stern. Thou dost view me, Madoc, he exclaimed,  
As 'twere a stranger's face. I marvel not !  
The long afflictions of my prison-house  
Have changed me.

Rodri ! cried the Prince, and fell  
 Upon his neck ; . . last night, subdued at length  
 By my solicitations, did the King  
 Send to deliver thee, that thou shouldst share  
 My happy enterprise ? . . and thou art come,  
 Even to my wish !

Nay, Madoc, nay, not so !  
 He answered, with a stern and bitter smile ;  
 This gallant boy hath given me liberty,  
 And I will pay him with his father's throne :  
 Aye, by my father's soul ! . . Last night we fled  
 The house of bondage, and in the sea-caves  
 By day we lurked securely. Here I come,  
 Only to see thee once before I die,  
 And say farewell, . . dear brother !

Would to God  
 This purpose could be changed ! the Sea Lord cried ;  
 But thou art roused by wrongs, and who shall tame  
 That lion heart ? . . This only, if your lot  
 Fall favourable, will I beseech of ye,  
 That to his Queen, the fair Plantagenet,  
 All honourable humanity ye show,  
 For her own virtue, and in gratitude,

As she hath pleaded for you, and hath urged  
 Her husband on your part, till it hath turned  
 His wrath upon herself. Oh! deal ye by her  
 As by your dearest sister in distress!  
 For even so dear is she to Madoc's heart:  
 And now, I know, she from Aberfraw's tower  
 Watcheth these spots upon the moonlight sea,  
 And weeps for my departure, and for me  
 Sends up her prayers, nor thinks that even now  
 I must make mine to man in her behalf!

Quoth Rodri, Rest assured for her. I swear,  
 By our dead mother, so to deal with her  
 As thou thyself wouldst dictate, as herself  
 Shall wish.

The tears fell fast from Madoc's eyes:  
 O Britain! O my country! he exclaimed,  
 For ever thus by civil strife convulsed,  
 Thy children's blood flowing to satisfy  
 Thy children's rage, how wilt thou still support  
 The struggle with the Saxon?

Rodri cried,  
 Our strife shall not be long. Mona will rise

With joy, to welcome me, her rightful Lord ;  
 And woe be to the King, who rules by fear,  
 When danger comes against him !

Fear not thou

For Britain ! quoth Llewelyn ; for not yet  
 The country of our fathers shall resign  
 Her name among the nations. Though her Sun  
 Slope from his eminence, the voice of man  
 May yet arrest him on his downward way.  
 My dreams by day, my visions in the night,  
 Are of her welfare. I shall mount the throne, . .  
 Yes, Madoc ! and the Bard of years to come,  
 Who harps of Arthur's and of Owen's fame,  
 Shall with the Worthies of his country rank  
 Llewelyn's name. Dear Uncle, fare thee well ! . .  
 And I could almost wish I had been born  
 Of humbler lot, that I might follow thee,  
 Companion of this noble enterprize.  
 Think of Llewelyn often, who will oft  
 Remember thee in love !

For the last time

He graspt his Uncle's hand, and Rodri gave  
 The last farewell ; then went the twain their way.

So over ocean, through the moonlight waves,  
Prince Madoc sailed with all his company.  
No nobler crew filled that heroic bark,  
Which bore the first adventurers of the deep  
To seek the Golden Fleece on barbarous shores :  
Nor richlier fraught did that illustrious fleet  
Home to the Happy Island hold its way,  
When Amadis, with his prime chivalry,  
Came from the rescue, proud of Roman spoils,  
And Oriana, freed from Roman thrall.

# MADOC.

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## THE SECOND PART.

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### I.

Now go your way, ye gallant company !  
God and good Angels guard ye as ye go !  
Blow fairly, Winds of Heaven ! ye Ocean Waves,  
Swell not in anger to that fated fleet !  
For not of conquest greedy, nor of gold,  
Seek they the distant world. . . Blow fairly, Winds !  
Waft, Waves of Ocean, well your blessed load !

Fair blew the Winds, and safely did the Waves  
Bear that beloved charge. It were a tale

Would rouse adventurous courage in a boy,  
Making him long to be a mariner,  
That he might rove the main, if I should tell  
How pleasantly, for many a summer-day,  
Over the sunny sea, with wind at will,  
Prince Madoc sailed ; and of those happy Isles,  
Which had he seen ere that ordained storm  
Drove southward his slope course, there he had pitched  
His tent, and blest his lot that it had fallen  
In land so fair ; and human blood had reeked  
Daily on Aztlan's cursed altars still.  
But other doom was his, more arduous toil  
Yet to atchieve, worse danger to endure,  
Worse evil to be quelled, and higher good,  
That passes not away, educed from ill ;  
Whereof all unforeseeing, yet for all  
Of ready heart, he over ocean sails,  
Wafted by gentle winds o'er gentle waves,  
As if the elements combined to serve  
The perfect Prince, by God and man beloved  
And now how joyfully he views the land,  
Skirting, like morning clouds, the dusky sea ;  
With what a searching eye recalls to mind

Foreland, and creek, and cape ; how happy now  
Up the great river bends at last his way !

No watchman had been stationed on the height  
To seek his sails, . . for with Cadwallon's hope  
Too much of doubt was blended, and of fear ;  
Yet thitherward, whene'er he walked abroad,  
His face, as if instinctively, was turned ;  
And duly morn and eve, Lincoya there,  
As if religion led his duteous feet,  
Went up to gaze. He on a staff had scored  
The promised moons and days ; and many a time,  
Counting again its often-told account,  
So to beguile impatience, day by day  
Smoothed off with more delight the daily notch.  
But now that the appointed time was nigh,  
Did that perpetual presence of his hope  
Haunt him, and mingle with his sleep, and mar  
The natural rest, and trouble him by day,  
That all his pleasure was at earliest light  
To take his station, and at latest eve,  
If he might see the sails, where far away  
Through wide savannahs rolled the silver stream.



Oh then, with what a sudden start his blood  
 Flowed from its quickened spring, when far away  
 He spied the glittering topsails ! for a while  
 Distrustful of that happy sight, till now  
 Slowly he sees them rise, and wind along,  
 Through wide savannahs, up the silver stream.  
 Then with a breathless speed he flies to spread  
 The joy ; and with Cadwallon now descends,  
 And drives adown the tide the light canoe,  
 And mounts the vessel-side, and once again  
 Falls at the Ocean Lord's beloved feet.

First of the general weal did Madoc ask ;  
 Cadwallon answered, All as yet is well,  
 And, by this seasonable aid secured,  
 Will well remain. . . Thy father ? quoth the Prince.  
 Even so, replied Cadwallon, as that eye  
 Of hesitation augurs, . . fallen asleep.  
 The good old man remembered thee in death,  
 And blest thee ere he died.

By this the shores  
 And heights were thronged ; from hill to hill, from rock  
 To rock, the shouts of welcome rung around.

Forward they press, to view the man beloved,  
Britons and Hoamen with one common joy  
Hailing their common friend. Happy, that day,  
Was he who heard his name from Madoc's voice ;  
Happy who met the greeting of his eye ;  
Yea, happy he who shared his general smile,  
Amid the unacknowledged multitude.

Caermadoc, . . by that name Cadwallon's love  
Called it, in memory of the absent Prince, . .  
Stood in a mountain vale, by rocks and heights,  
A natural bulwark, girt. A rocky stream  
Which from the fells came down, there spread itself  
Into a quiet lake, to compass which  
Had been a two hours pleasurable toil ;  
And he who from a well-strung bow could send .  
His shaft across, had needs a sinewy arm,  
And might from many an archer, far and near,  
Have borne away the bell. Here had the Chief  
Chosen his abiding place, for strength preferred,  
Where vainly might an host in equal arms  
Attempt the difficult entrance ; and for all  
Which could delight the eye and heart of man ;

Whate'er of beauty or of usefulness  
 Heart could desire, or eye behold, being here.  
 What he had found an idle wilderness  
 Now gave rich increase to the husbandman,  
 For Heaven had blest their labour. Flourishing  
 He left the happy vale ; and now he saw  
 More fields reclaimed, more habitations reared,  
 More harvests rising round. The reptile race,  
 And every beast of rapine, had retired  
 From man's asserted empire ; and the sound  
 Of axe, and dashing oar, and fisher's net,  
 And song beguiling toil, and pastoral pipe,  
 Were heard, where late the solitary hills  
 Gave only to the mountain cataract  
 Their wild response.

Here, Urien, cried the Prince,  
 These craggy heights and overhanging groves  
 Will make thee think of Gwyneth. And this hut,  
 Rejoined Cadwallon, with its roof of reeds,  
 Goervyl, is our palace : it was reared  
 With lighter labour than Aberfraw's towers ;  
 Yet, Lady, safer are its wattled sides  
 Than Mona's kingly walls. . . Like Gwyneth, said he ?

Oh no, we neighbour nearer to the Sun,  
And with a more benignant eye the Lord  
Of Light beholds us here.

So thus did they  
Cheerfully welcome to their new abode  
These, who albeit aweary of their way,  
And glad to reach at length the place of rest,  
Felt their hearts overburthened, and their eyes  
Ready to overflow. Yet not the less  
The buzz of busy joy was heard around,  
Where every dwelling had its guest, and all  
Gave the long eve to hospitable mirth.

## II.

But when the Lord of Ocean from the stir  
And tumult was retired, Cadwallon then  
Thus rendered his account.

When we had quelled  
The strength of Aztlan, we should have thrown down  
Her altars, cast her Idols to the fire,  
And on the ruins of her fanes accurst  
Planted the Cross triumphant. Vain it is  
To sow the seed, where noxious weeds and briars  
Must choke it in the growth.

Yet I had hope  
The purer influence of exempld good  
Might to the saving knowledge of the truth  
Lead this bedarkened race ; and when thy ship  
Fell down the stream, to distant Britain bound,  
All promised well. The Strangers' God had proved

Mightier in war, and Aztlan could not chuse  
 But see, nor, seeing, could she fail to love,  
 The freedom of his service. Few were now  
 The offerings at her altars, few the youths  
 And virgins to the temple-toils devote.  
 Therefore the Priests combined to save their craft ;  
 And soon the rumour ran of evil signs  
 And tokens ; in the temple had been heard  
 Wailings and loud lament ; the eternal fire  
 Gave dismally a dim and doubtful flame ;  
 And from the censer, which at morn should steam  
 Sweet odours to the sun, a fetid cloud,  
 Black and portentous, rose. And now no Priest  
 Approached our dwelling. Even the friendly Prince,  
 Yuhidthiton, was at Caermadoc now  
 Rarely a guest ; and if that tried good will  
 Which once he bore us, did at times appear,  
 A sullen gloom, and silence like remorse,  
 Followed the imagined crime.

But I the while  
 Recked not the brooding of the storm ; for now  
 My father to the grave was hastening down.  
 Patiently did the pious man endure,

In faith anticipating blessedness,  
 Already more than man, in those sad hours  
 When man is meanest. I sate by his side,  
 And prayed with him, and talked with him of death,  
 And life to come. O Madoc ! those were hours  
 Which, even in anguish, gave my soul a joy :  
 I think of them in solitude, and feel  
 The comfort of my faith.

But when that time  
 Of bitterness was past, and I returned  
 To daily duties, no suspicious sign  
 Betokened ill ; the Priests among us came  
 As heretofore, and I their intercourse  
 Encouraged as I could, suspecting nought,  
 Nor conscious of the subtle-minded men  
 I dealt with, how inveterate in revenge,  
 How patient in deceit. Lincoya first  
 Forewarned me of the danger. He, thou knowest,  
 Had from the death of sacrifice escaped,  
 And was a slave among a distant tribe,  
 When seeing us, he felt a hope, that we,  
 Lords, as he deemed us, of the Elements,  
 Might pity his oppressed countrymen,

And free them from their bondage. Didst thou hear  
How from yon devilish altars he was saved ?  
For in the eternal chain his fate and ours  
Were linked together then.

The Prince replied,  
I did but hear a broken tale. Tell on !

Among the Gods of yon unhappy race,  
Tezcalipoca as the chief they rank,  
Or with the chief coequal ; maker he,  
And master of created things esteemed.  
He sits upon a throne of trophied skulls,  
Hideous and huge ; a shield is on his arm,  
And with his black right hand he lifts, as though  
In wrath, the menacing spear. His festival,  
Of all this wicked nation's wicked rites,  
With most solemnity and circumstance,  
And pomp of hellish piety, is held.  
From all whom evil fortune hath subdued  
To their inhuman thraldom, they select  
Him whom they judge, for comely countenance,  
And shapely form, and all good natural gifts,  
Worthiest to be the victim ; and for this



Was young Lincoya chosen, being, in truth,  
The flower of all his nation. For twelve months,  
Their custom is, that this appointed youth  
Be as the Idol's living image held.  
Garbed, therefore, like the Demon Deity,  
Whene'er he goes abroad, an antic train,  
With music and with dance, attend his way ;  
The crowd before him fall, and worship him ;  
And those infernal Priests, who guard him then  
To be their victim and their feast at last,  
At morning and at evening incense him,  
And mock him with knee-reverence. Twenty days  
Before the bloody festival arrive,  
As 'twere to make the wretch in love with life,  
Four maids, the loveliest of the land, are given  
In spousals. With Lincoya all these rites  
Duly were kept ; and at the stated time,  
Four maids, the loveliest of the land, were his.  
Of these was one, whom, even at that hour,  
He learnt to love, so excellently good  
Was she ; and she loved him and pitied him.  
She is the daughter of an aged Priest.  
I oftentimes have seen her ; and, in truth,

Compared with Britain's maids, so beautiful,  
 Or with the dark-eyed daughters of the South,  
 She would be lovely still. Her cotton vest  
 Falls to the knee, and leaves her olive arms  
 Bare in their beauty ; loose, luxuriant, long,  
 Flow the black tresses of her glossy hair ;  
 Mild is her eye's jet lustre ; and her voice ! . .  
 A soul that harboured evil never breathed  
 Such winning tones.

Thou knowest how manfully

These tribes, as if insensible to pain,  
 Welcome their death in battle, or in bonds  
 Defy their torturers. To Lincoya's mind  
 Long preparation now had made his fate  
 Familiar ; and he says, the thought of death  
 Broke not his sleep, nor mingled with his dreams,  
 Till Coatel was his. But then it woke ; . .  
 It hung, . . it prest upon him like a weight  
 On one who scarce can struggle with the waves ;  
 And when her soul was full of tenderness,  
 That thought recurring to her, she would rest  
 Her cheek on his, and weep.

The day drew nigh ;

And now the eve of sacrifice was come. . .

What will not woman, gentle woman, dare,  
 When strong affection stirs her spirit up ? . .  
 She gathered herbs, which, like our poppy, bear  
 The seed of sleep, and with the temple food  
 Mingled their power ; herself partook the food,  
 So best to lull suspicion ; and the youth,  
 Instructed well, when all were laid asleep,  
 Fled far away.

After our conquering arms  
 Had freed the Hoamen from their wretched yoke,  
 Lincoya needed but his Coatel  
 To fill his sum of earthly happiness.  
 Her to the temple had her father's vow  
 Awhile devoted, and some moons were still  
 To pass away, ere yet she might become  
 A sojourner with us, Lincoya's wife,  
 When from the Paba's wiles his watchful mind  
 Foreboded ill. He bade me take good heed,  
 And fear the sudden kindness of a foe.  
 I started at his words ; . . these artful men,  
 Hostile at heart, as well we knew they were,  
 These were lip-lavish of their friendship now,  
 And courted confidence, while our tried friend

Yuhidthiton, estranged, a seldom guest,  
 Sullen and joyless, seemed to bear at heart  
 Something that rankled there. These things were strange.  
 The omens, too, had ceased ; . . we heard no more  
 Of twilight voices, nor the unholy cloud  
 Steamed from the morning incense. Why was this ?

Young Malinal had from the hour of peace  
 Been our indweller, studious to attain  
 Our language and our arts. To him I told  
 These doubts, assured of his true love and truth ;  
 For he had learnt to understand and feel  
 Our holy faith, had tended, like a son,  
 Cynetha's drooping age, and shared with me  
 His dying benediction. He, thus long  
 Intent on better things, had been estranged  
 From Aztlan and her councils ; but at this  
 He judged it for her welfare, and for ours,  
 Now to resume his rank ; . . belike his voice  
 Might yet be heard, or, if the worst befel,  
 His timely warning save us from the snare.

But in their secret councils Malinal  
 No longer bore a part ; the Chiefs and King

Yielding blind reverence to the Pabas now,  
 Deluded or dismayed. He sent to say  
 Some treachery was designed, and bade me charge  
 His brother with the crime. On that same day  
 Lincoya came from Aztlan ; he had found  
 Coatel labouring with a wretchedness  
 She did not seek to hide ; and when the youth  
 Revealed his fear, he saw her tawny cheek  
 Whiten, and round his neck she clung and wept.  
 She told him something dreadful was at hand,  
 She knew not what : That, at the dead midnight,  
 Coanocotzin at Mexitli's shrine  
 Had stood with all his nobles ; human blood  
 Had then been offered up, and secret vows  
 Vowed with mysterious horror : That but late,  
 When to her father of the days to come  
 She spake, and of Lincoya, and her lot  
 Among the strangers, he had frowned, and strove  
 Beneath dissembled anger to conceal  
 Oppressive grief. She knew not what to fear,  
 But something dreadful surely was at hand,  
 And she was wretched.

When I heard these things,  
 Yuhidthiton and the Priest Helhua

Were in our dwellings. Them I called apart. . .  
 There should be peace between us, I began ;  
 Why is it otherwise ?

The Priest replied,  
 Is there not peace, Cadwallon ? seek we not  
 More frequent and more friendly intercourse,  
 Even we, the servants of our Country-Gods,  
 Whose worship ye have changed, and for whose sake  
 We were, and would have been your enemies ?  
 But as those Gods have otherwise ordained,  
 Do we obey. Why, therefore, is this doubt ?

The Power who led us hither, I replied,  
 Over the world of waters, who hath saved,  
 And who will save his people, warns me now.  
 Then on Yuhidthiton I fixed my eye.  
 Danger is near ! I cried ; I know it near !  
 It comes from Aztlan.

His disordered check,  
 And the forced and steady boldness of his eye,  
 Which in defiance met the look it feared,  
 Confessed the crime. I saw his inward shame ;  
 Yet with a pride like angry innocence

Did he make answer, I am in your hands,  
And you believe me treacherous ! . . Kill me now !

Not so, Yuhidthiton ! not so ! quoth I ;  
You were the Strangers' friend, and yet again  
That wisdom may return. We are not changed ; . .  
Lovers of peace, we know, when danger comes,  
To make the evil on the guilty head  
Fall heavily and sure ! with our good arms,  
And our good cause, and that Almighty One,  
We are enough, had we no other aid,  
We of Caermadoc here, to put to shame  
Aztlan, with all her strength, and all her wiles.  
But even now is Madoc on the seas ;  
He leads our brethren here ; and should he find  
That Aztlan hath been false, . . oh ! hope not then,  
By force or fraud, to baffle or elude  
Inevitable vengeance ! While ye may,  
Look to your choice ; for we are friends or foes,  
Even to your own desert.

So saying, I left

The astonished men, whose unprovided minds  
Failed them ; nor did they aim at answer more,

But homeward went their way. Nor knew I then, . .  
For this was but a thing of yesterday, . .  
How near the help I boasted. Now, I trust,  
Thy coming shall discomfit all their wiles.



### III

Not yet at rest, my Sister ! quoth the Prince,  
As at her dwelling door he saw the Maid  
Sit gazing on that lovely moonlight scene : . .  
To bed, Goervyl ! Dearest, what hast thou  
To keep thee wakeful here, at this late hour,  
When even I shall bid a truce to thought,  
And lay me down in peace ? . . Good night, Goervyl,  
Dear Sister mine, . . my own dear mother's child !

She rose, and, bending on with lifted arms,  
Met the fond kiss, obedient then withdrew.  
Yet could not he so lightly as he weened  
Lay wakeful thoughts aside ; for he foresaw  
Long strife, and hard adventure to atchieve,  
And forms of danger vague disturbed his dreams.

Early at morn the colonists arose ;  
 Some pitch the tent-pole, and pin down the lines  
 That stretch the o'er-awning canvas ; to the wood  
 Others, with saw and axe and bill, for stakes  
 And undergrowth to weave the wicker walls ;  
 These to the ships, with whom Cadwallon sends  
 The Elk and Bison, broken to the yoke.

Ere noon, Erillyab and her son arrived,  
 To greet the Chief. She wore no longer now  
 The lank loose locks of careless widowhood ;  
 Her braided tresses round her brow were bound,  
 Bedecked with tufts of grey and silvery plumes  
 Plucked from the eagle's pennons. She, with eye  
 And countenance that spake no feigned delight,  
 Welcomed her great deliverer. But her son  
 Had Nature characterized so legibly,  
 That when his tongue told fair, his face bewrayed  
 The lurking falsehood ; sullen, slow of speech,  
 Savage, down-looking, dark, that at his words  
 Of welcome, Madoc in his heart conceived  
 Instinctive enmity.

In a happy hour  
 Did the Great Spirit, said Erillyab,

Give bidding to the Winds to speed thee here !  
 For this I made my prayer ; and when he sent  
 For the Beloved Teacher, to restore him  
 Eyesight and youth, of him I then besought,  
 As he had been thy friend and ours on earth,  
 That he would intercede. . . Brother, we know  
 That the Great Spirit loves thee ; he hath blest .  
 Thy going and thy coming, and thy friends  
 Have prospered for thy sake ; and now, when first  
 The Powers of Evil do begin to work,  
 Lo ! thou art here. . . Brother, we have obeyed  
 Thy will, and the Beloved Teacher's words  
 Have been our law ; but now the Evil Ones  
 Cry out for blood, and say they are athirst,  
 And threaten vengeance. I have brought the Priest,  
 To whom they spake in darkness ; . . thou art wise,  
 And the Great Spirit will enlighten thee ; . .  
 We know not what to answer. . . Tell thy tale,  
 Neolin !

Hereat did Madoc fix upon him  
 A searching eye ; but he, no whit abashed,  
 Began with firm effrontery his speech.  
 The Feast of the Departed is at hand,

And I, in preparation, on the Field  
 Of the Spirit past the night. It came to me  
 In darkness, after midnight, when the moon  
 Was gone, and all the stars were blotted out ;  
 It gathered round me, with a noise of storms,  
 And entered into me, and I could feel  
 It was the Snake-God rolled and writhed within ;  
 And I too, with the inward agony,  
 Rolled like a snake, and writhed. Give! give! he cried;  
 I thirst ! . . His voice was in me, and it burnt  
 Like fire, and all my flesh and bones were shaken ;  
 Till, with a throe which seemed to rend my joints  
 Asunder, he past forth, and I was left  
 Speechless and motionless, gasping for breath.

Then Madoc, turning to Ayayaca,  
 Enquired, who is the man ? . . the good old Priest  
 Replied, he hath attended from his youth  
 The Snake-God's temple, and received for him  
 All offerings, and performed all sacrifice,  
 Till the Beloved Teacher made us leave  
 The wicked way.

Hear me ! quoth Neolin,  
 With antic gesture and loud vehemence ;

Before this generation, and before  
These ancient forests, . . . yea, before yon lake  
Was hollowed out, or one snow-feather fell  
On yonder mountain-top, now never bare, . . .  
Before these things I was, . . . where, or from whence,  
I know not, . . . who can tell? But then I was,  
And in the shadow of the Spirit stood ;  
And I beheld the Spirit, and in him  
Saw all things, even as they were to be ;  
And I held commune with him, not of words, .  
But thought with thought. Then was it given me  
That I should chuse my station when my hour  
Of mortal birth was come, . . . hunter, or chief,  
Or to be mightiest in the work of war,  
Or in the shadow of the Spirit live,  
And he in me. According to my choice,  
For ever overshadowed by his power,  
I walk among mankind. At times I feel not  
The burthen of his presence ; then am I  
As other men ; but when the season comes,  
Or if I seek the visitation, then  
He fills me, and my soul is carried on,  
And then do I forelive the race of men,

So that the things that will be, are to me  
Past.

Amalahta lifted then his eyes  
A moment ; . . It is true, he cried ; we know  
He is a gifted man, and wise beyond  
The reach of mortal powers. Ayayaca  
Hath also heard the warning.

As I slept,  
Replied the aged Priest, upon the Field  
Of the Spirit, a loud voice awakened me,  
Crying, I thirst ! Give, . . give ! or I will take !  
And then I heard a hiss, as if a snake  
Were threatening at my side. . . But saw you nothing?  
Quoth Madoc. . . Nothing ; for the night was dark.  
And felt you nothing ? said the Ocean Prince.  
He answered, Nothing ; only sudden fear. . .  
No inward struggle, like possession ? . . None.  
I thought of the Beloved Teacher's words,  
And crost myself, and then he had no power.

'Thou hast slept heretofore upon the Field,  
Said Madoc ; didst thou never witness voice,  
Or ominous sound ? Ayayaca replied,

Certes the Field is holy ! it receives,  
 All the year long, the operative power  
 Which falleth from the sky, or from below  
 Pervades the earth ; no harvest groweth there,  
 Nor tree, nor bush, nor herb is left to spring :  
 But there the virtue of the elements  
 Is gathered, till the circle of the months  
 Be full ; then, when the Priest, by mystic rites,  
 Long vigils, and long abstinence prepared,  
 Enters, to pass the holy night alone,  
 The whole collected influence enters him.  
 Doubt not but I have felt strange impulses  
 On that mysterious field, and in my dreams  
 Been visited ; and have heard sounds in the air,  
 I knew not what ; . . but words articulate  
 Never till now. It was the Wicked One !  
 He wanted blood.

Who says the Wicked One ?

It was our Fathers' God ! cried Neolin.  
 Son of the Ocean, why should we forsake  
 The worship of our fathers ? Ye obey  
 The White-Man's Maker ; but to us was given  
 A different skin, and speech, and land, and law.

The Snake-God understands the Red-Man's prayer,  
And knows his wants, and loves him. Shame be to us,  
That since the Stranger here set foot among us,  
We have let his lips be dry !

Enough ! replied

Madoc, who at Cadwallon's look repress  
His answering anger. We will hold a talk  
Of this hereafter. Be ye sure, mean time,  
That the Great Spirit will from Evil Powers  
Protect his people. This, too, be ye sure,  
That every deed of darkness shall be brought  
To light, . . and woe be to the lying lips !



#### IV.

Soon as the coming of the fleet was known,  
Had Queen Erillyab sent her hunters forth.  
They from the forest now arrive, with store  
Of venison ; fires are built before the tents,  
Where Llaian and Goervyl for their guests  
Prepare the feast ; and now the ready board  
With grateful odour steams. But while they sate  
At meat, did Amalahta many a time  
Lift his slow eye askance, and eagerly  
Gaze on Goervyl's beauty ; for whate'er  
In man he might have thought deformed or strange  
Seemed beautiful in her, . . her golden curls,  
Bright eyes of heavenly blue, and that clear skin,  
Blooming with health and youth and happiness.  
He, lightly yielding to the impulse, bent  
His head aside, and to Erillyab spake.

Mother, said he, tell him to give to me  
 That woman for my wife, that we may be  
 Brethren and friends. She, in the same low tone,  
 Rebuked him, in her heart too well aware  
 How far unworthy he. Abashed thereby,  
 As he not yet had wholly shaken off  
 Habitual reverence, he sate sullenly,  
 Brooding in silence his imagined wiles,  
 By sight of beauty made more apt for ill;  
 For he himself being evil, good in him  
 Worked evil.

And now Madoc, pouring forth  
 The ripe metheglin, to Erillyab gave  
 The horn of silver brim. Taste, Queen and friend,  
 Said he, what from our father-land we bring,  
 The old beloved beverage. Sparingly  
 Drink, for it hath a strength to stir the brain,  
 And trouble reason, if intemperate lips  
 Abuse its potency. She took the horn,  
 And sipt with wary wisdom. . . Canst thou teach us  
 The art of this rare beverage? quoth the Queen,  
 Or is the gift reserved for ye alone,  
 By the Great Spirit, who hath favoured ye

In all things above us ? . . The Chief replied,  
 All that we know of useful and of good  
 Ye also shall be taught, that we may be  
 One people.

While he spake, Erillyab past  
 The horn to Amalahta. Sparingly !  
 Madoc exclaimed ; but when the savage felt  
 The luscious flavour, and the poignant life,  
 He heeded nought beyond the immediate joy.  
 Deep did he drink, and still with clenching hands  
 Struggled, when from his lips, unsatisfied,  
 Erillyab plucked the cup, with sharp reproof  
 Chiding his stubborn wilfulness. Ere long  
 The generous liquor flushed him : he could feel  
 His blood play faster, and the joyful dance  
 Of animal life within him. Bolder grown,  
 He at Goervyl lifts no longer now  
 The secret glance, but gloats with greedy eye ;  
 Till, at the long and loathsome look abashed,  
 She rose, and nearer to her brother drew,  
 On light pretence of speech, being half in fear.  
 But he, regardless of Erillyab now,  
 To Madoc cried aloud, Thou art a King,

And I a King ! . . Give me thy sister there,  
 To be my wife, and then we will be friends,  
 And reign together.

Let me answer him,  
 Madoc ! Cadwallon cried. I better know  
 Their language, and will set aside all hope,  
 Yet not incense the savage. . . A great thing,  
 Prince Amalahta, hast thou asked ! said he ;  
 Nor is it in Lord Madoc's power to give  
 Or to withhold ; for marriage is with us  
 The holiest ordinance of God, whereon  
 The bliss or bale of human life depends.  
 Love must be won by love, and heart to heart  
 Linked in mysterious sympathy, before  
 We pledge the marriage vow ; and some there are,  
 Who hold, that, ere we enter into life,  
 Soul hath with soul been mated, each for each  
 Especially ordained. Prince Madoc's will  
 Avails not, therefore, where this secret bond  
 Hath not been framed in Heaven.

The skilful speech,  
 Which, with wild faith and reason, thus confirmed,  
 Yet tempered, the denial, for a while

Silenced him, and he sate in moody dreams  
 Of snares and violence. Soon a drunken thirst,  
 And longing for the luscious beverage,  
 Drove those dark thoughts aside. More drink! quoth he.  
 Give me the drink! . . . Madoc again repeats  
 His warning, and again with look and voice  
 Erillyab chides; but he, of all restraint  
 Impatient, cries aloud, Am I a child?  
 Give! give! or I will take! . . . Perchance ye think  
 I and my God alike cry out in vain!  
 But ye shall find us true!

Give him the horn!

Cadwallon answered; there will come upon him  
 Folly and sleep, and then an after pain,  
 Which may bring wisdom with it, if he learn  
 Therefrom to heed our warning. . . As thou sayest,  
 No child art thou! . . . the choice is in thy hand; . .  
 Drink, if thou wilt, and suffer, and in pain  
 Remember us.

He clenched the horn, and swilled  
 The sweet intoxication copious down.  
 So bad grew worse. The potent draught provoked  
 Fierce pride and savage insolence. Aye! now

It seems that I have taught ye who I am !  
 The inebriate wretch exclaimed. This land is mine,  
 Not hers ; the kingdom and the power are mine !  
 I am the master !

Hath it made thee mad ?

Erillyab cried. . . Ask thou the Snake-God that !  
 Quoth he ; ask Neolin and Aztlan that !  
 Hear me, thou Son of the Waters ! wilt thou have me  
 For friend or foe ? . . Give me that woman there,  
 And store me with this blessed beverage,  
 And thou shalt dwell in my domains, . . or else,  
 Blood, blood ! the Snake-God calls for blood ; the Gods  
 Of Aztlan and the people call for blood ;  
 They call on me, and I will give them blood,  
 Till they have had their fill.

Meanwhile the Queen

In wonder and amazement heard, and grief ;  
 Watching the fiendish workings of his face,  
 And turning to the Prince at times, as if  
 She looked to him for comfort. Give him drink,  
 To be at peace ! quoth Madoc. The good mead  
 Did its good office soon ; his dizzy eyes  
 Rolled with a sleepy swim ; the joyous thrill

Died away ; and, as every limb relaxed,  
 Down sunk his heavy head, and down he fell.  
 Then said the prince, We must rejoice in this,  
 O Queen and friend, that, evil though it be,  
 Evil is brought to light ; he hath divulged,  
 In this mad mood, what else had been concealed  
 By guilty cunning. Set a watch upon him  
 And on Priest Neolin ; they plot against us ;  
 Your fall and mine alike do they conspire,  
 Being leagued with Aztlan to destroy us both.  
 Thy son will not remember that his lips  
 Have let the treason pass. Be wary, then,  
 And we shall catch the crafty in the pit  
 That they have dug for us.

Erillyab cast

A look of anger, made intense by grief,  
 On Amalahta. . . Cursed be the hour  
 Wherein I gave thee birth ! she cried ; that pain  
 Was light to what thy base and brutal nature  
 Hath sent into my soul. . . But take thou heed !  
 I have borne many a woe and many a loss, . .  
 My father's realm, the husband of my youth,  
 My hope in thee ! . . all motherly love is gone, . .  
 Sufferance well nigh worn out.

When she had ceased,  
Still the deep feeling filled her, and her eye  
Dwelt on him, still in thought. Brother ! she cried,  
As Madoc would have soothed her, doubt not me !  
Mine is no feeble heart. Abundantly  
Did the Great Spirit overpay all woes,  
And this the heaviest, when he sent thee here,  
The friend and the deliverer. Evil tongues  
May scatter lies ; bad spirits and bad men  
May league against thy life ; but go thou on,  
Brother ! He loves thee, and will be thy shield.



## V.

This is the day, when, in a foreign grave,  
King Owen's relics shall be laid to rest.  
No bright emblazonries bedecked his bier,  
No tapers blazed, no prelate sung the mass,  
No choristers the funeral dirge intoned,  
No mitred abbots, and no tonsured train,  
Lengthened the pomp of ceremonious woe.  
His decent bier was with white linen spread  
And canopied ; two elks and bisons, yoked,  
Drew on the car ; foremost Cadwallon bore  
The Crucifix ; with single voice, distinct,  
The good Priest Llorien chaunted, loud and deep,  
The solemn service ; Madoc, next the bier,  
Followed his father's corpse ; bareheaded then  
Came all the people, silently and slow.

The burial-place was in a grassy plat,  
 A little level field of sunny green,  
 Between the river and a rocky bank,  
 Which, like a buttress, from the precipice  
 Of naked rock sloped out. On either side  
 'Twas skirted by the woodlands. A stone cross  
 Stood on Cynetha's grave, sole monument,  
 Beneath a single cocoa, whose straight trunk  
 Rose like an obelisk, and waved on high  
 Its palmy plumage, green and never sere.  
 Here by Cynetha's side, with Christian prayers,  
 All wrongs forgotten now, was Owen laid.  
 Rest, King of Gwyneth, in a foreign grave,  
 From foul indignity of Romish pride  
 And bigot priesthood, from a falling land  
 Thus timely snatched, and from the impending yoke!  
 Rest in the kingdom of thy noble son !

Ambassadors from Aztlan in the vale  
 Awaited their return, . . Yuhidthiton,  
 Chief of the Chiefs, and Helhua the Priest.  
 With these came Malinal. They met the Prince,  
 And with a sullen stateliness returned

His salutation, then the Chief began ;  
 Lord of the Strangers, hear me ! by my voice  
 The People and the Pabas and the King  
 Of Aztlan speak. Our injured Gods have claimed  
 Their wonted worship, and made manifest  
 Their wrath ; we dare not impiously provoke  
 The Dreadful. Worship ye in your own way ;  
 But we must keep the path our fathers kept.

We parted, O Yuhidthiton ! as friends  
 And brethren, said the Christian Prince ; alas,  
 That this should be our meeting ! When we pledged,  
 In the broad day-light, and the eye of Heaven,  
 Our hands in peace, ye heard and understood  
 The will of God, and felt that it was good,  
 In reason and in heart. This calm assent  
 Ye would bely, by midnight miracles  
 Scared, and such signs of darkness, as beseem  
 The demons whom ye dread ; or likelier  
 Duped by the craft of those accursed men,  
 Whose trade is blood. Ask thou of thine own heart,  
 Yuhidthiton, . .

But Helhua broke his speech, . .  
 Our bidding is to tell thee, quoth the Priest,

That Aztlan hath restored, and will maintain,  
 Her ancient faith. If it offendeth thee,  
 Move thou thy dwelling place.

Madoc replied,

This day have I deposited in earth  
 My father's bones, and where his bones are laid,  
 There mine shall moulder.

Malinal at that

Advanced; . . Prince Madoc, said the youth, I come,  
 True to thy faith and thee, and to the weal  
 Of Aztlan true, and bearing, for that truth,  
 Reproach and shame and scorn and obloquy.  
 In sorrow come I here, a banished man ;  
 Here take, in sorrow, my abiding place,  
 Cut off from all my kin, from all old ties  
 Divorced ; all dear familiar countenances  
 No longer to be present to my sight ;  
 The very mother-language which I learnt,  
 A lisping baby on my mother's knees,  
 No more with its sweet sounds to comfort me.  
 So be it ! ... To his brother then he turned ;  
 Yuhidthiton, said he, when thou shalt find, . .  
 As find thou wilt, . . that those accursed men

Have played the juggler with thee, and deceived  
 Thine honest heart, . . when Aztlan groans in blood, . .  
 Bid her remember then, that Malinal  
 Is in the dwellings of her enemy,  
 Where all his hope in banishment hath been  
 To intercede for her, and heal her wounds,  
 And mitigate her righteous punishment.

Sternly and sullenly his brother heard ;  
 Yet hearkened he as one whose heart perforce  
 Suppress its instinct, and there might be seen  
 A sorrow in his silent stubbornness.  
 And now his ministers on either hand  
 A water vessel fill, and heap dry sedge  
 And straw before his face, and fire the pile.  
 He, looking upward, spread his arms, and cried,  
 Hear me, ye Gods of Aztlan, as we were,  
 And are, and will be yours ! behold your foes !  
 He stoopt, and lifted up one ample urn, . .  
 Thus let their blood be shed ! . . and far away  
 He whirled the scattering water. Then again  
 Raised the full vase, . . Thus let their lives be quenched !  
 And out he poured it on the flaming pile.

The steam-cloud, hissing from the extinguished heap,  
Spread like a mist, and, ere it melted off,  
Homeward the heralds of the war had turned.

## VI.

The Hoamen in their Council-hall are met,  
To hold the Feast of Souls ; seat above seat,  
Ranged round the circling theatre they sit.  
No light but from the central fire, whose smoke,  
Slow passing through the over aperture,  
Excludes the day, and fills the conic roof,  
And hangs above them like a cloud. Around,  
The ghastly bodies of their Chiefs are hung,  
Shrivelled, and parched by heat ; the humbler dead  
Lie on the floor, white bones, exposed to view,  
On deer, or elk-skin laid, or softer fur,  
Or web, the work of many a mournful hour ;  
The loathlier forms of fresh mortality,  
Swathed, and in decent tenderness concealed.  
Beside each body pious gifts are laid,  
Mantle and belt and plumed coronal,

The bow he used in war, his drinking shell,  
 His arrows for the chace, the sarbacan,  
 Through whose long tube the slender shaft, breath-driven,  
 Might pierce the winged game. Husbands and wives,  
 Parents and children, there in death they lie ;  
 The widowed and the parent and the child  
 Look on in silence. Not a sound is heard  
 But of the crackling brand, or mouldering fire,  
 Or when, amid yon pendant string of shells,  
 The slow wind wakes a shrill and feeble sound, . .  
 A sound of sorrow to the mind attuned  
 By sights of woe.

Ayayaca at length  
 Came forward. . . Spirits, is it well with ye ?  
 Is it well, Brethren ? said the aged Priest ;  
 Have ye received your mourning, and the rites  
 Of righteous grief ? or round your dwelling-place  
 Still do your shadows roam dissatisfied,  
 And to the cries of wailing woe return  
 A voice of lamentation ? Teach us now,  
 If we in aught have failed, that I, your Priest,  
 When I shall join ye soon, as soon I must, .  
 May unimpeded pass the perilous floods,



And, in the Country of the Dead, be hailed  
By you, with song and dance and grateful joy.

So saying, to the Oracle he turned,  
Awaiting there the silence which implied  
Peaceful assent. Against the eastern wall,  
Fronting the narrow portal's winding way,  
That Image stood : a cloak of fur disguised  
The rude proportion of its uncouth limbs ;  
The skull of some old seer of days of old  
Topped it, and with a visor this was masked,  
Honouring the oracular Spirit, who at times  
There took his resting place. Ayayaca  
Repeated, Brethren, is it well with ye ?  
And raised the visor. But he started back,  
Appalled and shuddering ; for a moony light  
Lay in its eyeless sockets, and there came  
From its immoveable and bony jaws  
A long deep groan, thrice uttered, and thrice felt  
In every heart of all the hearers round.  
The good old Priest stood tottering, like a man  
Stricken with palsy ; and he gazed with eyes  
Of asking horror round, as if he looked

For counsel in that fear. But Neolin  
 Sprung boldly to the oracle, and cried,  
 Speak, Spirit ! tell us of our sin, and teach  
 The atonement ! A sepulchral voice replied,  
 Ye have for other Gods forsaken us,  
 And we abandon you ! . . and crash with that  
 The Image fell.

A loud and hideous shriek,  
 As of a Demon, Neolin set up ;  
 So wild a yell, as, even in that hour,  
 Came with fresh terror to the startled ear.  
 While yet they sate pale and irresolute,  
 Helhua the Azteca came in. He bore  
 A shield and arrow, tokens these of war,  
 Yet now beheld with hope, so great relief  
 They felt his human presence.

Hoamen, hear me !

The messenger began ; Erillyab thou,  
 Elders and Priests and People, chiefly thou,  
 Prince Amalahta, as of these by birth,  
 So now of years mature, the rightful Lord, . .  
 Shall it be peace or war ? . . Thus Aztlan saith ;  
 She, in her anger, from the land will root

The Children of the Sea ; but viewing ye  
 In mercy, to your former vassalage  
 Invites ye, and remits the tribute lives,  
 And for rebellion claimeth no revenge.

Oh praise your Gods ! cried Neolin, and hail  
 This day-spring of new hope ! Aztlan remits  
 The tribute lives, . . what more could Madoc give ?  
 She claimeth no revenge, and, if she claimed,  
 He could not save. O Hoamen, bless your Gods ;  
 Appease them ! Thou, Prince Amalahta, speak,  
 And seize the mercy.

Amalahta stood

In act of speech ; but then Erillyab rose. . .  
 Who gives thee, Boy, this Elder's privilege ?  
 The Queen exclaimed ; . . and thou, Priest Neolin,  
 Curb thou thy traitor tongue. The reign is mine ;  
 I hold it from my father, he from his ;  
 Age before age, beyond the memory  
 Of man it hath been thus. My father fell  
 In battle for his people, and his sons  
 Fell by his side ; they perished, but their names  
 Are with the names we love, . . their happy souls

Pursue, in fields of bliss, the shadowy deer :  
 The spirit of that noble blood which ran  
 From their death-wounds, is in the ruddy clouds  
 Which go before the Sun, when he comes forth  
 In glory. Last of that illustrious race  
 Was I, Erillyab. Ye remember well,  
 Elders, that day when I assembled here  
 The people, and demanded at their choice  
 The worthiest, to perpetuate our old line  
 Of Kings and Warriors. . . To the wind he spread  
 His black and blood-red banner. Even now  
 I hear his war-drum's tripled sound, that called  
 The youth to battle ; even now behold  
 The hope which lit his dark and fiery eye,  
 And kindled with a sunnier glow his cheek,  
 As he from yonder war-pole, in his pride,  
 Took the death-doers down ; . . a lurid light,  
 As in the heavy clouds which hang aloft,  
 When heaven is labouring with the thunder's birth.  
 Lo ! here the bones of King Tepollomi !  
 There should be some among ye who beheld,  
 When, all with arrows quilled, and cloathed with blood,  
 As with a purple garment, he sustained

'The unequal conflict, till the Aztecas  
 Took him at vantage, and their monarch's club  
 Let loose his struggling soul. Look, Hoamen, here !  
 See through how wide a wound his spirit fled !  
 Twenty long years of mournful widowhood  
 Have past away ; so long have I maintained  
 The little empire left us, loving well  
 My people, and by them as well beloved.  
 Say, Hoamen, am I still your Queen ?

At once,

The whole assembly rose with one acclaim, . .  
 Still, O Erillyab, O Beloved, rule  
 Thy own beloved people!

But the Gods !

Cried Amalahta, . . but the Oracle !  
 The Oracle ! quoth she ; what hath it said  
 That forty years of suffering had not taught  
 This wretched people ? . . They abandon us ?  
 So let them go ! Where were they at that hour,  
 When, like a blasting night-wind in the spring,  
 The multitudes of Aztlan came upon us ?  
 Where were they when my father went to war ?  
 Where were they when thy father's stiffened corpse, -

Even after death a slave, held up the lamp  
 To light his conqueror's revels? . . Think not, Boy,  
 To palter with me thus ! a fire may tremble  
 Within the sockets of a skull, and groans  
 May issue from a dead man's fleshless jaws,  
 And images may fall, and yet no God  
 Be there ! . . If it had walked abroad with life,  
 That had indeed been something !

Then she turned

Her voice toward the people. . . Ye have heard  
 This Priest of Aztlan, whose insidious tongue  
 Bids ye desert the Children of the Sea,  
 And vow again your former vassalage.  
 Speaks Aztlan of the former ? O my people,  
 I too could tell ye of the former days,  
 When yonder plain was ours, with all its woods  
 And waters and savannahs ! . . of those days,  
 When, following where her husband's stronger arm  
 Had opened the light glebe, the willing wife  
 Dropt in the yellow maize ; ere long to bear  
 Its increase to the general store, and toss  
 Her flowing tresses in the dance of joy.  
 And I could tell ye how those summer-stores

Were hoarded for the invader's winter-feasts ;  
 And how the widows clipt those flowing locks,  
 To strew them, . . not upon their husbands' graves, . .  
 Their husbands had no graves ! . . but on the rocks  
 And mountains in their flight. And even these rocks  
 And mountains could not save us ! year by year,  
 Our babes, like firstlings of the flock, were culled  
 To be the banquet of these Aztecas !  
 This very wretch, who tells us of the past,  
 Hath chosen them for the butchery. .. Oh, I thank you  
 For this brave anger ! . . in your name I take  
 The war gift !

Gods of Aztlan ! Helhua cried,  
 As to Erillyab's ready hand he gave  
 The deadly token, in your name I give  
 The war-gift ! Ye have thirsted over-long ;  
 Take now your fill of blood ! . . He turned away ;  
 And Queen Erillyab bade the tribe fulfil  
 Their customary rites.

Each family  
 Bore its own dead, and to the general grave,  
 With melancholy song and sob of woe,  
 The slow procession moves. The general grave

Was delved within a deep and shady dell,  
 Fronting a cavern in the rock, . . the scene  
 Of many a bloody rite, ere Madoc came, . .  
 A temple, as they deemed, by Nature made,  
 Where the Snake-Idol stood. On fur and cloth  
 Of woven grass, they lay their burthens down,  
 Within the ample pit ; their offerings range  
 Beside, and piously a portion take  
 Of that cold earth, to which, for ever now  
 Consigned, they leave their fathers, dust to dust ;  
 Sad relic that, and wise remembrancer.  
 But as with bark and resinous boughs they pile  
 The sepulchre, suddenly Neolin  
 Sprung up aloft, and shrieked, as one who treads  
 Upon a viper in his heedless path.  
 The God ! the very God ! he cried, and howled  
 One long, shrill, piercing, modulated cry ;  
 Whereat, from that dark temple issued forth  
 A Serpent, huge and hideous. On he came,  
 Straight to the sound, and curled around the Priest  
 His mighty folds innocuous, overtopping  
 His human height, and, arching down his head,  
 Sought in the hands of Neolin for food ;



Then questing, reared and stretched and waved his neck,  
 And glanced his forked tongue. Who then had seen  
 The man, with what triumphant fearlessness,  
 Arms, thighs, and neck, and body, wreathed and ringed  
 In those tremendous folds, he stood secure,  
 Played with the reptile's jaws, and called for food,  
 Food for the present God ! . . who then had seen  
 The fiendish joy which fired his countenance,  
 Might well have weened that he had summoned up  
 The dreadful monster from its native Hell,  
 By devilish power, himself a fiend infleshed.

Blood for the God ! he cried ; Lincoya's blood,  
 Friend of the Serpent's foe ! . . Lincoya's blood !  
 Cried Amalahta ; and the people turned  
 Their eyes to seek the victim, as if each  
 Sought his own safety in that sacrifice.  
 Alone Erillyab raised her voice, confused,  
 But not confounded ; she alone exclaimed,  
 Madoc shall answer this ! unheard her voice  
 By the bewildered people, by the Priest  
 Unheeded ; and Lincoya sure had fallen  
 The victim of their terrors in that hour,

Had he been found ; but when his watchful eye  
 Beheld the monster from his den come forth,  
 He fled to bear the tidings. . . Neolin  
 Repeats the accursed call, Food for the God !  
 Ayayaca, his unbelieving Priest !  
 At once all eager eyes were fixed on him,  
 But he came forward calmly at the call.  
 Lo ! here am I ! quoth he ; and from his head  
 Plucking the thin grey hairs, he dealt them round. . .  
 Countrymen, kinsmen, brethren, children, take  
 These in remembrance of me ! there will be  
 No other relic of your aged Priest.  
 From manhood to old age, full threescore years,  
 Have I been your true servant : fit it is  
 That I, who witnessed Aztlan's first assault,  
 Should perish her last victim ! . . and he moved  
 Towards the death. But then Erillyab  
 Seized him, and by the garment drew him back ; . .  
 By the Great Spirit, but he shall not die  
 The Queen exclaimed ; nor shalt thou triumph thus,  
 Lyar and traitor ! Hoamen, to your homes !  
 Madoc shall answer this !

Irresolute

They heard, and inobedient ; to obey

Fearing, yet fearing to remain. Anon,  
The Queen repeats her bidding, To your homes,  
My People ! . . But when Neolin perceived  
The growing stir and motion of the crowd,  
As from the outward ring they moved away,  
He uttered a new cry, and disentangling  
The passive reptile's folds, rushed out among them,  
With outstretched hands, like one possessed, to seize  
His victim. Then they fled ; for who could tell  
On whom the madman, in that hellish fit,  
Might cast the lot ? An eight-years boy he seized,  
And held him by the leg, and, whirling him  
In ritual dance, till breath and sense were gone,  
Set up the death-song of the sacrifice.  
Amalahta, and what others rooted love  
Of evil leagued with him, accomplices  
In treason, joined the death-song and the dance.  
Some too there were, believing what they feared,  
Who yielded to their old idolatry,  
And mingled in the worship. Round and round  
The accursed minister of murder whirled  
His senseless victim : they, too, round and round,  
In maddening motion, and with maddening cries,

Revolving, whirled and wheeled. At length, when now,  
According to old rites, he should have dashed  
On the stone Idol's head the wretch's brains,  
Neolin stopt, and once again began  
The long, shrill, piercing, modulated cry.  
The Serpent knew the call, and, rolling on,  
Wave above wave, his rising length, advanced  
His open jaws ; then, with the expected prey,  
Glides to the dark recesses of his den.

## VII.

Meantime Erillyab's messenger had girt  
His loins, and, like a roebuck, o'er the hills  
He sped. He met Cadwallon and the Prince  
In arms, so quickly Madoc had obeyed  
Lincoya's call ; at noon he heard the call,  
And still the sun was riding high in heaven,  
When, up the valley where the Hoamen dwelt,  
He led his twenty spears. O welcome, friend  
And brother ! cried the Queen. Even as thou saidst,  
So hath it proved ; and those accursed schemes  
Of treachery, which that wretched boy revealed,  
Under the influence of thy potent drink,  
Have ripened to effect. From what a snare  
The timely warning saved me ! for, besure,  
What I had seen I else should have believed,  
In utter fear confounded. The Great Spirit,

Who taught thee to foresee the evil thing,  
Will give thee power to quell it.

On they went

Toward the dell, where now the Idolaters  
Had built their dedicated fire, and still  
With feast, and fits of song, and violent dance,  
Pursued their rites. When Neolin perceived  
The Prince approach, fearlessly he came forth,  
And raised his arm, and cried, Strangers, away !  
Away, profane ! hence to your mother-land !  
Hence to your waters ! for the God is here ; . .  
He came for blood, and he shall have his fill !  
Impious, away !

Seize him ! exclaimed the Prince ;

Nor had he time for motion nor for flight,  
So instantly was that command obeyed.  
Hoamen, said Madoc, hear me ! . . I came here,  
Stranger alike to Aztlan and to you ;  
I found ye an oppressed wretched race,  
Groaning beneath your chains ; at your request,  
For your deliverance, I unsheathed the sword,  
Redeemed ye from your bondage, and preserved  
Your children from the slaughter. With those foes,

Whose burthen ye for forty years endured,  
 This traitor hath conspired, against yourselves,  
 Your Queen, and me your friend ; the solemn faith,  
 Which in the face of yonder sun we pledged,  
 Each to the other, this accursed man  
 Hath broken, and hath stained his hands this day  
 With innocent blood. Life must atone for life.  
 Ere I destroy the Serpent, whom his wiles  
 Have trained so well, last victim, he shall glut  
 The monster's maw.

Strike, man ! quoth Neolin.

This is my consummation ! the reward  
 Of my true faith ! the best that I could ask,  
 The best the God could give : . . to rest in him,  
 Body with body be incorporate,  
 Soul into soul absorbed, and I and He  
 One life, inseparable, for ever more.  
 Strike ! I am weary of this mortal part ;  
 Unite me to the God !

Triumphantly

He spake ; the assembled people, at his words,  
 With rising awe gazed on the miscreant ;  
 Madoc himself, when now he would have given

The sign for death, in admiration paused ;  
 Such power hath fortitude. And he perceived  
 The auspicious moment, and set up his cry.  
 Forth, from the dark recesses of the cave,  
 The Serpent came ; the Hoamen at the sight  
 Shouted, and they who held the Priest, appalled,  
 Relaxed their hold. On came the mighty Snake,  
 And twined, in many a wreath, round Neolin,  
 Darting aright, aleft, his sinuous neck,  
 With searching eye, and lifted jaw, and tongue  
 Quivering, and hiss as of a heavy shower  
 Upon the summer woods. The Britons stood  
 Astounded at the powerful reptile's bulk,  
 And that strange sight. His girth was as of man ;  
 But easily could he have overtopped  
 Goliath's helmed head, or that huge King  
 Of Basan, hugest of the Anakim.  
 What then was human strength, if once involved  
 Within those dreadful coils ? . . . The multitude  
 Fell prone, and worshipped ; pale Erillyab grew,  
 And turned upon the Prince a doubtful eye ;  
 The Britons, too, were pale, albeit they held  
 Their spears protended ; and they also looked



On Madoc, who the while stood silently,  
 Contemplating how wiseliest he might cope  
 With that surpassing strength.

But Neolin,

Well hoping now success, when he had awed  
 The general feeling thus, exclaimed aloud,  
 Blood for the God ! give him the Strangers' blood !  
 Avenge him on his foes ! and then, perchance,  
 Terror had urged them to some desperate deed,  
 Had Madoc pondered more, or paused in the act  
 One moment. From the sacrificial flames  
 He snatched a firebrand, and, with fire and sword,  
 Rushed at the monster : back the monster drew  
 His head, upraised recoiling, and the Prince  
 Smote Neolin ; all circled as he was,  
 And clipt in his false Deity's embrace,  
 Smote he the accursed Priest ; the avenging sword  
 Fell on his neck ; through flesh and bone it drove,  
 Deep in the chest : the wretched criminal  
 Tottered, and those huge rings a moment held  
 His bloody corpse upright, while Madoc struck  
 The Serpent : twice he struck him, and the sword  
 Glanced from the impenetrable scales ; nor more

Availed its thrust, though driven by that strong arm;  
 For on the unyielding skin the tempered blade  
 Bent. He sprung upward then, and in the eyes  
 Of the huge monster flashed the fiery brand.  
 Impatient of the smoke and burning, back  
 The reptile wreathed, and from his loosening clasp  
 Dropt the dead Neolin, and turned, and fled  
 To his dark den.

The Hoamen, at that sight,  
 Raised a loud wonder-cry, with one accord,  
 Great is the Son of Ocean, and his God  
 Is mightiest ! But Erillyab silently  
 Approached the great Deliverer ; her whole frame  
 Trembled with strong emotion, and she took  
 His hand, and gazed a moment earnestly,  
 Having no power of speech, till with a gush  
 Of tears her utterance came, and she exclaimed,  
 Blessed art thou, my brother ! for the power  
 Of God is in thee ! . . and she would have kissed  
 His hand in adoration ; but he cried,  
 God is indeed with us, and in his name  
 Will we fulfil the work ! . . then to the cave  
 Advanced, and called for fire. Bring fire ! quoth he ;

By his own element this spawn of hell  
 Shall perish ! and he entered, to explore  
 The cavern depths. Cadwallon followed him,  
 Bearing in either hand a flaming brand,  
 For sword or spear availed not.

Far in the hill,

Cave within cave, the ample grotto pierced,  
 Three chambers in the rock. Fit vestibule  
 The first to that wild temple, long and low,  
 Shut out the outward day. The second vault  
 Had its own daylight from a central chasm  
 High in the hollow ; here the Image stood,  
 Their rude idolatry, a sculptured snake, . .  
 If term of art may such mishapen form  
 Beseem, . . around a human figure coiled,  
 And all begrimmed with blood. The inmost cell,  
 Dark ; and far up within its blackest depth  
 They saw the Serpent's still small eye of fire.  
 Not if they thinned the forest for their pile,  
 Could they, with flame or suffocating smoke,  
 Destroy him there ; for through the open roof  
 The clouds would pass away. They paused not long.  
 Drive him beneath the chasm, Cadwallon cried,

And hem him in with fire, and from above  
We crush him.

Forth they went, and climbed the hill,  
With all their people. Their united strength  
Loosened the rocks, and ranged them round the brink,  
Impending. With Cadwallon, on the height,  
Ten Britons wait ; ten with the Prince descend,  
And, with a firebrand each in either hand,  
Enter the outer cave. Madoc advanced,  
And, at the entrance of the inner den,  
He took his stand alone. A bow he bore,  
And arrows, round whose heads dry tow was twined,  
In pine-gum dipt ; he kindled these, and shot  
The fiery shafts. Upon his mailed skin,  
As on a rock, the bone-tipt arrows fell ;  
But, at their bright and blazing light effrayed,  
Out rushed the reptile. Madoc from his path  
Retired against the side, and called his men,  
And in they came, and circled round the Snake,  
And, shaking all their flames, as with a wheel  
Of fire, they ringed him in. From side to side  
The monster turns ; . . where'er he turns, the flame  
Flares in his nostrils and his blinking eyes ;

Nor aught, against the dreaded element,  
Did that brute force avail, which could have crushed  
Milo's young limbs, or Theban Hercules,  
Or old Manoah's mightier son, ere yet  
Shorn of his strength. They press him now, and now  
Give back, here urging, and here yielding way,  
Till right beneath the chasm they centre him.  
At once the crags are loosed, and down they fall,  
Thundering. They fell like thunder, but the crash  
Of scale and bone was heard. In agony  
The Serpent writhed beneath the blow ; in vain,  
From under the incumbent load, essayed  
To drag his mangled folds. One heavier stone  
Fastened and flattened him ; yet still, with tail  
Ten cubits long, he lashed the air, and foined  
From side to side, and raised his raging head  
Above the height of man, though half his length  
Lay mutilate. Who then had felt the force  
Of that wild fury, little had to him  
Buckler or corselet profited, or mail,  
Or might of human arm. The Britons shrunk  
Beyond its arc of motion ; but the Prince  
Took a long spear, and, springing on the stone

Which fixed the monster down, provoked his rage.  
 Uplifts the Snake his head retorted, high  
 He lifts it over Madoc, then darts down  
 To seize his prey. The Prince, with foot advanced,  
 Inclines his body back, and points the spear,  
 With sure and certain aim, then drives it up,  
 Into his open jaws ; two cubits deep  
 It pierced, the monster forcing on the wound.  
 He closed his teeth in anguish, and bit short  
 The ashen hilt. But not the rage, which now  
 Clangs all his scales, can from its seat dislodge  
 The barbed shaft ; nor those contortions wild,  
 Nor those convulsive shudderings, nor the throes  
 Which shake his inmost entrails, as with the air,  
 In suffocating gulps, the monster now  
 Inhales his own life-blood. The Prince descends ;  
 He lifts another lance ; and now the Snake,  
 Gasping, as if exhausted, on the ground  
 Reclines his head one moment. Madoc seized  
 That moment, planted in his eye the spear,  
 Then, setting foot upon his neck, drove down,  
 Through bone and brain and throat, and to the earth  
 Infixed the mortal weapon. Yet once more

The Snake essayed to rise ; his dying strength  
 Failed him, nor longer did those mighty folds  
 Obey the moving impulse ; crushed and scotched,  
 In every ring, through all his mangled length,  
 The shrinking muscles quivered, then collapsed  
 In death.

Cadwallon and his comrades now  
 Enter the den ; they roll away the crag  
 Which fixed him down, pluck out the mortal spear,  
 Then drag him forth to day ; the force conjoined  
 Of all the Britons difficultly drag  
 His lifeless bulk. But when the Hoamen saw  
 That form portentous trailing in its gore,  
 The jaws which, in the morning, they had seen  
 Purpled with human blood, now in their own  
 Blackening, . . aknee they fell before the Prince,  
 And, in adoring admiration, raised  
 Their hands with one accord, and all in fear  
 Worshipped the mighty Deicide. But he,  
 Recoiling from those sinful honours, cried,  
 Drag out the Idol now, and heap the fire,  
 That all may be consumed !

Forthwith they heaped

The sacrificial fire, and on the pile

The Serpent and the Image and the corpse  
Of Neolin were laid ; with prompt supply  
They feed the raging flames, hour after hour,  
Till now the black and nauseous smoke is spent,  
And, mingled with the ruins of the pile,  
The undistinguishable ashes lay.  
Go ! cried Prince Madoc, cast them in the stream,  
And scatter them upon the winds, that so  
No relic of this foul idolatry  
Pollute the land. To-morrow meet me here,  
Hoamen, and I will purify yon den  
Of your abominations. Come ye here  
With humble hearts ; for ye, too, in the sight  
Of the Great Spirit, the Beloved One,  
Must be made pure, and cleansed from your offence,  
And take upon yourselves his holy law.



## VIII.

How beautiful, O Sun, is thine uprise,  
And on how fair a scene ! . . Before the Cave  
The Elders of the Hoamen wait the will  
Of their Deliverer ; ranged without their ring  
The tribe look on, thronging the narrow vale,  
And what of gradual rise the shelving combe  
Displayed, or steeper eminence of wood,  
Broken with crags and sunny slope of green,  
And grassy platform. With the Elders sate  
The Queen and Prince, their rank's prerogative,  
Excluded else for sex unfit, and youth,  
For counsel immature. Before the arch,  
To that rude fane rude portal, stands the Cross,  
By Madoc's hand victorious planted there.  
And lo, Prince Madoc comes ! no longer mailed  
In arms of mortal might ; the spear and sword,

The hauberk and the helmet laid aside,  
 Gorget and gauntlet, grieves and shield ; he comes  
 In peaceful tunic clad, and mantle long ;  
 His hyacinthine locks now shadowing  
 That face, which late, with iron overbrowed,  
 Struck from within the aventayle such awe  
 And terror to the heart. Bareheaded he,  
 Following the servant of the altar, leads  
 The reverential train. Before them, raised  
 On high, the sacred Images are borne.  
 There, in faint semblance, holiest Mary bends  
 In virgin beauty o'er her blessed babe, . .  
 A sight, that almost to idolatry  
 Might win the soul by love. But who can gaze  
 Upon that other form, which on the rood  
 In agony is stretched ? . . his hands transfixed,  
 And lacerate with the body's pendent weight ;  
 The black and deadly paleness of his face,  
 Streaked with the blood which from that crown of scorn  
 Hath ceased to flow ; the side-wound streaming still ;  
 And open still those eyes, from which the look  
 Not yet hath past away, that went to Heaven,  
 When, in that hour, the Son of Man exclaimed,  
 Forgive them, for they know not what they do !

And now arrived before the cave, the train  
 Halt : to the assembled elders, where they sate,  
 Ranged in half circle, Madoc then advanced,  
 And raised, as if in act to speak, his hand.  
 Thereat was every human sound suppressed ;  
 And every quickened ear and eager eye  
 Centered to wait his words.

The Prince began, . .

Hoamen, friends, brethren, . . friends we have been long,  
 And brethren shall be, ere the day go down, . .  
 I come not here propounding doubtful things,  
 For counsel, and deliberate resolve  
 Of searching thought ; but with authority  
 From Heaven, to give the law, and to enforce  
 Obedience. Ye shall worship God alone,  
 The One Eternal. That Beloved One  
 Ye shall not serve with offered fruits, or smoke  
 Of sacrificial fire, or blood, or life ;  
 Far other sacrifice he claims, . . a soul  
 Resigned, a will subdued, a heart made clean  
 From all offence. Not for your lots on earth,  
 Menial or mighty, slave or highly-born,  
 For cunning in the chase, or strength in war,

Shall ye be judged hereafter ; . . as ye keep  
The law of love, as ye shall tame your wrath,  
Forego revenge, forgive your enemies,  
Do good to them that wrong ye, ye will find  
Your bliss or bale. This law came down from Heaven.  
Lo, ye behold Him there by whom it came ;  
The Spirit was in Him, and for the sins  
Of man he suffered thus, and by his death  
Must all mankind be blest. Not knowing Him,  
Ye wandered on in error ; knowing now,  
And not obeying, what was error once  
Is guilt and wilful wrong. If ever more  
Ye bow to your false Deities the knee ;  
If ever more ye worship them with feast,  
Or sacrifice, or dance ; who so offends  
Shall from among the people be cut off,  
Like a corrupted member, lest he taint  
The whole with death. With what appointed rites  
Your homage must be paid, ye shall be taught ;  
Your children, in the way that they shall go,  
Trained from their childhood up. Make ye, meantime,  
Your prayer to that Beloved One, who sees  
The secrets of all hearts ; and set ye up

This, the memorial of his chosen Son,  
 And her, who, blessed among women, fed  
 The Appointed at her breast, and by his cross  
 Endured intenser anguish ; therefore sharing  
 His glory now, with sunbeams robed, the Moon  
 Her footstool, and a wreath of stars her crown.

Hoamen, ye deem us children of a race  
 Mightier than ye, and wiser, and by Heaven  
 Beloved and favoured more. From this pure law  
 Hath all proceeded, . . wisdom, power, whate'er  
 Here elevates the soul, and makes it ripe  
 For higher powers, and more exalted bliss.  
 Share then our law, and be with us, on earth,  
 Partakers of these blessings, and, in Heaven,  
 Co-heritors with us of endless joy.

Ere yet one breath or motion had disturbed  
 The reverential hush, Erillyab rose.  
 My people, said the Queen, their God is best  
 And mightiest. Him, to whom we offered up  
 Blood of our blood, and of our flesh the flesh,  
 Vainly we deemed divine ; no spirit he  
 Of good or evil, by the conquering arm

Of Madoc mortal proved. What then remains,  
 But that the blessing, proffered thus in love,  
 In love we take ? . . Deliverer, Teacher, Friend,  
 First in the fellowship of faith, I claim  
 The initiatory rite.

I also, cried

The venerable Priest Ayayaca,  
 Old as I am, I also, like a child,  
 Would learn this wisdom yet before I die.  
 The Elders rose and answered, We and all !  
 And from the congregated tribe burst forth  
 One universal shout, . . Great is the God  
 Of Madoc, . . worthy to be served is he !

Then to the mountain-rivulet, which rolled  
 Like amber over its dark bed of rock,  
 Did Madoc lead Erillyab, in the name  
 Of JESUS, to his Christian family  
 Accepted now. On her and on her son,  
 The Elders and the People, Llorien  
 Sprinkles the sanctifying waters. Day  
 Was scarcely two hours old when he began  
 His work, and when he ceased, the sun had past

The heights of noon. Ye saw that blessed work,  
Sons of the Cymry, Cadog, Deiniol,  
Padarn and Teilo! ye whose sainted names  
Your monumental temples still record;  
Thou, David, still revered, who in the vale,  
Where, by old Hatteril's wintry torrents swoln,  
Rude Hodney rolls his raging stream, didst chuse  
Thy hermit home; and ye who by the sword  
Of the fierce Saxon, when the bloodier Monk  
Urged on the work of murder, for your faith  
And freedom fell, . . Martyrs and Saints, ye saw  
This triumph of the Cymry and the Cross,  
And struck your golden harps to hymns of joy.

## IX.

As now the rites were ended, Caradoc  
Came from the ships, leading an Azteca  
Guarded and bound. Prince Madoc, said the Bard,  
Lo ! the first captive of our arms I bring.  
Alone, beside the river I had strayed,  
When, from his lurking place, the savage hurled  
A javelin. At the rustle of the reeds,  
From whence the blow was aimed, I turned in time,  
And heard it whizz beside me. Well it was,  
That from the ships they saw and succoured me ;  
For, supple as a serpent in my grasp,  
He seemed all joint and flexure ; nor had I  
Armour to ward, nor weapon to offend,  
To battle all unused and unprepared ;  
But I too, here, upon this barbarous land,



Like Elmur and like Aronan of old,  
Must lift the ruddy spear.

This is no day

For vengeance, answered Madoc, else his deed  
Had met no mercy. Freely let him go !  
Perchance the tidings of our triumph here  
May yet reclaim his country. . . Azteca,  
Go, let your Pabas know that we have crushed  
Their complots here ; beneath our righteous sword  
The Priest and his false Deity have fallen,  
The Idols been consumed, and in their stead  
The emblems of our holy faith set up,  
Whereof the Hoamen have this day been made  
Partakers. Say to Aztlan, when she too  
Will make her temples clean, and put away  
Her foul abominations, and accept  
The Christian Cross, that Madoc then accords  
Forgiveness for the past, and peace to come.  
This better part let her, of her free will  
And wisdom, chuse in time.

Till Madoc spake,

The captive reckless of his peril stood,  
Gazing with resolute and careless eye,

As one in whom the lot of life or death  
 Moved neither fear nor feeling ; but that eye  
 Now glowing with defiance, . . Seek ye peace ?  
 He cried : O weak and woman-hearted man !  
 Already wouldst thou lay the sword to rest ? . .  
 Not with the burial of the sword this strife  
 Must end, but of the warrior. Never thrives  
 The Tree of Peace, till planted by the brave  
 Upon his enemy's grave ! . . Peace-loving fools,  
 Fly hence ! for Aztlan suffers on her soil  
 No living stranger.

Do thy bidding, Chief !

Calmly Cadwallon answered. To her choice  
 Let Aztlan look, lest what she now reject  
 In insolence of strength, she take upon her,  
 In sorrow and in suffering and in shame,  
 By strong compulsion, penitent too late.  
 Thou hast beheld our ships with gallant men  
 Freightied, a numerous force, . . and for our arms, . .  
 Surely thy nation hath acquired of them  
 Disastrous knowledge.

Curse upon your arms !

Exclaimed the Savage : . . Is there one among you

Dare lay that cowardly advantage by,  
 And meet me, man to man, in honest strife?  
 That I might grapple with him, weaponless,  
 On yonder rock, breast against breast, fair force  
 Of limb and breath and blood, . . till one, or both,  
 Dashed down the shattering precipice, should feed  
 The mountain eagle! . . Give me, I beseech you,  
 That joy!

As wisely, said Cynetha's son,  
 Thy foe might challenge thee, and bid thee let  
 Thy strong right hand hang idle in the fray;  
 That so his weakness with thy strength might cope  
 In equal battle! . . Not in wrongful war,  
 The tyrants of our weaker bretheren,  
 Wield we these dreadful arms, . . but when assailed  
 By fraud and force, when called upon to aid  
 The feeble and oppressed, shall we not  
 Then put our terrors forth, and thunder-strike  
 The guilty?

Silently the savage heard;  
 Joy brightened in his eyes, as they unloosed  
 His bonds; he stretched his arms at length, to feel  
 His liberty, and, like a greyhound then

Slipt from the leash, he bounded o'er the hills.  
 What was from early morning till noon day  
 The steady travel of a well-girt man,  
 He, with fleet feet and unfatiguable,  
 In three short hours hath traversed ; in the lake  
 He dashed, now shooting forth his pointed arms,  
 Arrow-like darting on ; recumbent now,  
 Forces, with springing feet, his easier way ;  
 Then with new speed, as freshened by repose,  
 Again he breasts the waters. On the shore  
 Of Aztlan now he stands, and breathes at will,  
 And wrings his dripping locks; then through the gate  
 Pursued his way.

Green garlands deck the gate ;  
 Gay are the temples with green boughs affixed ;  
 The door-posts and the lintels hung with wreaths ;  
 The fire of sacrifice, with flames bedimmed,  
 Burns, in the sunlight, pale ; the victims wait  
 Around, impatient of their death delayed.  
 The Priest, before Tezcalipoca's shrine,  
 Watches the maize-strewn threshold, to announce  
 The footsteps of the God ; for this the day,  
 When to his favoured city he vouchsafes

His annual presence, and, with unseen feet,  
 Imprints the maize-strewn threshold ; followed soon  
 By all whose altars with eternal fires  
 Aztlan illumed, and fed with human blood ; . .  
 Mexitli, woman-born, who from the womb,  
 Child of no mortal sire, leapt terrible,  
 The armed avenger of his mother's fame ;  
 And he whose will the subject Winds obey,  
 Quetzalcoal, and Tlaloc, Water-God,  
 And all the host of Deities, whose power  
 Requites with bounty Aztlan's pious zeal,  
 Health and rich increase giving to her sons,  
 And withering in the war her enemies.  
 So taught the Priests, and therefore were the gates  
 Green-garlanded, the temples green with boughs,  
 The door-posts and the lintels hung with wreaths ;  
 And yonder victims, ranged around the fire,  
 Are destined, with the steam of sacrifice,  
 To greet their cursed coming.

With the train

Of warrior Chiefs Coanocotzin stood,  
 That when the Priest proclaimed the entered God,  
 His lips before the present Deity

Might pour effectual prayer. The assembled Chiefs  
 Saw Tlalala approach, more welcome now,  
 As one whose absence from the appointed rites  
 Had wakened fear and wonder. . . Think not ye,  
 The youth exclaimed, careless impiety  
 Could this day lead me wandering. I went forth  
 To dip my javelin in the Strangers' blood, . .  
 A sacrifice, methought, our Gods had loved  
 To scent, and sooner hastened to enjoy.  
 I failed, and fell a prisoner ; but their fear  
 Released me, . . coward fear, or idiot hope,  
 That, like Yuhidthiton, I might become  
 Their friend, and merit chastisement from Heaven,  
 Pleading the Strangers' cause. They bade me go  
 And proffer peace. . . Chiefs, were it possible  
 That tongue of mine could win you to that shame,  
 Up would I pluck the member, though my soul  
 Followed its bloody roots. The Stranger finds  
 No peace in Aztlan, but the peace of death !

'Tis bravely said ! Yuhidthiton replied,  
 And fairly mayest thou boast, young Tlalala,  
 For thou art brave in battle. Yet 'twere well

If that same fearless tongue were taught to check  
 Its boyish license now. No law forbade  
 Our friendship with the Stranger, when my voice  
 Pleaded for proffered peace ; that fault I shared  
 In common with the King, and with the Chiefs,  
 The Pabas and the People, none foreseeing  
 Danger or guilt : but when at length the Gods  
 Made evident their wrath in prodigies,  
 I yielded to their manifested will  
 My prompt obedience. . . Bravely hast thou said,  
 And brave thou art, young Tyger of the War !  
 But thou hast dealt with other enemies  
 Than these impenetrable men, . . with foes,  
 Whose conquered Gods lie idle in their chains,  
 And with tame weakness brook captivity.  
 When thou hast met the strangers in the fight,  
 And in the doings of that fight outdone  
 Yuhidthiton, revile him then for one  
 Slow to defend his country and his faith :  
 Till then, with reverence, as beseems thy youth,  
 Respect thou his full fame !

I wrong it not !

I wrong it not, cried the young Azteca ;

But truly, as I hope to equal it,  
 Honour thy well-earned glory. . . But this peace ! . .  
 Renounce it ! . . say that it shall never be ! . .  
 Never, . . as long as there are Gods in Heaven,  
 Or men in Aztlan !

That, the King replied,  
 The Gods themselves have answered. Never yet  
 By holier ardour were our countrymen  
 Possessed : peace-offerings of repentance fill  
 The temple courts ; from every voice ascends  
 The contrite prayer ; daily the victim's heart  
 Sends its propitiatory steam to Heaven ;  
 And if the aid divine may be procured  
 By the most dread solemnities of faith,  
 And rigour of severest penitence,  
 Soon shall the present influence strengthen us,  
 And Aztlan be triumphant.

While they spake,  
 The ceaseless sound of song and instrument  
 Rung through the air, now rising like the voice  
 Of angry ocean, now subsiding soft,  
 As when the breeze of evening dies away.  
 The horn, and shrill-toned pipe, and drum, that gave



Its music to the hand, and hollowed wood,  
Drum-like, whose thunders, ever and anon,  
Commingling with the sea-shell's spiral roar,  
Closed the full harmony. And now the eve  
Past on, and, through the twilight visible,  
The frequent fire-flies' brightening beauties shone.  
Anxious and often now the Priest surveyed  
The maize-strewn threshold ; for the wonted hour  
Was come, and yet no footstep of the God !  
More radiant now the fire of sacrifice,  
Fed to full fury, blazed, and its red smoke  
Imparted to the darker atmosphere  
Such obscure light, as, o'er Vesuvio seen,  
Or pillared upon Etna's mountain head,  
Makes darkness dreadful. In the captives' cheeks  
Then might a livid paleness have been seen,  
And wilder terror in their ghastly eyes,  
Expecting momentarily the pang of death.  
Soon in the multitude a doubt arose,  
Which none durst mention, lest his neighbour's fears,  
Divulged, should strengthen his : ... the hour was past,  
And yet no foot had marked the sprinkled maize.

## X.

Now every moment gave their doubts new force,  
And each alarmed eye disclosed the fear  
Which trembled on the tongue, when to the King,  
Emaciate like some bare anatomy,  
And deadly pale, Tezozomoc was led,  
By two supporting Priests. Ten painful months,  
Immured amid the forest, had he dwelt,  
In abstinence and solitary prayer  
Passing his nights and days: thus did the Gods  
From their High Priest exact, when they enforced,  
By danger or distress, the penance due  
For public sins ; and he had dwelt ten months,  
Praying and fasting and in solitude,  
Till now might every bone of his lean limbs  
Be told, and in his starved and bony face  
The living eye appeared unnatural, . .  
A ghostly sight.

In breathless eagerness

The multitude drew round as he began, . .  
 O King, the Gods of Aztlan are not come ;  
 They will not come before the Strangers' blood  
 Smoke on their altars : but they have beheld  
 My days of prayer, and nights of watchfulness,  
 And fasts austere, and bloody disciplines,  
 And have revealed their pleasure. Who is here,  
 Who to the White King's dwelling-place dare go,  
 And execute their will ?

Scarce had he said,  
 Than Tlalala exclaimed, I am the man.

Hear then ! Tezozomoc replied. . . Ye know  
 That self-denial and long penance purge  
 The film and foulness of mortality,  
 For more immediate intercourse with Heaven  
 Preparing the pure spirit ; and all eyes  
 May witness that with no relaxing zeal  
 I have performed my duty. Much I feared  
 For Aztlan's sins, and oft, in bitterness,  
 Have groaned and bled for her iniquity ;  
 But chiefly for this solemn day the fear

Was strong upon me, lest her Deities,  
Estranged, should turn away, and we be left  
A spiritless and God-abandoned race,  
A warning to the earth. Ten weary months  
Have the raw maize and running water been  
My only food ; but not a grain of maize  
Hath stayed the gnawing appetite, nor drop  
Of water cooled my parched and painful tongue,  
Since yester morn arose. Fasting I prayed,  
And, praying, gashed myself ; and all night long,  
I watched and wept and supplicated Heaven,  
Till the weak flesh, its life-blood almost drained,  
Sunk with the long austerity : a dread  
Of death came over me ; a deathly chill  
Ran through my veins, and loosened every limb ;  
Dim grew my eyes ; and I could feel my heart  
Dying away within me, intermit  
Its slow and feeble throbs, then suddenly  
Start, as it seemed exerting all its force  
In one last effort. On the ground I fell,  
I know not if entranced, or dead indeed,  
But without motion, hearing, sight, or sense,  
Feeling, or breath, or life. From that strange state,

Even in such blessed freedom from all pain,  
 That sure I thought myself in very Heaven,  
 I woke, and raised my eyelids, and beheld  
 A light, which seemed to penetrate my bones  
 With life and health. Before me, visible,  
 Stood Coatlantona ; a wreath of flowers  
 Circled her hair, and from their odorous leaves  
 Arose a lambent flame ; not fitfully,  
 Nor with faint flash or spark of earthly flowers ;  
 From these, for ever flowing forth, there played,  
 In one perpetual dance of pointed light,  
 The azure radiance of innocuous fire.  
 She spake. . . Hear, Aztlan ! and give ear, O King !  
 She said, Not yet the offended Gods relax  
 Their anger ; they require the Strangers' blood,  
 The foretaste of their banquet. Let their will  
 Be known to Aztlan, and the brave perform  
 Their bidding ; I, meantime, will seek to soothe,  
 With all a mother's power, Mexitli's wrath.  
 So let the Maidens daily with fresh flowers  
 Garland my temple ! . . Daily with fresh flowers  
 Garland her temple, Aztlan ! and revere  
 The gentle mother of thy guardian God !

And let the brave, exclaimed young Tlalala,  
 Perform her bidding ! Servant of the Gods,  
 Declare their will ! . . Is it, that I should seek  
 The Strangers, in the first who meets my way  
 To plunge the holy weapon ? Say thou to me,  
 Do this ! . . and I depart to do the deed,  
 Though my life-blood should mingle with the foe's.

O brave young Chief ! Tezozomoc replied,  
 With better fortune may the grateful Gods  
 Reward thy valour ! deed so hazardous  
 They ask not. Couldst thou from the mountain holds  
 Tempt one of these accursed to pursue  
 Thy artful flight, an ambushed band might rise  
 Upon the unsuspecting enemy,  
 And intercept return ; then hitherward  
 The captive should be led, and Aztlan's Gods  
 On their own altars see the sacrifice,  
 Well pleased, and Aztlan's sons, inspirited,  
 Behold the omen of assured success.  
 Thou knowest that Tlaloc's annual festival  
 Is close at hand. A Stranger's child would prove  
 A victim, whose rare value would deserve

His certain favour. More I need not say.  
 Chuse thou the force for ambush ; and thyself  
 Alone, or with a chosen comrade, seek  
 The mountain dwellers.

Instant as he ceased,  
 Ocelopan exclaimed, I go with thee,  
 O Tlalala ! My friend ! if one alone  
 Could have the honour of this enterprize,  
 My love might yield it thee ; . . but thou wilt need  
 A comrade. . . Tlalala, I go with thee !

The Chief replied, Whom should my heart select,  
 Its tried companion else, but thee, so oft  
 My brother in the battle ? We will go,  
 Shedder of Blood ! together will we go,  
 Now, ere the midnight !

Nay ! the Priest exclaimed,  
 A little while delay ; and, ere ye go,  
 Devote yourselves to Heaven ! Feebly he spake,  
 Like one exhausted ; gathering then new force,  
 As with laborious effort, he pursued, . .  
 Bedew Mexitli's altar with your blood,  
 And go beneath his guidage. I have yet  
 Strength to officiate, and to bless your zeal.

So saying, to the Temple of the God  
 He led the way. The warriors followed him ;  
 And, with his chiefs, Coanocotzin went,  
 To grace with all solemnity the rite.  
 They pass the Wall of Serpents, and ascend  
 The massive fabric ; four times they surround  
 Its ample square, the fifth, they reach the height.  
 There, on the level top, two temple-towers  
 Were reared ; the one Tezcalipoca's fane,  
 Supreme of Heaven, where now the wily Priest  
 Stood, watchful for his presence, and observed  
 The maize-strewn threshold. His the other pile,  
 By whose peculiar power and patronage  
 Aztlan was blest, Mexitli, woman-born.  
 Before the entrance, the eternal fire  
 Was burning ; bare of foot they entered there.

On a blue throne, which four huge silver snakes,  
 As if the keepers of the sanctuary,  
 Circled, with stretching neck and fangs displayed,  
 Mexitli sate ; another graven snake  
 Belted with scales of gold his monster bulk.  
 Around the neck a loathsome collar hung,



Of human hearts ; the face was masked with gold ;  
 His specular eyes seemed fire ; one hand upreared  
 A club, the other, as in battle, held  
 The shield ; and over all, suspended, hung  
 The banner of the nation. They beheld  
 In awe, and knelt before the Terrible God.

Guardian of Aztlan ! cried Tezozomoc,  
 Who to thy mortal mother hast assigned  
 The kingdom o'er all trees and arborets  
 And herbs and flowers, giving her endless life,  
 A Deity among the Deities,  
 While Coatlantona implores thy love  
 To thine own people, they in fear approach  
 Thy awful fane, who know no fear beside,  
 And offer up the worthiest sacrifice,  
 The blood of heroes !

To the ready Chiefs

He turned, and said, Now stretch your arms, and make  
 The offering to the God. They their bare arms  
 Stretched forth, and stabbed them with the aloe-point.  
 Then, in a golden vase, Tezozomoc  
 Received the mingled streams, and held it up

Toward the giant Idol, and exclaimed,  
 Terrible God ! Protector of our realm !  
 Receive thine incense ! Let the steam of blood  
 Ascend to thee, delightful ! So mayest thou  
 Still to thy chosen people lend thine aid,  
 And these blaspheming strangers from the earth  
 Be swept away, as erst the monster race  
 Of Mammuth, Heaven's fierce ministers of wrath,  
 Who drained the lakes in thirst, and for their food  
 Exterminated nations. And as when,  
 Their dreadful ministry of death fulfilled,  
 Ipalnemoani, by whom we live,  
 Bade thee go forth, and with thy lightnings fill  
 The vault of Heaven, and with thy thunders rock  
 The rooted earth, till of the monster race  
 Only their monumental bones remained, . .  
 So arm thy favoured people with thy might,  
 Terrible God ! and purify the land  
 From these blaspheming foes !

He said, and gave  
 Ocelopan the vase. . . Chiefs, ye have poured  
 Your strength and courage to the Terrible God,  
 Devoted to his service ; take ye now

The beverage he hath hallowed. In your youth  
 Ye have quaffed manly blood, that manly thoughts  
 Might ripen in your hearts ; so now with this,  
 Which, mingling, from such noble veins hath flowed,  
 Increase of valour drink, and added force.  
 Ocelopan received the bloody vase,  
 And drank, and gave in silence to his friend  
 The consecrated draught ; then Tlalala  
 Drained off the offering. Braver blood than this  
 My lips can never taste ! quoth he ; but soon  
 Grant me, Mexitli, a more grateful cup, . .  
 The stranger's life !

Are all the rites performed ?

Ocelopan enquired. Yea, all is done,  
 Answered the Priest. Go ! and the guardian God  
 Of Aztlan be your guide !

They left the fane.

Lo ! as Tezozomoc was passing by  
 The eternal fire, the eternal fire shot up  
 A long blue flame. He started ; he exclaimed,  
 The God ! the God ! Tezcalipoca's Priest  
 Echoed the welcome cry, The God ! the God !  
 For lo ! his footsteps mark the maize-strewn floor !

A mighty shout from all the multitude  
Of Aztlan rose ; they cast into the fire  
The victims, whose last shrieks of agony  
Mingled unheeded with the cries of joy.  
Then louder from the spiral sea-shell's depth  
Swelled the full roar, and from the hollow wood  
Pealed deeper thunders ; round the choral band,  
The circling nobles, gay with gorgeous plumes,  
And gems which sparkled to the midnight fire,  
Moved in the solemn dance ; each in his hand,  
In measured movements, lifts the feathery shield,  
And shakes a rattling ball to measured sounds.  
With quicker step, the inferior chiefs without,  
Equal in number, but in just array,  
The spreading radii of the mystic wheel,  
Revolve ; and, outermost, the youths roll round,  
In motions rapid as their quickened blood.  
So thus, with song and harmony, the night  
Past on in Aztlan, and all hearts rejoiced.

## XI.

Meantime from Aztlan, on their enterprize,  
Shedder of Blood, and Tyger of the War,  
Ocelopan and Tlalala set forth.  
With chosen followers, through the silent night,  
Silent they travelled on. After a way  
Circuitous, and far through lonely tracks,  
They reached the mountains, and amid the shade  
Of thickets covering the uncultured slope,  
Their patient ambush placed. The Chiefs alone  
Held on, till winding in ascent they reached  
The heights which o'er the Britons' mountain hold  
Impended ; there they stood, and by the moon,  
Who yet, with undiminished lustre, shone  
High in the dark-blue firmament, from thence  
Explored the steep descent. Precipitous  
The rock beneath them lay, a sudden cliff,

Bare and unbroken ; in its midway holes,  
 Where never hand could reach, nor eye intrude,  
 The eagle built her eyrie. Farther on,  
 Its interrupted crags and ancient woods  
 Offered a difficult way. From crag to crag,  
 By rocky shelf, by trunk, or root, or bough,  
 A painful toil and perilous, they past.  
 And now, stretched out amid the matted shrubs,  
 Which, at the entrance of the valley, clothed  
 The rugged bank, they crouched.

By this the stars

Grew dim ; the glow-worm hath put out her lamp ;  
 The owls have ceased their night-song. On the top  
 Of yon magnolia the loud turkey's voice  
 Is heralding the dawn ; from tree to tree  
 Extends the wakening watch-note, far and wide,  
 Till the whole woodlands echo with the cry.  
 Now breaks the morning ; but as yet no foot  
 Hath marked the dews, nor sound of man is heard.  
 Then first Ocelopan beheld, where near,  
 Beneath the shelter of a half-roofed hut,  
 A sleeping stranger lay. He pointed him  
 To Tlalala. The Tyger looked around ;

None else was nigh. . . Shall I descend, he said,  
 And strike him? here is none to see the deed.  
 We offered to the Gods our mingled blood  
 Last night ; and now, I deem it, they present  
 An offering which shall more propitiate them,  
 And omen sure success. I will go down  
 And kill !

He said, and, gliding like a snake,  
 Where Caradoc lay sleeping made his way.  
 Sweetly slept he, and pleasant were his dreams  
 Of Britain and the blue-eyed Maid he loved.  
 The Azteca stood over him ; he knew  
 • His victim, and the power of vengeance gave  
 Malignant joy. Once hast thou 'scaped my arm ;  
 But what shall save thee now ? the Tyger thought,  
 Exulting ; and he raised his spear to strike.  
 That instant, o'er the Briton's unsecn harp  
 The gale of morning past, and swept its strings  
 Into so sweet a harmony, that sure .  
 It seemed no earthly tone. The savage man  
 Suspends his stroke ; he looks astonished round ;  
 No human hand is near ; . . and hark ! again  
 The aerial music swells and dies away.

Then first the heart of Tlalala felt fear.  
 He thought that some protecting Spirit lived  
 Beside the stranger, and, abashed, withdrew.

A God protects him! to Ocelopan,  
 Whispering, he said. Didst thou not hear the sound  
 Which entered into me, and fixed my arm  
 Powerless above him?

Was it not a voice  
 From thine own Gods, to strengthen thee, replied  
 His sterner comrade, and make evident  
 Their pleasure in the deed?

Nay! Tlalala  
 Rejoined; they speak in darkness and in storms.  
 The thunder is their voice, that peals through Heaven,  
 Or, rolling underneath us, makes earth rock  
 In tempest, and destroys the sons of men.  
 It was no sound of theirs, Ocelopan!  
 No voice to hearten, . . for I felt it pass,  
 Unmanning every limb; . . yea, it relaxed  
 The sinews of my soul. Shedder of Blood,  
 I cannot lift my hand against the man.  
 Go, if thy heart be stronger!



But meantime

Young Caradoc arose, of his escape  
Unconscious ; and by this the stirring sounds  
Of day began, increasing now, as all  
Now to their toil betake them. Some go fell  
The stately wood ; some from the tree low-laid  
Hew the huge boughs ; here round the fire they char  
The stake-points ; here they level with a line  
The ground-plot, and infix the ready piles,  
Or, interknitting them with osiers, weave  
The wicker wall ; others along the lake,  
From its shoal-waters, gather reeds and canes, . .  
Light roofing, suited to the genial sky.  
The woodman's measured stroke, the regular saw,  
The wain slow-creaking, and the voice of man  
Answering his fellow, or, in single toil,  
Chearing his labour with a chearful song,  
Strange concert made to those fierce Aztecas,  
Who, beast-like, in their silent lurking place  
Couched close and still, observant for their prey.

All overseeing, and directing all,  
From place to place moved Madoc, and beheld

The dwellings rise. Young Hoel at his side  
 Ran on, best pleased when at his Uncle's side  
 Courting indulgent love. And now they came  
 Beside the half-roofed hut of Caradoc ;  
 Of all the mountain-dwellings that the last.  
 The little boy, in boyish wantonness,  
 Would quit his Uncle's hold, and haste away,  
 With childhood's frolic speed, then laugh aloud,  
 To tempt pursuit, now running to the huts,  
 Now toward the entrance of the valley straits.  
 But wheresoe'er he turned, Ocelopan  
 With hunter-eye pursued his heedless course,  
 In breath-suspending vigilance. Ah me !  
 The little wretch toward his lurking place  
 Draws near, and calls on Madoc ; and the Prince  
 Thinks of no danger nigh, and follows not  
 The childish lure ! nearer the covert now  
 Young Hoel runs, and stops, and calls again ;  
 Then, like a lion, from his couching place  
 Ocelopan leapt forth, and seized his prey.

Loud shrieked the affrighted child, as in his arms  
 The savage graspt him ; startled at the cry,

Madoc beheld him hastening through the pass.  
Quick as instinctive love can urge his feet  
He follows, and he now almost has reached  
The incumbered ravisher, and hope inspires  
New speed, . . yet nearer now, and nearer still, . .  
And lo ! the child holds out his little arms !  
That instant, as the Prince almost had laid  
His hand upon the boy, young Tlalala  
Leapt on his neck, and soon, though Madoc's strength,  
With frantic fury, shook him from his hold,  
Far down the steep Ocelopan had fled.  
Ah ! what avails it now, that they, by whom  
Madoc was standing to survey their toil,  
Have missed their chief, and spread the quick alarm?  
What now avails it, that, with distant aid,  
His gallant men come down ? Regarding nought  
But Hoel, but the wretched Llaian's grief,  
He rushes on ; and ever as he draws  
Near to the child, the Tyger Tlalala  
Impedes his way ; and now they reach the place  
Of ambush, and the ambushed band arise,  
And Madoc is their prisoner.

Caradoc,

In vain thou ledest on the late pursuit !  
In vain, Cadwallon, thy alarmed love  
Caught the first sound of evil ! They pour out,  
Tumultuous, from the vale, a half-armed troop ;  
Each with such weapons as his hasty hand  
Can seize, they rush to battle. Gallant men,  
Your valour boots not ! It avails not now,  
With such fierce onset that ye charge the foe,  
And drive with such full force the weapon home !  
They, while ye slaughter them, impede pursuit,  
And far away, meantime, their comrades bear  
The prisoner Prince. In vain his noble heart  
Swells now with wild and suffocating rage ;  
In vain he struggles : . . they have bound his limbs  
With the tough osier, and his struggles now  
But bind more close and cuttingly the band.  
They hasten on ; and, while they bear the prize,  
Leaving their ill-doomed fellows in the fight  
To check pursuit, foremost afar of all,  
With unabating strength by joy inspired,  
Ocelopan to Aztlan bears the child.

## XII.

Good tidings travel fast. . . The chief is seen ;  
He hastens on ; he holds the child on high ;  
He shouts aloud. Through Aztlan spreads the news ;  
Each to his neighbour tells the happy tale, . .  
Joy, . . joy to Aztlan ! the Blood-Shedder comes !  
Tlaloc hath given his victim.

Ah, poor child !

They from the gate swarm out to welcome thee,  
Warriors, and men grown grey, and youths and maids ;  
Exulting, forth they crowd. The mothers throng  
To view thee, and while, thinking of thy doom, .  
They clasp their own dear infants to the breast  
With deeper love, delighted think that thou  
Shalt suffer for them. He, poor child, admires  
The strange array ; with wonder he beholds  
Their olive limbs, half bare, their plummy crowns,

And gazes round and round, where all was new,  
 Forgetful of his fears. But when the Priest  
 Approached to take him from the Warrior's arms,  
 Then Hoel screamed, and from that hideous man  
 Averting, to Ocelopan he turned,  
 And would have clung to him, so dreadful late,  
 Stern as he was, and terrible of eye,  
 Less dreadful than the Priest, whose dark aspect,  
 Which Nature with her harshest characters  
 Had featured, art made worse. His cowl was white;  
 His untrimmed hair, a long and loathsome mass,  
 With cotton cords intertwined, clung with gum,  
 And matted with the blood, which, every morn,  
 He from his temples drew before the God,  
 In sacrifice : bare were his arms, and smeared  
 Black : but his countenance a stronger dread  
 Than all the horrors of that outward garb,  
 Struck with quick instinct to young Hoel's heart ;  
 It was a face, whose settled sullenness  
 No gentle feeling ever had disturbed ;  
 Which, when he probed a victim's living breast,  
 Retained its hard composure. ^

Such was he

Who took the son of Llaian, heeding not  
 His cries and screams, and arms, in suppliant guise,  
 Stretched out to all around, and strugglings vain.  
 He to the Temple of the Water God  
 Conveyed his victim. By the threshold, there  
 The ministering Virgins stood, a comely band  
 Of high-born damsels, to the temple rites  
 By pious parents vowed. Gladly to them  
 The little Hoel leapt ; their gentle looks  
 No fear excited ; and he gazed around,  
 Pleased and surprised, unconscious to what end  
 These things were tending. O'er the rush-strewn floor  
 They, to the azure Idol, led the child,  
 Now not reluctant, and they raised the hymn.

God of the Waters ! at whose will the streams  
 Flow in their wonted channels, and diffuse  
 Their plenty round, the blood and life of earth ;  
 At whose command they swell, and o'er their banks  
 Burst with resistless ruin, making vain  
 The toils and hopes of man, . . behold this child !  
 O, strong to bless, and mighty to destroy,

Tlaloc ! behold thy victim ! so mayest thou  
 Restrain the peaceful streams within their banks,  
 And bless the labours of the husbandman.

God of the Mountains ! at whose will the clouds  
 Cluster around the heights ; who sendest them  
 To shed their fertilizing showers, and raise  
 The drooping herb, and o'er the thirsty vale  
 Spread their green freshness ; at whose voice the hills  
 Grow black with storms ; whose wrath the thunder speaks ;  
 Whose bow of anger shoots the lightning shafts,  
 To blast the works of man ; . . behold this child !  
 O, strong to bless, and mighty to destroy,  
 Tlaloc ! behold thy victim ! so mayest thou  
 Lay by the fiery arrows of thy rage,  
 And bid the genial rains and dews descend.

O thou, Companion of the powerful God !  
 Companion and Beloved ! . . when he treads  
 The mountain-top, whose breath diffuses round  
 The sweets of summer ; when he rides the waves,  
 Whose presence is the sunshine and the calm, . .  
 Aiauh, O green-robed Goddess, see this child !



Behold thy victim ! so mayest thou appease  
 The sterner mind of Tlaloc, when he frowns,  
 And Aztlan flourish in thy fostering smile.

Young Spirits ! ye whom Aztlan's piety  
 Hath given to Tlaloc, to enjoy with him,  
 For aye, the cool delights of Tlalocan, . .  
 Young Spirits of the happy ! who have left  
 Your Heaven to-day, unseen assistants here, . .  
 Behold your comrade ! see the chosen child,  
 Who through the lonely cave of Death must pass,  
 Like you, to join you in eternal joy.

Now from the rush-strewn temple they depart.  
 They place their smiling victim in a car,  
 Upon whose sides of pearly shell there played,  
 Shading and shifting still, the rainbow light.  
 On virgin shoulders is he borne aloft,  
 With dance before, and song and music round ;  
 And thus they seek, in festival array,  
 The water-side. There lies the sacred bark,  
 All gay with gold, and garlanded with flowers :  
 The virgins with the joyous boy embark ;

Ten boatmen urge them on ; the Priests behind  
Follow, and all the long solemnity.

The lake is overspread with boats ; the sun  
Shines on the gilded prows, the feathery crowns,  
The sparkling waves. Green islets float along,  
Where high-born damsels, under jasmin bowers,  
Raise the sweet voice, to which the echoing oars,  
In modulated motion, rise and fall.

The moving multitude along the shore  
Flows like a stream ; bright shines the unclouded sky ;  
Heaven, earth, and waters wear one face of joy.  
Young Hoel with delight beholds the pomp ;  
His heart throbs joyfully ; and if he thinks  
Upon his mother now, 'tis but to think  
How beautiful a tale for her glad ear  
He hath on his return. Meantime, the maids  
Weave garlands for his head, and pour the song.

Oh, happy thou, whom early from the world  
The Gods require ! not by the wasting worm  
Of sorrow cankered, nor condemned to feel  
The pang of sickness, nor the wound of war,  
Nor the long miseries of protracted age,

But called in youth, the chosen of the God,  
 To share his joys. Soon shall thy rescued soul,  
 Child of the Stranger ! in his blissful world,  
 Mix with the blessed spirits ; for not thine,  
 Amid the central darkness of the earth,  
 To endure the eternal void ; . . not thine to live,  
 Dead to all objects of eye, ear, or sense,  
 In the long horrors of one endless night,  
 With endless being curst. For thee the bowers  
 Of Tlalocan have blossomed with new sweets ;  
 For thee have its immortal trees matured  
 The fruits of Heaven ; thy comrades even now  
 Wait thee, impatient, in their fields of bliss ;  
 The God will welcome thee, his chosen child,  
 And Aiauh love thee with a mother's love.  
 Child of the Stranger ! dreary is thy way !  
 Darkness and Famine through the cave of Death  
 Must guide thee. Happy thou, when on that night  
 The morning of the eternal day shall dawn.

So as they sung young Hoel's song of death,  
 With rapid strength the boatmen plied their oars,  
 And through the water swift they glided on.

And now to shore they drew. The stately bank  
 Rose, with the majesty of woods o'erhung,  
 And rocks, or peering through the forest shade,  
 Or rising from the lake, and with their bulk  
 Glassing its dark deep waters. Half way up,  
 A cavern pierced the rock ; no human foot  
 Had trod its depths, nor ever sunbeam pierced  
 Its long recesses and mysterious gloom.  
 To Tlaloc it was hallowed ; and the stone,  
 Which closed its entrance, never was removed,  
 Save when the yearly festival returned,  
 And in its womb a child was sepulchred,  
 The living victim. Up the winding path,  
 That to the entrance of the cavern led,  
 With many a painful step, the train ascend :  
 But many a time, upon that long ascent,  
 Young Hoel would have paused, with weariness  
 Exhausted now. They urge him on, . . poor child !  
 They urge him on ! . . Where is Cadwallon's aid ?  
 Where is the sword of Ririd ? where the arm  
 Of Madoc now ? . . Oh ! better had he lived,  
 Unknowing and unknown, on Arvon's plain,  
 And trod upon his noble father's grave,

With peasant feet, unconscious! . . They have reached  
The cavern now, and from its mouth the Priests  
Roll the huge portal. Thitherward they force  
The son of Llaian. A cold air comes out; . .  
It chills him, and his feet recoil; . . in vain  
His feet recoil; . . in vain he turns to fly,  
Affrighted at the sudden gloom that spreads  
Around; . . the den is closed, and he is left  
In solitude and darkness, . . left to die!

### XIII.

That morn from Aztlan Coatel had gone,  
In search of flowers, amid the woods and crags,  
To deck the shrine of Coatlantona ;  
Such flowers, as in the solitary wilds  
Hiding their modest beauty, made their worth  
More valued for its rareness. 'Twas to her  
A grateful task ; not only for she fled  
Those cruel rites, to which nor reverent use  
Nor frequent custom could familiarize  
Her gentle heart, and teach it to put off  
All womanly feeling ; . . but that from all eyes  
Escaped, and all obtrusive fellowship,  
She, in that solitude, might send her soul  
To where Lincoya with the Strangers dwelt.  
She, from the summit of the woodland heights,  
Gazed on the lake below. The sound of song

And instrument, in softened harmony,  
Had reached her where she strayed ; and she beheld  
The pomp, and listened to the harmony,  
A moment, with delight : but then a fear  
Came on her, for she knew with what design  
The Tyger and Ocelopan had sought  
The dwellings of the Cymry. . . Now the boats  
Drew nearer, and she knew the Stranger's child.  
She watched them land below ; she saw them wind  
The ascent : . . and now from that abhorred cave  
The stone is rolled away, . . and now the child  
From light and life is caverned. Coatel  
Thought of his mother then, of all the ills  
Her fear would augur, and how worse than all  
Which even a mother's maddening fear could feign,  
His dreadful fate. She thought of this, and bowed  
Her face upon her knees, and closed her eyes,  
Shuddering. Suddenly in the brake beside,  
A rustling startled her, and from the shrubs  
A Vulture rose.

She moved toward the spot,  
Led by an idle impulse, as it seemed,  
To view from whence the carrion bird had fled.

The bushes overhung a narrow chasm,  
 Which pierced the hill ; upon its mossy sides  
 Shade-loving herbs and flowers luxuriant grew ;  
 And jutting crags made easy the descent.  
 A little way descending, Coatel  
 Stoopt for the flowers, and heard, or thought she heard,  
 A feeble sound below. She raised her head,  
 And anxiously she listened for the sound,  
 Not without fear. . . Feebly again, and like  
 A distant cry, it came ; and then she thought,  
 Perhaps it was the voice of that poor child,  
 By the slow pain of hunger doomed to die.  
 She shuddered at the thought, and gave a groan  
 Of unavailing pity ; . . but the sound  
 Came nearer, and her trembling heart conceived  
 A dangerous hope. The Vulture from that chasm  
 Had fled, perchance accustomed in the cave  
 To seek his banquet, and by living feet  
 Alarmed : . . there was an entrance then below ;  
 And were it possible that she could save  
 The Stranger's child, . . . Oh what a joy it were  
 To tell Lincoya that !

It was a thought  
 Which made her heart, with terror and delight,



Throb audibly. From crag to crag she past,  
Descending, and beheld a narrow cave  
Enter the hill. A little way the light  
Fell, . . but its feeble glimmering she herself  
Obstructed half, as, stooping, in she went.  
The arch grew loftier, and the increasing gloom  
Filled her with more affright ; and now she paused ;  
For at a sudden and abrupt descent  
She stood, and feared its unseen depth ; her heart  
Failed, and she back had hastened ; but the cry  
Reached her again, the near and certain cry  
Of that most pitiable innocent.  
Again adown the dark descent she looked,  
Straining her sight ; by this the strengthened sight  
Had grown adapted to the gloom around,  
And her dilated pupils now received  
Dim sense of objects near. Something below,  
White, in the darkness lay : it marked the depth.  
Still Coatel stood dubious ; but she heard  
The wailing of the child, and his loud sobs ; . .  
Then, clinging to the rock, with fearful hands,  
Her feet explored below, and twice she felt  
Firm footing, ere her fearful hold relaxed.

The sound she made, along the hollow rock  
 Ran echoing. Hoel heard it, and he came  
 Groping along the side. A dim dim light  
 Broke on the darkness of his sepulchre.  
 A human form drew near him ; . . he sprang on,  
 Screaming with joy, and clung to Coatel,  
 And cried, Oh take me from this dismal place !  
 She answered not ; she understood him not ;  
 But clasped the little victim to her breast,  
 And shed delightful tears.

But from that den

Of darkness and of horror, Coatel  
 Durst not convey the child, though in her heart  
 There was a female tenderness that yearned,  
 Even with maternal love, to cherish him.  
 She hushed his clamours, fearful lest the sound  
 Might reach some other ear ; she kissed away  
 The tears, that streamed adown his little cheeks ;  
 She gave him food, which in the morn she brought,  
 For her own wants, from Aztlan. Some few words  
 Of Britain's ancient language she had learnt  
 From her Lincoya, in those happy days  
 Of peace, when Aztlan was the Strangers' friend.

Aptly she learnt, what willingly he taught,  
Terms of endearment, and the parting words  
Which promised quick return. She on the child  
The endearing phrase bestowed ; and if it chanced  
Imperfect knowledge, or some difficult sound,  
Checked her heart's utterance, then the gentle tone,  
The fond caress, intelligibly spake  
Affection's language.

But when she arose,  
And would have climbed the ascent, the affrighted boy  
Close clasped her, and his tears interpreted  
The prayer to leave him not. Again she kissed  
His tears away ; again of soon return  
Assured and soothed him ; till, reluctantly  
And weeping, but in silence, he unloosed  
His grasp ; and up the difficult ascent  
Coatel climbed, and to the light of day  
Returning, with her flowers she hastened home.

## XIV.

Who comes to Aztlan, bounding like a deer  
Along the plain ? . . The herald of success ;  
For lo ! his locks are braided, and his loins  
Cinctured with white ; and see, he lifts the shield,  
And brandishes the sword. The populace  
Flock round, impatient for the tale of joy,  
And follow to the palace in his path.  
Joy ! joy ! the Tyger hath atchieved his quest !  
They bring a captive home ! . . . Triumphantly  
Coanocotzin and his Chiefs go forth  
To greet the youth triumphant, and receive  
The victim whom the gracious Gods have given,  
Sure omen and first fruits of victory.  
A woman leads the train, young, beautiful, . .  
More beautiful for that translucent joy,  
Flushing her cheek, and sparkling in her eye ; . .

Her hair is twined with festal flowers, her robe  
 With flowing wreaths adorned ; she holds a child,  
 He, too, bedecked and garlanded with flowers ;  
 And, lifting him with agile force of arms,  
 In graceful action, to harmonious step  
 Accordant, leads the dance. It is the wife  
 Of Tlalala, who, with his child, goes forth  
 To meet her hero husband.

And behold

The Tyger comes ! and ere the shouts and sounds  
 Of gratulation cease, his followers bear  
 The captive Prince. At that so welcome sight  
 Loud rose the glad acclaim ; nor knew they yet  
 That he, who there lay patient in his bonds,  
 Expecting the inevitable lot,  
 Was Madoc. Patient in his bonds he lay,  
 Exhausted with vain efforts, desperate now,  
 And silently resigned. But when the King  
 Approached the prisoner, and beheld his face,  
 And knew the Chief of Strangers, at that sound  
 Electric joy shot through the multitude,  
 And, like the raging of the hurricane,  
 Their thundering transports pealed. A deeper joy,

A nobler triumph kindled Tlalala,  
 As, limb by limb, his eye surveyed the Prince,  
 With a calm fierceness. And by this the Priests  
 Approached their victim, clad in vestments white,  
 Of sacrifice, which from the shoulders fell,  
 As from the breast, unbending, broad and straight,  
 Leaving their black arms bare. The blood-red robe,  
 The turquoise pendant from his down-drawn lip,  
 The crown of glossy plumage, whose green hue  
 Vied with his emerald ear-drops, marked their Chief,  
 Tezozomoc : his thin and ghastly cheek,  
 Which, . . save the temple serpents, when he brought  
 Their human banquet, . . never living eye  
 Rejoiced to see, became more ghastly now,  
 As, in Mexitli's name, upon the Prince  
 He laid his murderous hand. But as he spake,  
 Updarted Tlalala his eagle glance. . .  
 Away ! away ! he shall not perish so !  
 The warrior cried. . . Not tamely, by the knife,  
 Nor on the jasper-stone, his blood shall flow !  
 The Gods of Aztlan love a Warrior-Priest !  
 I am their Priest to-day !

## A murmuring

Ran through the train ; nor waited he to hear  
Denial thence ; but on the multitude  
Aloud he called. . . When first our fathers seized  
This land, there was a savage Chief who stopt  
Their progress. He had gained the rank he bore,  
By long probation : stripes, which laid his flesh  
All bleeding bare, had forced not one complaint ;  
Not, when the working bowels might be seen,  
One movement : hand-bound, he had been confined  
Where myriad insects on his nakedness  
Infixed their venomous anger, and no start,  
No shudder, shook his frame : last, in a net  
Suspended, he had felt the agony  
Of fire, which to his bones and marrow pierced,  
And breathed the suffocating smoke which filled  
His lungs with fire, without a groan, a breath,  
A look betokening sense ; so gallantly  
Had he subdued his nature. This brave man  
Met Aztlan in the war, and put her Chiefs  
To shame. Our Elders have not yet forgot  
How from the slaughtered brother of their King  
He stript the skin, and formed of it a drum,

Whose sound affrighted armies. With this man  
 My father coped in battle ; here he led him,  
 An offering to the God ; and, man to man,  
 He slew him here in fight. I was a child,  
 Just old enough to lift my father's shield ;  
 But I remember, on that glorious day,  
 When from the sacred combat he returned,  
 His red hands reeking with the hot heart's-blood,  
 How in his arms he took me, and besought  
 The God whom he had served, to bless his boy,  
 And make me like my father. Men of Aztlan !  
 Mexitli heard his prayer ! . . Here I have brought  
 The Stranger-Chief, the noblest sacrifice  
 That ever graced the altar of the God ;  
 Let, then, his death be noble ! So my boy  
 Shall, in the day of battle, think of me ;  
 And, as I followed my brave father's steps,  
 Pursue my path of glory.

Ere the Priest

Could frame denial, had the Monarch's look  
 Bespake assent. . . Refuse not this, he cried,  
 O Servant of the Gods ! He hath not here  
 His arms to save him ; and the Tyger's strength



Yields to no mortal might. Then for his sword  
 He called, and bade Yuhidthiton address  
 The Stranger Chief.

Yuhidthiton began,  
 The Gods of Aztlan triumph, and thy blood  
 Must wet their altars. Prince, thou shalt not die  
 The coward's death ; but, sworded, and in fight,  
 Fall as becomes the valiant. Should thine arm  
 Subdue, in battle, six successive foes,  
 Life, liberty, and glory, will repay  
 The noble conquest. Madoc, hope not this !  
 Strong are the brave of Aztlan !

Then they loosed  
 The Ocean Chieftain's bonds ; they rent away  
 His garments ; and, with songs and shouts of joy,  
 They led him to the Stone of Sacrifice.  
 Round was that Stone of blood ; the half-raised arm  
 Of one of manly growth, who stood below,  
 Might rest upon its height ; the circle small ;  
 An active boy might almost bound across.  
 Nor needed, for the combat, ampler space ;  
 For in the centre was the prisoner's foot  
 Fast fettered down. Thus fettered, Madoc stood.

He held a buckler, light and small, of cane  
 O'erlaid with beaten gold ; his sword the King,  
 Honouring a noble enemy, had given,  
 A weapon tried in war, . . to Madoc's grasp  
 Strange and unwieldy : 'twas a broad strong staff,  
 Set thick with transverse stones, on either side  
 Keen-edged as Syrian steel. But when he felt  
 The weapon, Madoc called to mind his deeds  
 Done on the Saxon in his father's land,  
 And hope arose within him. Nor, though now  
 Naked he stood, did fear, for that, assail  
 His steady heart ; for often had he seen  
 His gallant countrymen, with naked breasts,  
 Rush on their iron-coated enemy,  
 And win the conquest.

Now hath Tlalala

Arrayed himself for battle. First he donned  
 A gipion, quilted close of gossampine ;  
 O'er that, a jointed mail of plates of gold,  
 Bespotted like the tyger's speckled pride,  
 To speak his rank ; it clad his arms half-way,  
 Half-way, his thighs ; but cuishes had he none,  
 Nor gauntlets, nor feet-armour. On his helm

There yawned the semblance of a Tyger's head,  
 The long white teeth extended, as for prey;  
 Proud crest, to blazon his proud title forth.  
 And now toward the fatal stage, equipped  
 For war, he went; when, from the press behind,  
 A warrior's voice was heard, and, clad in arms,  
 And shaking, in his angry grasp, the sword,  
 Ocelopan rushed on, and called aloud  
 On Tlalala, and claimed the holy fight.  
 The Tyger, heedless of his clamour, sprung  
 Upon the stone, and turned him to the war.  
 Fierce leaping forward came Ocelopan,  
 And bounded up the ascent, and seized his arm : . .  
 Why wouldst thou rob me of a deed like this ?  
 Equal our peril in the enterprize,  
 Equal our merit ; . . thou wouldst reap alone  
 The guerdon ! Never shall my children lift  
 Their little hands at thee, and say, Lo ! there  
 The Chief who slew the White King ! . . Tlalala,  
 Trust to the lot, or turn on me, and prove,  
 By the best chance to which the brave appeal,  
 Who best deserves this glory !

Stung by wrath,

The Tyger answered not ; he raised his sword,

And they had rushed to battle ; but the Priests  
 Came hastening up, and by their common Gods,  
 And by their common country, bade them cease  
 Their impious strife, and let the lot decide  
 From whom Mexitli should that day receive  
 His noble victim. Both, unsatisfied,  
 But both obedient, heard. Two equal shafts,  
 As outwardly they seemed, the Paba brought ;  
 His mantle hid their points ; and Tlalala  
 Drew forth the broken stave. A bitter smile  
 Darkened his cheek, as, angrily, he cast  
 To earth the hostile lot. . . Shedder of Blood,  
 Thine is the first adventure ! he exclaimed ;  
 But thou mayest perish here ! . . and, in his heart,  
 The Tyger hoped Ocelopan might fall,  
 As, sullenly retiring from the stage,  
 He mingled with the crowd.

And now opposed  
 In battle, on the stone of sacrifice,  
 Prince Madoc and the Life-Destroyer stood.  
 This, clad in arms complete, free to advance  
 In quick assault, or shun the threatened blow,  
 Wielding his wonted sword ; the other, stript,

Save of that fragile shield, of all defence ;  
His weapon strange and cumbrous ; and pinned down,  
Disabled from all onset, all retreat.

With looks of greedy joy, Ocelopan  
Surveyed his foe, and wondered to behold  
The breast so broad, the bare and brawny limbs,  
Of matchless strength. The eye of Madoc, too,  
Dwelt on his foe ; his countenance was calm,  
Something more pale than wonted, like a man  
Prepared to meet his death. The Azteca  
Fiercely began the fight ; now here, now there,  
Aright, aleft, above, below, he wheeled  
The rapid sword : still Madoc's rapid eye  
Pursued the motion, and his ready shield,  
In prompt interposition, caught the blow,  
Or turned its edge aside. Nor did the Prince  
Yet aim the sword to wound, but held it forth,  
Another shield, to save him, till his hand,  
Familiar with its weight and shape uncouth,  
Might wield it well to vengeance. Thus stood he,  
Baffling the impatient enemy, who now  
Waxed wrathful, thus to waste in idle strokes,

Reiterate so oft, his bootless strength.  
 And now yet more exasperate he grew ;  
 For, from the eager multitude, was heard,  
 Amid the din of undistinguished sounds,  
 The Tyger's murmured name, as though they thought,  
 Had he been on the stone, ere this, besure,  
 The Gods had tasted of their sacrifice,  
 Now all too long delayed. Then fiercelier,  
 And yet more rapidly, he drove the sword ;  
 But still the wary Prince or met its fall,  
 And broke the force, or bent him from the blow ;  
 And now retiring, and advancing now,  
 As one free foot permitted, still provoked,  
 And baffled still, the savage ; and sometimes,  
 With cautious strength, did Madoc aim attack,  
 Mastering each moment now with abler sway  
 The acquainted sword. But, though as yet unharmed  
 In life or limb, more perilous the strife  
 Grew momentarily ; for, with repeated strokes,  
 Battered and broken now, the shield hung loose ;  
 And shouts of triumph from the multitude  
 Arose, as, piece-meal, they beheld it fall,  
 And saw the Prince exposed.

That welcome sight,  
 Those welcome sounds, inspired Ocelopan ;  
 He felt each limb new-strung. Impatient now  
 Of conquest long delayed, with wilder rage  
 He drives the weapon ; Madoc's lifted sword  
 Received its edge, and shivered with the blow.  
 A shriek of transport burst from all around ;  
 For lo ! the White King, shieldless, weaponless,  
 Naked before his foe ! That savage foe,  
 Dallying with the delight of victory,  
 Drew back a moment, to enjoy the sight,  
 Then yelled in triumph, and sprang on to give  
 The consummating blow. Madoc beheld  
 The coming death ; he darted up his hand,  
 Instinctively, to save, and caught the wrist  
 In its mid fall, and drove, with desperate force,  
 The splintered truncheon of his broken sword  
 Full in the enemy's face. Beneath his eye  
 It broke its way, and, where the nasal nerves  
 Branch, in fine fibrils, o'er their mazy seat,  
 Burst through, and, slanting upward, in the brain  
 Buried its jagged point.

Madoc himself  
 Stood at his fall astonished, at escape

Unhoped, and strange success. The multitude  
 Beheld, and they were silent, and they stood  
 Gazing in terror. But far other thoughts  
 Rose in the Tyger's heart ; it was a joy  
 To Tlalala ; and forth he sprung, and up  
 The Stone of Sacrifice, and called aloud  
 To bring the Prince another sword and shield,  
 For his last strife. Then, in that interval,  
 Upon Ocelopan he fixed his eyes,  
 Contemplating the dead, as though thereby  
 To kindle in his heart a fiercer thirst  
 For vengeance. Nor to Madoc was the sting  
 Of anger wanting, when, in Tlalala,  
 He knew the captive whom his mercy freed,  
 The man whose ambush had that day destroyed  
 Young Hoel and himself ; . . for, sure, he deemed  
 Young Hoel was with God, and he himself  
 At his death-day arrived. And now he graspt  
 A second sword, and held again the shield ;  
 And from the Stone of Blood Ocelopan  
 Was borne away ; and, fresh in arms, and fierce  
 With all that makes a savage thirst for war,  
 Hope, vengeance, courage, superstitious hate,

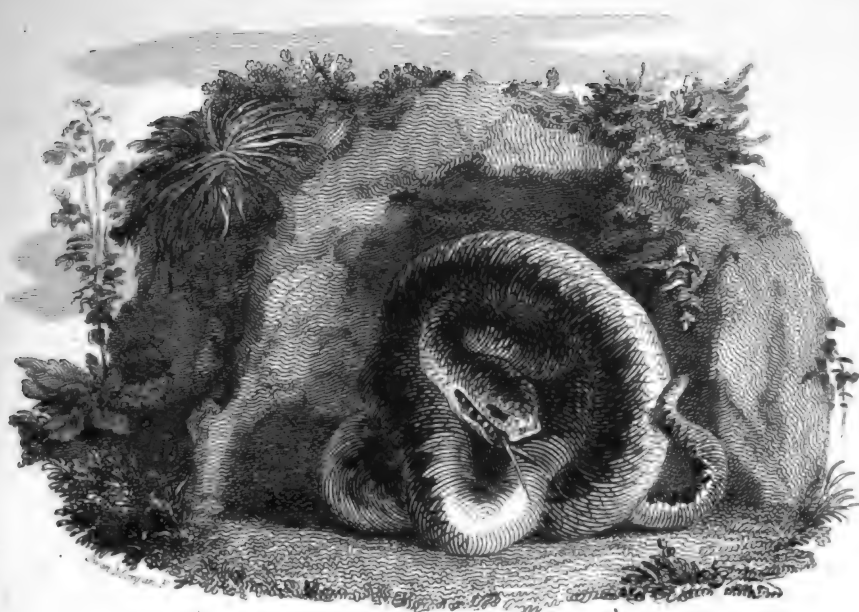


A second foe came on. By this the Prince  
 Could wield his weapon well ; and dreading now  
 Lest, in protracted combat, he should stand  
 Again defenceless, he put forth his strength,  
 As oft assailing as assailed, and watched  
 So well the Tyger's motions, and received  
 The Tyger's blows so warily, and aimed  
 His own so fierce and fast, that in the crowd  
 Doubt and alarm prevailed. Ilanquel grew  
 Pale at her husband's danger ; and she clasped  
 The infant to her breast, whom late she held  
 On high, to see his victory. The throng  
 Of the beholders silently looked on ;  
 And in their silence might at times be heard  
 An indrawn breath of terror ; and the Priests  
 Angrily murmured, that, in evil hour,  
 Coanocotzin had indulged the pride  
 Of vaunting valour, and from certain death  
 Reprieved the foe.

But now a murmur rose  
 Amid the multitude ; and they who stood  
 So thickly thronged, and with such eager eyes  
 Late watched the fight, now hastily broke up,

And, with disordered speed and sudden arms,  
 Ran to the city gates. More eager then,  
 Conscious of what had chanced, fought Tlalala ;  
 And hope invigorated Madoc's heart ;  
 For well he weened Cadwallon was at hand,  
 Leading his gallant friends. Aright he weened !  
 Cadwallon was at hand ! His gallant friends  
 Came from their mountains with impetuous speed,  
 To save or to revenge. Nor long endured  
 The combat now : the Priests ascend the stone,  
 And bid the Tyger hasten to defend  
 His country and his Gods ; and, hand and foot,  
 Binding the captive Prince, they bear him thence,  
 And lay him in the temple. Then his heart  
 Resigned itself to death, and Madoc thought  
 Of Llaian and Goervyl ; and he felt  
 That death was dreadful. But not so the King  
 Permitted ; but not so had God decreed ;  
 For noble was the King of Aztlan's heart,  
 And pure his tongue from falsehood : he had said,  
 That by the warrior's death should Madoc die ;  
 Nor dared the Pabas violently break  
 The irrevocable word. There Madoc lay

In solitude ; the distant battle reached  
His ear ; inactive and in bonds he lay,  
Expecting the dread issue, and almost  
Wished for the perils of the fight again.



M A D D C

I R

A Z C T A R

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## XV.

Not unprepared Cadwallon found the sons  
Of Aztlan, nor defenceless were her walls ;  
But when the Britons' distant march was seen,  
A ready army issued from her gates,  
And dight themselves to battle : these the King  
Coanocotzin had, with timely care,  
And provident for danger, thus arrayed.  
Forth issuing from the gates, they met the foe,  
And with the sound of sonorous instruments,  
And with their shouts and screams and yells, drove back  
The Britons' fainter war-cry, as the swell  
Of ocean, flowing onward, up its course  
Forces the river-stream. Their darts and stones  
Fell like the rain-drops of the summer-shower,  
So fast ; and on the helmet and the shield,  
On the strong corselet and the netted mail,

So innocent they fell. But not in vain  
 The bowyers of Deheubarth sent, that day,  
 Their iron bolts abroad ; those winged deaths  
 Descended on the naked multitude,  
 And through the chieftain's quilted gossampine,  
 Through feathery breastplate, and effulgent gold,  
 They reached the life.

But soon no interval  
 For archer's art was left, nor scope for flight  
 Of stone from whirling sling ; both hosts, alike  
 Impatient for the proof of war, press on ;  
 The Aztecas, to shun the arrowy storm,  
 The Cymry, to release their Lord, or heap  
 Aztlan in ruins, for his monument.  
 Spear against spear, and shield to shield, and breast  
 To breast, they met ; equal in force of limb  
 And strength of heart, in resolute resolve,  
 And stubborn effort of determined wrath : ,  
 The few, advantaged by their iron mail ;  
 The weaker armed, of near retreat assured,  
 And succour close at hand, in tenfold troops  
 Their foemen overnumbering. And of all  
 That mighty multitude, did every man

Of either host, alike inspired by all  
 That stings to will, and strengthens to perform,  
 Then put forth all his power ; for well they knew  
 Aztlan that day must triumph or must fall.  
 Then sword and mace on helm and buckler rang,  
 And hurtling javelins whirled along the sky.  
 Nor when they hurled the javelin, did the sons  
 Of Aztlan, prodigal of weapons, loose  
 The lance, to serve them for no second stroke ;  
 A line of ample measure still retained  
 The missile shaft ; and when the blow was spent,  
 Swiftly the dextrous spearman coiled the string,  
 And sped again the artificer of death.  
 Rattling, like summer hailstones, they descend,  
 But from the Britons' iron panoply,  
 Baffled and blunted, fell ; nor more availed  
 The stony falchion there, whose broken edge  
 Inflicts no second wound ; nor profited,  
 On the strong buckler, or the crested helm,  
 The knotty club ; though fast, in blinding showers,  
 Those javelins fly, those heavy weapons fall  
 With stunning weight. Meantime, with wonted strength,



The men of Gwyneth through their fenceless foes  
Those lances thrust, whose terrors had so oft  
Affrayed the Saxons, and whose home-driven points  
So oft had pierced the Normen's knightly arms.  
Little did then his pomp of plumes bestead  
The Azteca, or glittering pride of gold,  
Against the tempered sword ; little his casque,  
Gay with its feathery coronal, or drest  
In graven terrors, when the Briton's hand  
Drove in, through helm and head, the spiked mace,  
Or swung its iron weights, with shattering sway,  
Which where they fell destroyed. Beneath those arms  
The men of Aztlan sunk ; and whoso dropt,  
Dead or disabled, him his comrades bore  
Away, with instant caution, lest the sight  
Of those whom they had slaughtered might inspire  
The foe with hope and courage. Fast they fell,  
And fast were resupplied, man after man  
Succeeding to the death. Nor in the town  
Did now the sight of their slain countrymen,  
Momently carried in, and piled in heaps,  
Create one thought of fear. Hark ! through the streets  
Of Aztlan, how from house to house, and tower

To tower reiterate, Paynalton's name  
 Calls all her sons to battle ! at whose name  
 All must go forth, and follow to the field  
 The Leader of the Armies of the Gods,  
 Whom, in his unseen power, Mexitli now  
 Sends out to lead his people. They, in crowds,  
 Throng for their weapons to the House of Arms,  
 Beneath their guardian Deity preserved,  
 Through years of peace ; and there the Pabas stood  
 Within the temple-court, and dealt around  
 The ablution of the Stone of Sacrifice,  
 Bidding them, with the holy beverage,  
 Imbibe diviner valour, strength of arm  
 Not to be wearied, hope of victory,  
 And certain faith of endless joy in Heaven,  
 Their sure reward. . . Oh ! happy, cried the Priests,  
 Your brethren who have fallen ! already they  
 Have joined the company of blessed souls ;  
 Already they, with song and harmony,  
 And in the dance of beauty, are gone forth,  
 To follow, down his western path of light,  
 Yon Sun, the Prince of Glory, from the world  
 Retiring, to the palace of his rest.

Oh, happy they, who for their country's cause,  
 And for their Gods, shall die the brave man's death !  
 Them will their country consecrate with praise !  
 Them will the Gods reward ! .. They heard the Priests,  
 Intoxicate, and from the gate swarmed out,  
 Tumultuous, to the fight of martyrdom.

But when Cadwallon, every moment, saw  
 The enemies increase, and with what rage  
 Of drunken valour to the fight they rushed,  
 He, against that impetuous attack,  
 As best he could, providing, formed the troops  
 Of Britain into one collected mass.  
 Three equal sides it offered to the foe,  
 Close and compact ; no multitude could break  
 The condensed strength : its narrow point prest on,  
 Entering the throng's resistance, like a wedge,  
 Still from behind impelled. So thought the Chief  
 Likeliest the gates of Aztlan might be gained,  
 And Hoel and the Prince preserved, if yet  
 They were among mankind. Nor could the force  
 Of hostile thousands break that strength condensed,  
 Against whose iron sides the stream of war

Rolled unavailing, as the ocean waves,  
Which, idly, round some insulated rock,  
Foam furious, warning, with their silvery smoke,  
The mariner far off. Nor could the point  
Of that compacted body, though it bore  
Right on the foe, and, with united force,  
Pressed on to enter, through the multitude  
Win now its difficult way ; as where the sea  
Pours through some strait its violent waters, swoln  
By inland fresh, vainly the oarmen there,  
With all their weight and strength, essay to drive  
Their galley through the pass, the stress and strain  
Availing scarce to stem the impetuous tide.

And hark ! above the deafening din of fight,  
Another shout, heard like the thunder-peal,  
Amid the war of winds ! Lincoya comes,  
Leading the mountain-dwellers. From the shock  
Aztlán recoiled. And now a second troop  
Of Britons to the town advanced, for war  
Impatient, and revenge. Cadwallon these,  
With tidings of their gallant Prince enthralled,  
Had summoned from the ships. That dreadful tale

Roused them to fury. Not a man was left  
 To guard the fleet ; for who could have endured  
 That idle duty ? who could have endured  
 The long, inactive, miserable hours,  
 And hope, and expectation, and the rage  
 Of maddening anguish ? Ririd led them on ;  
 In whom a brother's love had called not up  
 More spirit-stirring pain, than trembled now  
 In every British heart ; so dear to all  
 Was Madoc. On they came ; and Aztlan then  
 Had fled appalled ; but, in that dangerous hour,  
 Her faith preserved her. From the gate, her Priests  
 Rushed desperate out, and to the foremost rank  
 Forced their wild way, and fought with martyr zeal.  
 Through all the host contagious fury spread :  
 Nor had the sight that hour enabled them  
 To mightier efforts, had Mexitli, clad  
 In all his imaged terrors, gone before  
 Their way, and driven upon his enemies  
 His giant club, destroying. Then more fierce  
 The conflict grew ; the din of arms, the yell  
 Of savage rage, the shriek of agony,  
 The groan of death, commingled in one sound

Of undistinguished horrors; while the Sun,  
Retiring slow beneath the plain's far verge,  
Shed o'er the quiet hills his fading light.

## XVI.

Silent and solitary is thy vale,  
Caermadoc ! and how melancholy now  
That solitude and silence ! . . broad noon-day,  
And not a sound of human life is there !  
The fisher's net, abandoned in his haste,  
Sways idly in the waters ; in the tree,  
Which its last stroke had pierced, the hatchet hangs ;  
The birds, beside the mattock and the spade,  
Hunt in the new-turned mould, and fearlessly  
Fly through the cage-work of the imperfect wall ;  
Or through the vacant dwelling's open door,  
Pass and repass secure.

In Madoc's house,  
And on his bed of reeds, Goervyl lies,  
Her face toward the ground. She neither weeps,  
Nor sighs, nor groans ; too strong her agony

For outward sign of anguish, and for prayer  
 Too hopeless was the ill : and though, at times,  
 The pious exclamation past her lips,  
 Thy will be done ! yet was that utterance  
 Rather the breathing of a broken heart,  
 Than of a soul resigned. Mervyn, beside,  
 Hangs over his dear mistress silently,  
 Having no hope nor comfort to bestow,  
 Nor aught but sobs, and unavailing tears.  
 The women of Caermadoc, like a flock  
 Collected in their panic, stand around  
 The house of their lost leader ; and they, too,  
 Are mute in their despair. Llaian alone  
 Is absent, wildly hath she wandered forth,  
 To seek her child ; and such the general woe,  
 That none hath marked her absence : yet have they,  
 Though unprotected thus, no selfish fear ;  
 The sudden evil had destroyed all thought,  
 All sense, of present danger to themselves,  
 All foresight.

Yet new terrors ! Malinal,  
 Panting with speed, bursts in, and takes the arms  
 Of Madoc down. Goervyl, at that sound,



Started in sudden hope ; but when she saw  
 The Azteca, she uttered a faint scream  
 Of wrongful fear, remembering not the proofs  
 Of his tried truth, nor recognizing aught  
 In those known features, save their hostile hue.  
 But he, by worser fear abating soon  
 Her vain alarm, exclaimed, I saw a band  
 Of Hoamen coming up the straits, for ill,  
 Besure, for Amalahta leads them on.  
 Buckle this harness on, that, being armed,  
 I may defend the entrance.

Scarce had she  
 Fastened the breast-plate with her trembling hands,  
 When, flying from the sight of men in arms,  
 The women crowded in. Hastily he seized  
 The shield and spear, and on the threshold took  
 His stand ; but, wakened now to provident thought,  
 Goervyl, following, helmed him. There was now  
 No time to gird the bauldric on ; she held  
 Her brother's sword, and bade him look to her  
 For prompt supply of weapons ; in herself  
 Being resolved not idly to abide,  
 Nor unprepared of hand or heart to meet

The issue of the danger, nor to die  
Reluctant now.

Rightly had they divined  
The Hoaman's felon purpose. When he heard  
The fate of Madoc, from his mother's eye  
He masked his secret joy, and took his arms,  
And to the rescue, with the foremost band,  
Set forth. But soon, upon the way, he told  
The associates of his crime, that now their hour  
Of triumph was arrived ; Caermadoc, left  
Defenceless, would become, with all its wealth,  
The spoilers' easy prey, raiment and arms  
And iron ; skins of that sweet beverage,  
Which to a sense of its own life could stir  
The joyful blood ; the women, above all,  
Whom to the forest they might bear away,  
To be their slaves, if so their pleasure was ;  
Or, yielding them to Aztlan, for such prize  
Receive a royal guerdon. Twelve there were,  
Long leagued with him in guilt, who turned aside.  
And they have reached Caermadoc now, and now  
Rush onward, where they see the women fly ;  
When, on the threshold, clad in Cimbric arms,

And with long lance protended, Malinal  
 Rebuffs them from the entrance. At that sight,  
 Suddenly quailed, they stood, as midnight thieves  
 Who find the master waking ; but ere long,  
 Gathering assured courage, as they saw  
 No other guard, pressed forward, and essayed  
 To turn his spear aside. Its steady point,  
 True to the impelling strength, held on, and thrust  
 The foremost through the breast, and breath and blood  
 Followed the re-drawn shaft. Nor seemed the strife  
 Unequal now, though, with their numbers, they  
 Beleaguered in half-ring the door, where he,  
 The sole defender, stood. From side to side,  
 So well and swiftly did he veer the lance,  
 That every enemy beheld its point  
 Aimed at himself direct. But chief on one  
 Had Malinal his deadly purpose fixed,  
 On Amalahta ; by his death to quell  
 The present danger, and cut off the root  
 Of many an evil, certain else to spring  
 From that accursed stock. On him his eye  
 Turned with more eager wilfulness, and dwelt  
 With keener ken ; and now, with sudden step

Bending his body on, at him he drives  
The meditated blow : but that ill Prince,  
As chiefly sought, so chiefly fearing, swerved  
Timely aside ; and ere the Azteca  
Recovered from the frustrate aim, the spear  
Was seized, and from his hold, by stress and weight  
Of numbers, wrenched. He, facing still the foe,  
And holding at arms-length the targe, put back  
His hand, and called Goervyl, and from her  
Received the sword ; . . in time, for the enemy  
Prest on so near, that having now no scope  
To raise his arm, he drove the blade straight on.  
It entered at the mouth of one who stood  
With face aslant, and glanced along the teeth,  
Through to the ear, then, slivering downward, left  
The cheek-flap dangling. He, in that same point  
Of time, as if a single impulse gave  
Birth to the double action, dashed his shield  
Against another's head, with so fierce swing  
And sway of strength, that this third enemy  
Fell at his feet. Astounded by such proof  
Of prowess, and by unexpected loss  
Dismayed, the foe gave back, beyond the reach

Of his strong arm ; and there awhile they stood,  
Beholding him at bay, and counselling  
How best to work their vengeance upon him,  
Their sole opponent. Soon did they behold  
The vantage, overlooked by hasty hope,  
How vulnerable he stood, his arms and thighs  
Bare for their butt. At once they bent their bows ;  
At once ten arrows fled : seven, shot in vain,  
Rung on his shield ; but, with unhappier mark,  
Two shafts hung quivering in his leg ; a third  
Below the shoulder pierced. Then Malinal  
Groaned, not for anguish of his wounds, but grief  
And agony of spirit ; yet, resolved  
To his last gasp to guard that precious post,  
Nor longer able to endure afoot,  
He, falling on his knees, received, unharmed,  
Upon the shield, now ample for defence,  
Their second shower, and still defied the foe.  
But they, now sure of conquest, hasten on,  
To thrust him down, and he, too, felt his strength  
Ebbing away. Goervyl, in that hour  
Of horror and despair, collected still,  
Caught him, and by the shoulders drew him in ;

And, calling on her comrades, with their help  
 Shut to the door in time, and with their weight  
 Secured it, not their strength ; for she alone,  
 Found worthy of her noble ancestry,  
 In this emergence, felt her faculties  
 All present, and heroic strength of heart,  
 To cope with danger, and contempt of death.  
 Shame on ye, British women ! shame ! exclaimed  
 The daughter of King Owen, as she saw  
 The trembling hands and bloodless countenance,  
 Pale as sepulchral marble ; silent some ;  
 Others, with womanish cries, lamenting now  
 That ever, in unhappy hour, they left  
 Their native land ; . . a pardonable fear ;  
 For hark ! the war-whoop ! sound, whereto the howl  
 Of tygers or hyænas, heard at night  
 By captive from barbarian foes escaped,  
 And wandering in the pathless wilderness,  
 Were music. Shame on ye ! Goervyl cried ;  
 Think what your fathers were, your husbands what,  
 And what your sons should be ! These savages  
 Seek not to wreak on ye immediate death ;  
 So are ye safe, if safety such as this

Be worth a thought ; and in the interval  
We yet may gain, by keeping to the last  
This entrance, easily to be maintained  
By us, though women, against foes so few.  
Who knows what succour chance, or timely thought  
Of our own friends may send, or Providence,  
Who slumbereth not? . . While thus she spake, a hand  
In at the window camè, of one who sought  
That way to win the entrance. She drew out  
The arrow through the arm of Malinal,  
With gentle care, . . the readiest weapon that, . .  
And held it short above the bony barb,  
And, adding deeds to words, with all her might  
She stabbed it through the hand. The sudden pain  
Provoked a cry, and back the savage fell,  
Loosening his hold, and maimed for farther war.  
Nay ! leave that entrance open ! she exclaimed  
To one who would have closed it, . . who comes next  
Shall not go thence so cheaply ! . . for she now  
Had taken up a spear, to guard that way,  
Easily guarded even by female might.  
O heart of proof ! what now avails thy worth  
And excellent courage ? for the savage foe,

With mattock and with spade, for other use  
 Designed, hew now upon the door, and rend  
 The wattled sides ; and they within shrink back,  
 For now it splinters through, . . and lo, the way  
 Is open to the spoiler !

Then once more,  
 Collecting his last strength, did Malinal  
 Rise on his knees, and over him the maid  
 Stands with the ready spear, she guarding him  
 Who guarded her so well. Roused to new force  
 By that exampled valour, and with will  
 To atchieve one service yet before he died,  
 If death indeed, as sure he thought, were nigh,  
 Malinal gathered up his fainting powers,  
 And, reaching forward, with a blow that threw  
 His body on, upon the knee he smote  
 One Hoaman more, and brought him to the ground.  
 The foe fell over him ; but he, prepared,  
 Threw him with sudden jerk aside, and rose  
 Upon one hand, and, with the other, plunged  
 Between his ribs the mortal blade. Meantime  
 Amalahta, rushing, in blind eagerness,  
 To seize Goervyl, set at nought the power



Of female hand, and, stooping, as he came,  
Beneath her spear-point, thought with lifted arm  
To turn the thrust aside. But she drew back,  
And lowered at once the spear, with aim so sure,  
That on the front it met him, and ploughed up  
The whole scalp-length. He, blinded by the blood,  
Staggered aside, escaping, by that chance,  
A second push, else mortal. And by this,  
The women, learning courage from despair,  
And by Goervyl's bold example fired,  
Took heart, and rushing on with one accord  
Drove out the foe. Then took they hope ; for then  
They saw but seven remain in plight for war ;  
And, knowing their own number, in the pride  
Of strength, caught up stones, staves, or axe, or spear,  
To hostile use converting whatsoe'er  
The hasty hand could seize. Such fierce attack  
Confused the ruffian band ; nor had they room  
To aim the arrow, nor to speed the spear,  
Each now beset by many. But their Prince,  
Still mindful of his purport, called to them, . .  
Secure my passage while I bear away  
The White King's Sister ! having her, the law

Of peace is in our power. . . And on he went  
 Toward Goervyl, and, with sudden turn,  
 While on another foe her eye was fixed,  
 Ran in upon her, and stoopt down, and claspt  
 The Maid above the knees, and throwing her  
 Over his shoulder, to the valley straits  
 Set off: . . ill seconded in ill attempt ;  
 For now his comrades are too close beset  
 To aid their chief, and Mervyn hath beheld  
 His Lady's peril. At the sight, inspired  
 With force, as if indeed that manly garb  
 Had clothed a manly heart, the Page ran on,  
 And with a bill-hook striking at his ham,  
 Cut the back-sinews. Amalahta fell ;  
 The Maid fell with him ; and she first hath risen,  
 While, grovelling on the earth, he gnashed his teeth  
 For agony. Yet, even in those pangs,  
 Remembering still revenge, he turned and seized  
 Goervyl's skirt, and plucked her to the ground,  
 And rolled himself upon her, and essayed  
 To kneel upon her breast ; but she clenched fast  
 His bloody locks, and drew him down aside,  
 Faint now with anguish, and with loss of blood ;

And Mervyn, coming to her help again,  
 As once again he rose, around the neck  
 Seized him, with throttling grasp, and held him down,..  
 Strange strife and horrible ! . . till Malinal  
 Crawled to the spot, and thrust into his groin  
 The mortal sword of Madoc ; he himself,  
 At the same moment, fainting, now no more  
 By his strong will upheld, the service done.  
 The few surviving traitors, at the sight  
 Of their fallen Prince and Leader, now, too late,  
 Believed that some diviner power had given  
 These female arms strength for their overthrow,  
 Themselves proved weak before them, as, of late,  
 Their God, by Madoc crushed.

Away they fled

Toward the valley straits ; but in the gorge  
 Erillyab met their flight ; and then her heart,  
 Boding the evil, smote her, and she bade  
 Her people seize, and bring them on in bonds,  
 For judgment. She herself, with quickened pace,  
 Advanced, to know the worst ; and o'er the dead  
 She cast a rapid glance, and knew her son.  
 She knew him by his garments, by the work

Of her own hands ; for now his face, besmeared  
 And black with gore, and stiffened in its pangs,  
 Bore of the life no semblance. . . God is good !  
 She cried, and closed her eyelids, and her lips  
 Shook, and her countenance changed ; but in her heart  
 She quelled the natural feeling. . . Bear away  
 These wretches ! . . to her followers she exclaimed ;  
 And root them from the earth. Then she approached  
 Goervyl, who was pale and trembling now,  
 Exhausted with past effort ; and she took  
 Gently the Maiden's tremulous hand, and said,  
 God comfort thee, my Sister ! At that voice  
 Of consolation, from her dreamy state,  
 Goervyl, to a sense of all her woe,  
 Awoke, and burst into a gush of tears.  
 God comfort thee, my Sister ! cried the Queen,  
 Even as He strengthens me. I would not raise  
 Deceitful hope, . . but in His hand, even yet,  
 The issue hangs ; and He is merciful.

Yea, Daughter of Aberfraw, take thou hope !  
 For Madoc lives ! . . he lives, to wield the sword  
 Of righteous vengeance, and accomplish all.

## XVII.

Madoc, meantime, in bonds and solitude,  
Lay listening to the tumult. How his heart  
Panted ! how, then, with fruitless strength, he strove  
And struggled for enlargement, as the sound  
Of battle, from without the city, came ;  
While all things near were still, nor foot of man,  
Nor voice, in that deserted part, were heard.  
At length one light and solitary step  
Approached the place ; a woman crossed the door.  
From Madoc's busy mind her image passed,  
Quick as the form that caused it ; but not so  
Did the remembrance fly from Coatel,  
That Madoc lay in bonds. That thought possessed  
Her soul, and made her, as she garlanded  
The fane of Coatlantona with flowers,  
Tremble in strong emotion.

It was now

The hour of dusk ; the Pabas all were gone,  
Gone to the battle ; . . none could see her steps ;  
The gate was nigh. A momentary thought  
Shot through her ; she delayed not to reflect,  
But hastened to the Prince, and took the knife  
Of sacrifice, that by the altar hung,  
And cut his bonds, and, with an eager eye,  
Motioning haste and silence, to the gate  
She led him. Fast along the forest way,  
And fearfully, he followed to the chasm.  
She beckoned, and descended, and drew out,  
From underneath her vest, a cage, or net  
It rather might be called, so fine the twigs  
Which knit it, where, confined, two fire-flies gave  
Their lustre. By that light did Madoc first  
Behold the features of his lovely guide ;  
And through the entrance of the cavern gloom,  
He followed in full trust.

Now have they reached  
The abrupt descent ; there Coatel held forth  
Her living lamp, and turning, with a smile,  
Sweet as good Angels wear when they present

Their mortal charge before the throne of Heaven,  
She showed where little Hoel slept below.  
Poor child ! he lay upon that very spot,  
The last whereto his feet had followed her ;  
And, as he slept, his hand was on the bones  
Of one, who, years ago, had perished there ;  
There, on the place where last his wretched eyes  
Could catch the gleam of day. But when the voice,  
The well-known voice, of Madoc wakened him, . .  
His Uncle's voice, . . he started, with a scream  
That echoed through the cavern's winding length,  
And stretched his arms to reach him. Madoc hushed  
The dangerous transport, raised him up the ascent,  
And followed Coatel again, whose face,  
Though tears of pleasure still were coursing down,  
Betokened fear and haste. Adown the wood  
They went ; and, coasting now the lake, her eye  
First what they sought beheld, a light canoe,  
Moored to the bank. Then in her arms she took  
The child, and kissed him with maternal love,  
And placed him in the boat ; but when the Prince,  
With looks and gestures and imperfect words,  
Such as the look, the gesture, well explained,

Urged her to follow, doubtfully she stood ;  
 A dread of danger, for the thing she had done,  
 Came on her, and Lincoya rose to mind.  
 Almost she had resolved ; but then she thought  
 Of her dear father, whom that flight would leave  
 Alone in age ; how he would weep for her,  
 As one among the dead, and to the grave  
 Go sorrowing ; or, if ever it were known  
 What she had dared, that on his head the weight  
 Of punishment would fall. That dreadful fear  
 Resolved her ; and she waved her head, and raised  
 Her hand, to bid the Prince depart in haste,  
 With looks, whose painful seriousness forbade  
 All farther effort. Yet unwillingly,  
 And boding evil, Madoc from the shore  
 Pushed off his little boat. She on its way  
 Stood gazing for a moment, lost in thought,  
 Then struck into the woods.

Swift through the lake  
 Madoc's strong arm impelled the light canoe.  
 Fainter and fainter, to his distant ear,  
 The sound of battle came ; and now the Moon  
 Arose in heaven, and poured o'er lake and land



A soft and mellowing ray. Along the shore  
 Llaian was wandering, with distracted steps,  
 And groaning for her child. She saw the boat  
 Approach ; and as on Madoc's naked limbs,  
 And on his countenance, the moonbeam fell,  
 And as she saw the boy in that dim light,  
 It seemed as though the Spirits of the dead  
 Were moving on the waters ; and she stood  
 With open lips, that breathed not, and fixed eyes,  
 Watching the unreal shapes : but when the boat  
 Drew nigh, and Madoc landed, and she saw  
 His step substantial, and the child came near,  
 Unable then to move, or speak, or breathe,  
 Down on the sand she sunk.

But who can tell,  
 But who can feel, her agony of joy,  
 When, by the Prince's care restored to sense,  
 She knew her child, she heard once more the name  
 Of mother from that voice, which, sure, she thought  
 Had poured upon some Priest's remorseless ear  
 Its last vain prayer for life. No tear relieved  
 The insupportable feeling, that convulsed  
 Her swelling breast. She looked, and looked, and felt

The child, lest some delusion should have mocked  
 Her soul to madness ; then the gushing joy  
 Burst forth, and with caresses and with tears  
 She mingled broken prayers of thank to heaven.

And now the Prince, when joy had had its course,  
 Said to her, Knowest thou the mountain path ?  
 For I would to the battle. But at that,  
 A sudden damp of dread came over her, . .  
 O leave us not ! she cried ; lest haply ill  
 Should have befallen ! for I remember now,  
 How in the woods I saw a savage band  
 Making toward Caermadoc, and I hid,  
 Lest they should stop my going. God forefend  
 The evil that I fear ! . . What ! Madoc cried,  
 Were ye then left defenceless ? . . She replied,  
 All fled to arms : there was no time for thought,  
 Nor counsel, in that sudden ill ; nor one  
 Of all thy people, who could, in that hour,  
 Have brooked home-duty, when thy life or death  
 Hung on the chance.

Now God be merciful !  
 Cried he ; . . for of Goervyl did he think,

And the cold sweat started at every pore. . .  
Give me the boy ! . . he travels all too slow.  
Then in his arms he took him, and sped on,  
Suffering more painful terrors, than, of late,  
His own near death provoked. They held their way  
In silence up the heights ; and when, at length,  
They reached the valley entrance, there the Prince  
Bade her remain, while he went on, to spy  
The footsteps of the spoiler. Soon he saw  
Men, in the moonlight, stretched upon the ground ;  
And quickening then his pace, in worse alarm,  
Along the shade, with cautious step, he moved  
Toward one, to seize his weapons : 'twas a corpse ;  
Nor whether, at the sight, to hope or fear  
Yet knew he. But anon, a steady light,  
As of a taper, seen in his own home,  
Comforted him ; and, drawing nearer now,  
He saw his sister on her knees, beside  
The rushes, ministering to a wounded man.  
Safe that the dear one lived, then back he sped,  
With joyful haste, and summoned Llaian on,  
And in loud talk advanced. Erillyab first  
Came forward at the sound ; for she had faith

To trust the voice. . . They live! they live! she cried;  
 God hath redeemed them! . . Nor the Maiden yet  
 Believed the actual joy : like one astound,  
 Or as if struggling with a dream, she stood,  
 Till he came close, and spread his arms, and called,  
 Goervyl! . . . and she fell in his embrace.

But Madoc lingered not ; his eager soul  
 Was in the war ; in haste he donned his arms ;  
 And, as he felt his own good sword again,  
 Exulting played his heart. . . Boy, he exclaimed  
 To Mervyn, arm thyself, and follow me !  
 For, in this conquest, we shall break the power  
 Of our blood-thirsty foe : and, in thine age,  
 Wouldst thou not wish, when young men crowd around,  
 To hear thee chronicle their fathers' deeds,  
 Wouldst thou not wish to add, . . And I, too, fought  
 In that day's conflict ?

Mervyn's cheek turned pale

A moment, then, with terror all suffused,  
 Grew fever-red. Nay, nay ! Goervyl cried,  
 He is too young for battles ! . . But the Prince,  
 With erring judgment, in that fear-flushed cheek

Beheld the glow of enterprizing hope,  
 And youthful courage. I was such a boy,  
 Sister ! he cried, at Counsyllt ; and that day,  
 In my first field, with stripling arm, smote down  
 Many a tall Saxon. Saidest thou not but now,  
 How bravely, in the fight of yesterday,  
 He fleshed his sword,..and wouldst thou keep him here,  
 And rob him of his glory ? See his cheek !  
 How it hath crimsoned at the unworthy thought !  
 Arm ! arm ! and to the battle !

How her heart

Then panted ! how, with late regret, and vain,  
 Senena wished Goervyl then had heard  
 The secret, trembling on her lips so oft,  
 So oft by shame withheld. She thought that now  
 She could have fallen upon her Lady's neck,  
 And told her all ; but when she saw the Prince,  
 Imperious shame forbade her, and she felt  
 It were an easier thing to die than speak.  
 Availed not now regret or female fear !  
 She mailed her delicate limbs ; beneath the plate  
 Compressed her bosom ; on her golden locks  
 The helmet's overheavy load she placed ;

Hung from her neck the shield ; and, though the sword  
Which swung beside her lightest she had chosen,  
Though in her hand she held the slenderest spear,  
Alike unwieldy, for the maiden's grasp,  
The sword and ashen lance. But as she touched  
The murderous point, an icy shudder ran  
Through every fibre of her trembling frame ;  
And, overcome by womanly terror then,  
The damsel to Goervyl turned, and let  
Her breast-plate fall, and on her bosom placed  
The Lady's hand, and hid her face, and cried  
Save me ! The warrior, who beheld the act,  
And heard not the low voice, with angry eye  
Glowed on the seemly boy of feeble heart.  
But, in Goervyl, joy had overpowered  
The wonder ; joy, to find the boy she loved  
Was one, to whom her heart with closer love  
Might cling ; and to her brother she exclaimed,  
She must not go ! We women in the war  
Have done our parts.

A moment Madoc dwelt  
On the false Mervyn, with an eye from whence  
Displeasure did not wholly pass away.

Nor loitering to resolve Love's riddle now,  
 To Malinal he turned, where, on his couch,  
 The wounded youth was laid. . . True friend, said he,  
 And brother mine, . . for, truly, by that name  
 I trust to greet thee, . . if, in this near fight,  
 My hour should overtake me, . . as who knows  
 The lot of war ? . . Goervyl hath my charge  
 To quite thee, for thy service, with herself ;  
 That so thou mayest raise up seed to me  
 Of mine own blood, who may inherit here  
 The obedience of thy people and of mine. . . .  
 Malinal took his hand, and to his lips  
 Feebly he prest it, saying, One boon more,  
 Father and friend, I ask ! . . if thou shouldst meet  
 Yuhidthiton in battle, think of me.

## XVIII.

Merciful God ! how horrible is night  
Upon the plain of Aztlan ! there the shout  
Of battle, the barbarian yell, the bray  
Of dissonant instruments, the clang of arms,  
The shriek of agony, the groan of death,  
In one wild uproar and continuous din,  
Shake the still air ; while, overhead, the Moon,  
Regardless of the stir of this low world,  
Holds on her heavenly way. Still, unallayed  
By slaughter, raged the battle, unrelaxed  
By lengthened toil ; anger supplying still  
Strength undiminished, for the desperate strife.  
And lo ! where yonder, on the temple top,  
Blazing aloft, the sacrificial fire  
Scene more accurst and hideous than the war  
Displays to all the vale ; for whosoe'er



That night the Aztecas could bear away,  
 Hoaman or Briton, thither was he borne ;  
 And, as they stretched him on the stone of blood,  
 Did the huge trumpet of the God, with voice  
 Loud as the thunder-peal, and heard as far,  
 Proclaim the act of death, more visible  
 Than in broad day-light, by those midnight fires  
 Distinctlier seen. Sight, that with horror filled  
 The Cymry, and to mightier efforts roused.  
 Howbeit, this abhorred idolatry  
 Worked for their safety ; the deluded foes,  
 Obstinate in their faith, forbearing still  
 The mortal stroke, that they might to the God  
 Present the living victim, and to him  
 Let the life flow.

And now the orient sky  
 Glowed with the ruddy morning, when the Prince  
 Came to the field. He lifted up his voice,  
 And shouted, Madoc ! Madoc ! They who heard  
 The cry, astonished, turned ; and when they saw  
 The countenance his open helm disclosed,  
 They echoed, Madoc ! Madoc ! Through the host  
 Spread the miraculous joy, . . He lives ! he lives !

He comes himself in arms ! . . Lincoya heard,  
 As he had raised his arm to strike a foe,  
 And stayed the stroke, and thrust him off, and cried,  
 Go, tell the tidings to thy countrymen,  
 Madoc is in the war ! Tell them his God  
 Hath set the White King free ! Astonishment  
 Seized on the Azteca ; on all who heard,  
 Amazement and dismay ; and Madoc now  
 Stood in the foremost battle, and his sword, . .  
 His own good sword, . . flashed, like the sudden death  
 Of lightning, in their eyes.

The King of Aztlan

Heard and beheld, and in his noble heart  
 Heroic hope arose. Forward he moved,  
 And, in the shock of battle, front to front,  
 Encountered Madoc. A strong statured man  
 Coanocotzin stood, one well who knew  
 The ways of war, and never yet, in fight,  
 Had found an equal foe. Adown his back  
 Hung the long robe of feathered royalty ;  
 Gold fenced his arms and legs ; upon his helm  
 A sculptured snake protends the arrowy tongue ;  
 Around, a coronet of plumes arose,

Brighter than beam the rainbow hues of light,  
 Or than the evening glories, which the sun  
 Slants o'er the moving many-coloured sea,  
 Such their surpassing beauty ; bells of gold  
 Embossed his glittering helmet, and where'er  
 Their sound was heard, there lay the press of war,  
 And Death was busiest there. Over the breast,  
 And o'er the golden breastplate of the King,  
 A feathery cuirass, beautiful to eye,  
 Light as the robe of peace, yet strong to save ;  
 For the sharp falchion's baffled edge would glide  
 From its smooth softness. On his arm he held  
 A buckler, overlaid with beaten gold.  
 And so he stood, guarding his thighs and legs,  
 His breast and shoulders also, with the length  
 Of his broad shield.

Opposed, in mail complete,  
 Stood Madoc in his strength. The flexible chains  
 Gave play to his full muscles, and displayed  
 How broad his shoulders, and his ample breast.  
 Small was his shield, there broadest where it fenced  
 The well of life, and gradual to a point  
 Lessening ; steel-strong, and wieldy in his grasp,

It bore those blazoned eaglets, at whose sight,  
 Along the Marches, or where holy Dee  
 Through Cestrian pastures rolls his tamer stream,  
 So oft the yeoman had, in days of yore,  
 Cursing his perilous tenure, wound the horn,  
 And warden, from the castle-tower, rung out  
 The loud alarum-bell, heard far and wide.  
 Upon his helm no sculptured dragon sate,  
 Sate no fantastic terrors ; a white plume  
 Nodded above, far-seen, floating like foam  
 On the war-tempest. Man to man they stood,  
 The King of Aztlan and the Ocean Chief.

Fast, on the intervening buckler, fell  
 The Azteca's stone faulchion. Who hath watched  
 The midnight lightnings of the summer storm,  
 That, with their awful blaze, irradiate heaven,  
 Then leave a blacker night ? so quick, so fierce,  
 Flashed Madoc's sword, which, like the serpent's tongue,  
 Seemed double, in its rapid whirl of light.  
 Unequal arms ! for on the British shield  
 Availed not the stone faulchion's brittle edge,  
 And, in the golden buckler, Madoc's sword

Bit deep. Coanocotzin saw, and dropt  
 The unprofitable weapon, and received  
 His ponderous club, . . that club, beneath whose force,  
 Driven by his father's arm, Tepollomi  
 Had fallen subdued, . . and fast and fierce he drove  
 The massy weight on Madoc. From his shield,  
 The deadening force, communicated, ran  
 Up his stunned arm ; anon, upon his helm,  
 Crashing, it came ; . . his eyes shot fire, his brain  
 Swam dizzy, . . he recoils, . . he reels, . . again  
 The club descends.

That danger to himself  
 Recalled the Lord of Ocean. On he sprung,  
 Within the falling weapon's curve of death,  
 Shunning its frustrate aim, and breast to breast  
 He grappled with the King. The pliant mail  
 Bent to his straining limbs, while plates of gold,  
 The feathery robe, the buckler's amplitude,  
 Cumbered the Azteca, and from his arm,  
 Clenched in the Briton's mighty grasp, at once  
 He dropt the impeding buckler, and let fall  
 The unfastened club ; which when the Prince beheld,  
 He thrust him off, and, drawing back, resumed

The sword, which from his wrist suspended hung,  
And twice he smote the king ; twice from the quilt  
Of plumes the iron glides ; and lo ! the King,  
So well his soldiers watched their monarch's need,  
Shakes in his hand a spear.

But now a cry  
Burst on the ear of Mádóc, and he saw  
Through opening ranks, where Urien was conveyed,  
A captive, to his death. Grief, then, and shame  
And rage inspired him. With a mighty blow  
He cleft Coanocotzin's helm ; exposed  
The monarch stood ; . . again the thunder-stroke  
Came on him, and he fell. . . The multitude,  
Forgetful of their country and themselves,  
Crowd round their dying King. Madóc, whose eye  
Still followed Urien, called upon his men,  
And, through the broken army of the foe,  
Prest to his rescue.

But far off the old man  
Was borne with furious speed. Ririd alone  
Pursued his path, and through the thick of war,  
Close on the captors, with avenging sword,  
Followed right on, and through the multitude,

And through the gate of Aztlan, made his way,  
 And through the streets, till, from the temple-mound,  
 The press of Pabas and the populace  
 Repelled him, while the old man was hurried up.  
 Hark ! that infernal trump ! along the lake  
 Its long loud thunders roll, and through the hills,  
 Awakening all their echoes. . . Ye have blown  
 The fall too soon, accursed ! Dogs of Hell !  
 The Hart is yet at bay ! . . Thus long the old man,  
 As one exhausted or resigned, had lain,  
 Resisting not ; but, at that knell of death,  
 Springing with unexpected force, he freed  
 His feet, and shook the Pabas from their hold,  
 And, with his armed hand, between the eyes  
 Smote one so sternly, that to earth he fell,  
 Bleeding, and all astound. A man of proof  
 Was Urien in his day ; thought worthiest,  
 In martial thewes and manly discipline,  
 To train the sons of Owen. He had lost  
 Youth's supple slight ; yet still the skill remained,  
 And in his stiffened limbs a strength, which yet  
 Might put the young to shame. And now he set  
 His back against the altar, resolute

Not as a victim by the knife to die,  
 But in the act of battle, as became  
 A man grown grey in arms : and in his heart  
 There was a living hope ; for now he knew  
 That Madoc lived, nor could the struggle long  
 Endure against his arm.

Soon was the way  
 Laid open by the sword ; for, side by side,  
 The brethren of Aberfraw mowed their path ;  
 And, following close, the Cymry drive along,  
 Till on the summit of the mound, the cry  
 Resounds of victory. Then the temple floor,  
 So often which had reeked with innocent blood,  
 With righteous slaughter steamed. Though frantic now,  
 In the wild fury of their desperate zeal,  
 The Priests crowd round the God, and with their knives  
 Hack at the foe, and call on him to save, . .  
 At the altar, at the Idol's foot they fall.  
 Nor with less frenzy did the multitude  
 Flock to defend their God. Fast as they fell,  
 New victims rushed upon the British sword.  
 And sure that day had rooted from the earth  
 The Aztecas, and on their conquerors drawn



Promiscuous ruin, had not Madoc now  
 Beheld from whence the fearless ardour sprang ; . .  
 They saw Mexitli ; momentarily they hoped  
 That he would rise in vengeance. Madoc seized  
 A massy club, and from his azure throne  
 Shattered the giant idol.

At that sight  
 The men of Aztlan paused ; so was their pause  
 Dreadful, as when a multitude expect  
 The Earthquake's second shock. But when they saw  
 Earth did not open, nor the temple fall  
 To crush their impious enemies, dismayed,  
 They felt themselves forsaken by their Gods ;  
 And then their temples and their homes they fled,  
 And, leaving Aztlan to the conqueror,  
 Sought the near city, whither they had sent  
 Their women, timely saved.

But Tlalala,  
 With growing fury, as the danger grew,  
 Raged in the battle ; but Yuhidthiton  
 Still with calm courage, till no hope remained,  
 Fronted the rushing foe. When all was vain,  
 When back within the gate Cadwallon's force,

Resistless, had compelled them, then the Chief  
 Called on the Tyger, . . Let us bear from hence  
 The dead Ocelopan, the slaughtered King ;  
 Not to the Strangers should their bones be left,  
 O Tlalala ! . . The Tyger wept with rage,  
 With generous anger. To the place of death,  
 Where, side by side, the noble dead were stretched,  
 They fought their way. Eight warriors joined their shields ;  
 On these, a bier which well beseemed the dead,  
 The lifeless Chiefs were laid. Yuhidthiton  
 Called on the people, . . Men of Aztlan ! yet  
 One effort more ! Bear hence Ocelopan,  
 And save the body of your noble King !  
 Not to the Strangers should their bones be left.  
 That whoso heard, with wailing and loud cries,  
 Prest round the body-bearers ; few indeed,  
 For few were they, who, in that fearful hour,  
 Had ears to hear, . . but with a holy zeal,  
 A martyr courage, round the bier they ranged  
 Their bulwark breasts. So toward the farther gate  
 They held their steady way, while outermost,  
 In unabated valour, Tlalala  
 Faced, with Yuhidthiton, the foe's pursuit.

Vain valour then, and fatal piety,  
As the fierce conquerors bore on their retreat,  
If Madoc had not seen their perilous strife :  
Remembering Malinal, and in his heart  
Honouring a gallant foe, he called aloud,  
And bade his people cease the hot pursuit.  
So, through the city gate, they bore away  
The dead ; and, last of all their countrymen,  
Leaving their homes and temples to the foe,  
Yuhidthiton and Tlalala retired.

## XIX.

Southward of Aztlan stood, beside the Lake,  
A city of the Aztecas, by name  
Patamba. Thither, from the first alarm,  
The women and infirm old men were sent,  
And children ; thither they who from the fight,  
And from the fall of Aztlan, had escaped,  
In scattered bands repaired. Their City lost,  
Their Monarch slain, their Idols overthrown, . .  
These tidings spread dismay ; but to dismay  
Succeeded horror soon, and kindling rage,  
Horror, by each new circumstance increased,  
By numbers, rage emboldened. Lo ! to the town,  
Lamenting loud, a numerous train approach,  
Like mountain torrents, swelling as they go.  
Borne in the midst, upon the bier of shields,  
The noble dead were seen. To tenfold grief

That spectacle provoked, to tenfold wrath  
 That anguish stung them. With their yells and groans  
 Curses are mixed, and threats, and bitter vows  
 Of vengeance, full and speedy. From the wreck  
 Of Aztlan who is saved ? Tezozomoc,  
 Chief Servant of the Gods, their favoured Priest,  
 The voice by whom they speak ; young Tlalala,  
 Whom even defeat with fresher glory crowns ;  
 And, full of fame, their country's rock of strength,  
 Yuhidthiton : him, to their sovereign slain  
 Allied in blood, mature in wisdom, him,  
 Of valour unsurpassable, by all  
 Beloved and honoured, him the general voice  
 Acclaims their King ; him they demand, to lead  
 Their gathered force to battle, to revenge  
 Their Lord, their Gods, their kinsmen, to redeem  
 Their altars and their country.

But the dead

First from the nation's gratitude require  
 The rites of death. On mats of mountain palm,  
 Wrought of rare texture, and of richest hues,  
 The slaughtered warriors, side by side, were laid ;  
 Their bodies wrapt in many-coloured robes

Of gossampine, bedecked with gems and gold.  
The livid paleness of the countenance  
A mask concealed, and hid their ghastly wounds.  
The Pabas stood around, and, one by one,  
Placed in their hands the sacred aloe-leaves,  
With mystic forms and characters inscribed ;  
And as each leaf was given, Tezozomoc  
Addressed the dead, . . So may ye safely pass  
Between the Mountains, which, in endless war,  
Hurtle with horrible uproar, and frush  
Of rocks that meet in battle. Armed with this,  
In safety shall ye walk along the road,  
Where the Great Serpent from his lurid eyes  
Shoots lightning, and across the guarded way  
Vibrates his tongue of fire. Receive the third,  
And cross the waters where the Crocodile  
In vain expects his prey. Your passport this  
Thro' the Eight Deserts ; thro' the Eight Hills, this ;  
And this be your defence against the Wind,  
Whose fury sweeps, like dust, the uprooted rocks,  
Whose keenness cuts the soul. Ye noble dead,  
Protected with these potent amulets,

Soon shall your Spirits reach triumphantly  
The Palace of the Sun !

The funeral train  
Moved to Mexitli's temple. First on high  
The noble dead were borne : in loud lament  
Then followed all by blood allied to them,  
Or by affection's voluntary ties  
Attached more closely, brethren, kinsmen, wives.  
The Peers of Aztlan, all who from the sword  
Of Britain had escaped, honouring the rites,  
Came clad in rich array, and bore the arms  
And ensigns of the dead. The slaves went last,  
And Dwarfs, the pastime of the living Chiefs,  
In life their sport and mockery, and in death  
Their victims. Wailing, and with funeral hymns,  
The long procession moved. Mexitli's Priest,  
With all his servants, from the temple-gate  
Advanced to meet the train. Two piles were built  
Within the sacred court, of odorous wood,  
And rich with gums ; on these, with all their robes,  
Their ensigns and their arms, they laid the dead ;  
Then lit the pile. The rapid light ran up,

Up flamed the fire, and o'er the darkened sky  
Sweet clouds of incense curled.

The Pabas then  
Performed their bloody office. First they slew  
The women whom the slaughtered most had loved,  
Who most had loved the dead. Silent they went  
Toward the fatal stone, resisting not,  
Nor sorrowing, nor dismayed, but, as it seemed,  
Stunned, senseless. One alone there was, whose cheek  
Was flushed, whose eye was animate with fire ;  
Her most in life Coanocotzin prized,  
By ten years love endeared, his counsellor,  
His friend, the partner of his secret thoughts ;  
Such had she been, such merited to be.  
She, as she bared her bosom to the knife,  
Called on Yuhidthiton. . . Take heed, O King !  
Aloud she cried, and pointed to the Priests ;  
Beware these wicked men ! they to the war  
Forced my dead Lord. . . Thou knowest, and I know,  
He loved the Strangers ; that his noble mind,  
Enlightened by their lore, had willingly  
Put down these cursed altars ! . . As she spake,  
They dragged her to the stone. . . Nay ! nay ! she cried,



There needs not force ! I go to join my Lord !  
 His blood and mine be on you ! . . Ere she ceased,  
 The knife was in her breast. Tezozomoc,  
 Trembling with wrath, held up toward the Sun  
 Her reeking heart.

The dwarfs and slaves died last.

That bloody office done, they gathered up  
 The ashes of the dead, and coffered them  
 Apart ; the teeth with them, which unconsumed  
 Among the ashes lay, a single lock  
 Shorn from the corpse, and his lip-emerald,  
 Now held to be the Spirit's flawless heart,  
 In better worlds. The Priest then held on high  
 The little ark which shrined his last remains,  
 And called upon the people ; . . Lo ! behold !  
 This was your King, the bountiful, the brave,  
 Coanocotzin ! Men of Aztlan, hold  
 His memory holy ! learn from him to love  
 Your country and your Gods ; for them to live  
 Like him, like him to die. So from yon Heaven,  
 Where in the Spring of Light his Spirit bathes,  
 Often shall he descend ; hover above  
 On evening clouds, or, plumed with rainbow wings,

Sip honey from the flowers, and warble joy.  
 Honour his memory ! emulate his worth !  
 So saying, in the temple-tower he laid  
 The relics of the King.

These duties done,

The living claim their care. His birth, his deeds,  
 The general love, the general voice, have marked  
 Yuhidthiton for King. Bare-headed, bare  
 Of foot, of limb, scarfed only round the loins,  
 The Chieftain to Mexitli's temple moved,  
 And knelt before the God. Tezozomoc  
 King over Aztlan there anointed him,  
 And over him, from hallowed cedar branch,  
 Sprinkled the holy water. Then the Priest  
 In a black garment robed him, figured white  
 With skulls and bones, a garb to emblem war,  
 Slaughter, and ruin, his imperial tasks.  
 Next in his hand the Priest a censer placed ;  
 And while he knelt, directing to the God  
 The steaming incense, thus addressed the King :  
 Chosen by the people, by the Gods approved,  
 Swear to protect thy subjects, to maintain  
 The worship of thy fathers, to observe

Their laws, to make the Sun pursue his course,  
The clouds descend in rain, the rivers hold  
Their wonted channels, and the fruits of earth  
To ripen in their season. Swear, O King !  
And prosper, as thou holdest good thine oath.  
He raised his voice, and swore. Then on his brow  
Tezozomoc the crown of Aztlan placed ;  
And in the robe of emblemed royalty,  
Preceded by the golden wands of state,  
Yuhidthiton went forth, anointed King.

## XX.

When now the multitude beheld their King,  
In gratulations of reiterate joy  
They shout his name, and bid him lead them on  
To vengeance. But, to answer that appeal,  
Tezozomoc advanced. . . Oh ! go not forth,  
Cried the Chief Paba, till the land be purged  
From her offence ! No God will lead ye on,  
While there is guilt in Aztlan. Let the Priests  
Who from the ruined city have escaped,  
And all who in her temples have performed  
The ennobling service of her injured Gods,  
Gather together now.

He spake ; the train  
Assembled, priests and matrons, youths and maids.  
Servants of Heaven ! aloud the Arch Priest began,  
The Gods had favoured Aztlan ; bound for death

The White King lay : our countrymen were strong  
 In battle, and the conquest had been ours, . .  
 I speak not from myself, but as the Powers,  
 Whose voice on earth I am, impel the truth, . .  
 The conquest had been ours ; but treason lurked  
 In Aztlan, treason and foul sacrilege ;  
 And therefore were her children in the hour  
 Of need abandoned ; therefore were her youth  
 Cut down, her altars therefore overthrown.  
 The White King, whom ye saw upon the Stone  
 Of Sacrifice, and whom ye held in bonds,  
 Stood in the foremost fight, and slew your Lord.  
 Not by a God, O Aztecas, enlarged,  
 Broke he his bondage ! by a mortal hand,  
 An impious, sacrilegious, traitorous hand,  
 Your city was betrayed, your King was slain,  
 Your shrines polluted. The insulted Power,  
 He who is terrible, beheld the deed,  
 And now he calls for vengeance.

Stern he spake,

And from Mexitli's altar bade the Priest  
 Bring forth the sacred water. In his hand  
 He took the vase, and held it up, and cried,

Cursed be he who did this deed ! Accursed  
 The father who begat him, and the breast  
 At which he fed ! Death be his portion now,  
 Eternal infamy his lot on earth,  
 His doom eternal horrors ! Let his name,  
 From sire to son, be in the people's mouth,  
 Through every generation ! Let a curse  
 Of deep, and pious, and effectual hate,  
 For ever follow the abhorred name ;  
 And every curse inflict upon his soul  
 A stab of mortal anguish.

Then he gave  
 The vase. . . Drink one by one ! the innocent  
 Boldly ; on them the water hath no power.  
 But let the guilty tremble ! It shall flow  
 A draught of agony and death to him,  
 A stream of fiery poison.

Coatel !  
 What were thy horrors, when the fatal vase  
 Past to thy trial, . . when Tezozomoc  
 Fixed his keen eye on thee ! A deathiness  
 Came over her, . . her blood ran back, . . her joints  
 Shook like the palsy, and the dreadful cup

Dropt from her conscious hold. The Priest exclaimed,  
 The hand of God! the avenger manifest!  
 Drag her to the altar! . . . At that sound of death  
 The life forsook her limbs, and down she fell,  
 Senseless. They dragged her to the Stone of Blood,  
 All senseless as she lay; . . . in that dread hour  
 Nature was kind.

Tezozomoc then cried,  
 Bring forth the kindred of this wretch accurst,  
 That none pollute the earth. An aged Priest  
 Came forth, and answered, There is none but I,  
 The father of the dead.

To death with him!  
 Exclaimed Tezozomoc; to death with him;  
 And purify the nation! . . . But the King  
 Permitted not that crime. . . Chief of the Priests,  
 If he be guilty, let the guilty bleed,  
 Said he; but never, while I live and reign,  
 The innocent shall suffer. Hear him speak!

Hear me! the old man replied. That fatal day  
 I never saw my child. At morn she left  
 The city, seeking flowers to dress the shrine

Of Coatlantona ; and that at eve  
 I stood among the Pabas in the gate,  
 Blessing our soldiers, as they issued out,  
 Let them who saw bear witness. . . Two came forth,  
 And testified Aculhua spake the words  
 Of truth.

Full well I know, the old man pursued,  
 My daughter loved the Strangers, . . that her heart  
 Was not with Aztlan ; but not I the cause !  
 Ye all remember how the Maid was given, . .  
 She being, in truth, of all our Maids the flower, . .  
 In spousals to Lincoya, him who fled  
 From sacrifice. It was a misery  
 To me to see my only child condemned  
 In early widowhood to waste her youth,  
 My only, and my beautifullest girl.  
 Chief of the Priests, you ordered ; I obeyed.  
 Not mine the fault, if, when Lincoya fled,  
 And fought among the enemies, her heart  
 Was with her husband.

He is innocent !

He shall not die ! Yuhidthiton exclaimed.  
 Nay, King Yuhidthiton ! Aculhua cried,



I merit death. My country overthrown,  
 My daughter slain, alike demand on me  
 That justice. When her years of ministry  
 Vowed to the temple had expired, my love,  
 My selfish love, still suffered her to give  
 Her youth to me, by filial piety  
 In widowhood detained. That selfish crime  
 Heavily, . . heavily, . . I expiate !  
 But I am old ; and she was all to me.  
 O King Yuhidthiton, I ask for death ;  
 In mercy, let me die ! Cruel it were  
 To bid me waste away alone in age,  
 By the slow pain of grief. . . Give me the knife  
 Which pierced my daughter's bosom !

The old man

Moved to the altar ; none opposed his way ;  
 With a firm hand he buried in his heart  
 The reeking blade, and fell upon his child.

## XXI.

A transitory gloom that sight of death  
Impressed upon the assembled multitude ;  
But soon the brute and unreflecting crew  
Turned to their sports. Some bare their olive limbs,  
And in the race contend ; with hopes and fears,  
Which rouse to rage, some urge the mimic war.  
Here, one upon his ample shoulders bears  
A comrade's weight, upon whose head a third  
Stands poised, like Mercury in act to fly.  
There, other twain upon their shoulders prop  
A forked beam, while on its height the third,  
To nimble cadence, shifts his glancing feet,  
And shakes a plume aloft, and wheels around,  
With modulating sway, a wreath of bells.  
Here, round a lofty mast the dancers move

Quick, to quick music ; from its top affixed,  
Each holds a coloured cord, and, as they weave  
The complex crossings of the mazy dance,  
The checquered network twists around the tree  
Its intermixture of harmonious hues.  
But now a shout went forth, the Flyers mount !  
And from all meaner sports the multitude  
Flock to their favourite pastime. In the ground,  
Branchless and barked, the trunk of some tall pine  
Is planted ; near its summit a square frame ;  
Four cords pass through the perforated square,  
And fifty times and twice around the tree,  
A mystic number, are intertwined above.  
Four Aztecas, equipped with wings, ascend,  
And round them bind the ropes ; anon they wave  
Their pinions, and, upborn on spreading plumes,  
Launch on the air, and wheel in circling flight,  
The lengthening cords untwisting as they fly.  
A fifth above, upon the perilous point,  
Dances, and shakes a flag ; and on the frame,  
Others, the while, maintain their giddy stand,  
Till now, with many a round, the wheeling cords  
Draw near their utmost length, and toward the ground

The aerial circlers speed ; then down the ropes  
 They spring, and, on their way, from line to line  
 Leap, while the shouting multitude endure  
 A shuddering admiration.

On such sports,  
 Their feelings centered in the joy of sight,  
 The multitude stood gazing, when a man,  
 Breathless, and with broad eyes, came running on,  
 His pale lips trembling, and his bloodless cheek  
 Like one who meets a lion in his path.  
 The fire ! the fire ! the temple ! he exclaimed ;  
 Mexitli ! . . . They, astonished at his words,  
 Hasten toward the wonder, . . and behold !  
 The inner fane is sheeted white with fire.  
 Dumb with affright they stood ; the enquiring King  
 Looked to Tezozomoc ; the Priest replied,  
 I go ! the Gods protect me ! . . and therewith  
 He entered boldly in the house of flame.  
 But instant, bounding with inebriate joy,  
 He issues forth. . . The God ! the God ! he cries.  
 Joy ! . . joy ! . . the God ! . . the visible hand of Heaven !  
 Repressing then his transport, . . Ye all know  
 How that in Aztlan Madoc's impious hand

Destroyed Mexitli's Image ; . . it is here,  
 Unbroken, and the same ! . . Toward the gate  
 They press ; they see the Giant Idol there,  
 The serpent girding him, his neck with hearts  
 Beaded, and in his hand the club, . . even such  
 As oft in Aztlan, on his azure throne,  
 They had adored the God, they see him now,  
 Unbroken and the same ! . . Again the Priest  
 Entered ; again a second joy inspired  
 To frenzy all around ; for forth he came,  
 Shouting with new delight, . . for in his hand  
 The banner of the nation he upheld,  
 That banner to their fathers sent from Heaven,  
 By them abandoned to the conqueror.

He motioned silence, and the crowd were still.  
 People of Aztlan ! he began, when first  
 Your fathers from their native land went forth,  
 In search of better seats, this banner came  
 From Heaven. The Famine and the Pestilence  
 Had been among them ; in their hearts the spring  
 Of courage was dried up : with midnight fires  
 Radiate, by midnight thunders heralded,

This banner came from Heaven ; and with it came  
 Health, valour, victory. Aztecas ! again  
 The God restores the blessing. To the God  
 Move now in solemn dance of grateful joy ;  
 Exalt for him the song.

They formed the dance,  
 They raised the hymn, and sung Mexitli's praise.  
 Glory to thee, the Great, the Terrible,  
 Mexitli, guardian God ! . . From whence art thou,  
 O Son of Mystery ? From whence art thou,  
 Whose sire thy mother knew not ? She at eve  
 Walked in the temple court, and saw from Heaven  
 A plume descend, as bright and beautiful,  
 As if some spirit had embodied there  
 The rainbow hues, or dipt it in the light  
 Of setting suns. To her it floated down ;  
 She placed it in her bosom, to bedeck  
 The altar of the God ; she sought it there ;  
 Amazed, she found it not ; amazed, she felt  
 Another life infused. . . From whence art thou,  
 O Son of Mystery ? From whence art thou,  
 Whose sire thy mother knew not ?

Grief was hers,

Wonder and grief, for life was in her womb,  
 And her stern children with revengeful eyes  
 Beheld their mother's shame. She saw their frowns,  
 She knew their plots of blood. Where shall she look  
 For succour, when her sons conspire her death?  
 Where hope for comfort, when her daughter whets  
 The impious knife of murder? . . . From her womb  
 The voice of comfort came, the timely aid;  
 Already at her breast the blow was aimed,  
 When forth Mexitli leapt, and in his hand  
 The angry spear, to punish and to save.  
 Glory to thee, the Great, the Terrible,  
 Mexitli, guardian God!

Arise and save,  
 Mexitli, save thy people! Dreadful one,  
 Arise, redeem thy city, and revenge!  
 An impious, an impenetrable foe,  
 Hath blackened thine own altars, with the blood  
 Of thine own priests; hath dashed thine Image down.  
 In vain did valour's naked breast oppose  
 Their mighty arms; in vain the feeble sword  
 On their impenetrable mail was driven.

Not against thee, Avenger, shall their arms  
Avail, nor that impenetrable mail  
Resist the fiery arrows of thy wrath.  
Arise, go forth in anger, and destroy !



## XXII.

Aztlan, meantime, presents a hideous scene  
Of slaughter. The hot sunbeam, in her streets,  
Parched the blood pools; the slain were heaped in hills;  
The victors, stretched in every little shade,  
With unhelmed heads, reclining on their shields,  
Slept the deep sleep of weariness. Erelong,  
To needful labour rising, from the gates  
They drag the dead, and, with united toil,  
They dig upon the plain the general grave,  
The grave of thousands, deep and wide and long.  
Ten such they delved, and o'er the multitudes,  
Who levelled with the plain the deep-dug pits,  
Ten monumental hills they heaped on high.  
Next, horror heightening joy, they overthrew  
The skull-built towers, the files of human heads,  
And earth to earth consigned them. To the flames

They cast the idols, and upon the wind  
 Scattered their ashes ; then the temples fell,  
 Whose black and putrid walls were scaled with blood,  
 And not one stone of those accursed piles  
 Was on another left.

Victorious thus

In Aztlan, it behoved the Cymry now  
 There to collect their strength, and there await,  
 Or thence with centered numbers urge, the war.  
 For this was Ririd missioned to the ships,  
 For this Lincoya from the hills invites  
 Erillyab and her tribe. There did not breathe  
 On this wide world a happier man, that day,  
 Than young Lincoya, when, from their retreat,  
 He bade his countrymen come repossess  
 The land of their forefathers ; proud at heart  
 To think how great a part himself had borne  
 In their revenge, and that beloved one,  
 The gentle saviour of the Prince, whom well  
 He knew his own dear love, and for the deed  
 Still dearer loved the dearest. Round the youth,  
 Women and children, the infirm and old,  
 Gather to hear his tale ; and as they stood

With eyes of steady wonder, outstretched necks,  
 And open lips of listening eagerness,  
 Fast played the tide of triumph in his veins,  
 Flushed his brown cheek, and kindled his dark eye.  
 And now, reposing from his toil awhile,  
 Lincoya, on a crag above the straits,  
 Sate underneath a tree, whose twinkling leaves  
 Sung to the gale of noon. Ayayaca  
 Sate by him in the shade : the old man had loved  
 The youth beside him, from his boyhood up,  
 And still would call him boy. They sate, and watched  
 The laden bisons, winding down the way,  
 The multitude, who now with joy forsook  
 Their desolated dwellings ; and their talk  
 Was of the days of sorrow, when they groaned  
 Beneath the intolerable yoke, till, sent  
 By the Great Spirit o'er the pathless deep,  
 Prince Madoc, the Deliverer, came to save.  
 As thus they communed, came a woman up,  
 Seeking Lincoya ; 'twas Aculhua's slave,  
 The nurse of Coatel. Her wretched eye,  
 Her pale and livid countenance, foretold  
 Some tale of misery, that his life-blood ebbed

In ominous fear. But when he heard her words  
Of death, he seized the lance, and raised his arm,  
To strike the blow of comfort.

The old man

Caught his uplifted hand. . . O'er-hasty boy,  
Quoth he, regain her yet, if she was dear !  
Seek thy beloved in the Land of Souls,  
And beg her from the Gods. The Gods will hear,  
And, in just recompense of fearless faith,  
Restore their charge.

The miserable youth

Turned, at his words, a hesitating eye.  
I knew a prisoner, . . so the old man pursued,  
Or hoping to beguile the youth's despair,  
With tales that suited the despair of youth,  
Or credulous himself of what he told, . .  
I knew a prisoner once, who welcomed death  
With merriment and songs, and joy of heart,  
Because, he said, the friends whom he loved best  
Were gone before him to the Land of Souls ;  
Nor would they to resume their mortal state,  
Even when the keepers of the Land allowed,  
Forsake its pleasures ; therefore he rejoiced

To die, and join them there. I questioned him,  
How of these hidden and unknowable things  
So certainly he spake. The man replied,  
One of our nation lost the maid he loved,  
Nor would he bear his sorrow, . . . being one  
Into whose heart fear never found a way, . . .  
But to the Country of the Dead pursued  
Her spirit. Many toils he underwent,  
And many dangers gallantly surpassed,  
Till to the Country of the Dead he came.  
Gently the Guardian of the Land received  
The living suppliant, listened to his prayer,  
And gave him back the Spirit of the Maid.  
But from that happy country, from the songs  
Of joyance, from the splendour-sparkling dance,  
Unwillingly compelled, the Maiden's Soul  
Loathed to return ; and he was warned to guard  
The subtle captive well and warily,  
Till, in her mortal tenement relodged,  
Mortal delights might win her to remain,  
A sojourner on earth. Such lessoning  
The Ruler of the Souls departed gave ;  
And, mindful of his charge, the adventurer brought

His subtle captive home. There, underneath  
 The shelter of a hut, his friends had watched  
 The Maiden's corpse, secured it from the sun,  
 And fanned away the insect swarms of heaven.  
 A busy hand marred all the enterprise :  
 Curious to see the Spirit, he unloosed  
 The knotted bag which held her, and she fled.  
 Lincoya, thou art brave ! where man has gone  
 Thou wouldst not fear to follow.

Silently

Lincoya listened, and with unmoved eyes ;  
 At length he answered, Is the journey long ?  
 The old man replied, A way of many moons.  
 I know a shorter path ! exclaimed the youth.  
 And up he sprung, and from the precipice  
 Dashed : A moment, . . and Ayayaca heard  
 His body dash upon the rocks below.

### XXIII.

Maid of the golden locks, far other lot  
May gentle Heaven assign thy happier love,  
Blue-eyed Senena ! . . She, though not as yet  
Had she put off her boy habiliments,  
Had told Goervyl all the history  
Of her sad flight, and easy pardon gained  
From that sweet heart, for guile which meant no ill,  
And secrecy, in shame too long maintained.  
With her dear Lady now, at this still hour  
Of evening, is the seeming page gone forth,  
Beside Caermadoc mere. They loitered on,  
Along the windings of its grassy shore,  
In such free interchange of inward thought,  
As the calm hour invited ; or at times,  
Willingly silent, listening to the bird  
Whose one repeated melancholy note,

By oft repeating melancholy made,  
 Solicited the ear ; or gladlier now  
 Harkening that chearful one, who knoweth all  
 The songs of all the winged choristers,  
 And, in one sequence of melodious sounds,  
 Pours all their music. But one wilder strain  
 At fits came o'er the water ; rising now,  
 Now with a dying fall, in sink and swell  
 More exquisitely sweet than ever art  
 Of man evoked from instrument of touch,  
 Or beat, or breath. It was the evening gale,  
 Which, passing o'er the harp of Caradoc,  
 Swept all its chords at once, and blended all  
 Their music into one continuous flow.  
 The solitary Bard, beside his harp  
 Leant underneath a tree, whose spreading boughs,  
 With broken shade that shifted to the breeze,  
 Played on the waving waters. Overhead  
 There was the leafy murmur, at his foot  
 The lake's perpetual ripple, and from far,  
 Borne on the modulating gale, was heard  
 The roaring of the mountain cataract. . .  
 A blind man would have loved the lovely spot.



Here was Senena by her Lady led,  
 Trembling, yet not reluctant. They drew nigh,  
 Their steps unheard upon the elastic moss,  
 Till playfully Goervyl, with quick touch,  
 Ran o'er the harp-strings. At the sudden sound  
 He rose. . . Hath then thy hand, quoth she, O Bard,  
 Forgot its cunning, that the wind should be  
 Thine harper? . . Come! one strain for Britain's sake;  
 And let the theme be woman! . . He replied,  
 But if the strain offend, O Lady fair,  
 Blame thou the theme, not me! . . Then to the harp  
 He sung, . . Three things a wise man will not trust,  
 The Wind, the Sunshine of an April day,  
 And Woman's plighted faith. I have beheld  
 The Weathercock upon the steeple point  
 Steady from morn till eve, and I have seen  
 The bees go forth upon an April morn,  
 Secure the Sunshine will not end in showers;  
 But when was Woman true?

False Bard! thereat,  
 With smile of playful anger, she exclaimed,  
 False Bard! and slanderous song! Were such thy thoughts  
 Of woman, when thy youthful lays were heard

In Heilyn's hall? . . But at that name his heart  
 Leaped, and his cheek with sudden flush was fired.  
 In Heilyn's hall, quoth he, I learned the song.  
 There was a Maid, who dwelt among the hills  
 Of Arvon, and to one of humbler birth  
 Had pledged her troth ; not rashly, nor beguiled, . .  
 They had been playmates in their infancy,  
 And she in all his thoughts had borne a part,  
 And all his joys. The Moon and all the Stars  
 Witnessed their mutual vows ; and for her sake  
 The song was framed ; for in the face of day  
 She broke them. . . But her name ? Goervyl cried.  
 Quoth he, The Poet loved her still too well,  
 To couple it with shame.

O fate unjust

Of womankind ! she cried ; our virtues bloom,  
 Like violets, in shade and solitude,  
 While evil eyes hunt all our failings out,  
 For evil tongues to bruit abroad in jest,  
 And song of obloquy ! . . I knew a Maid,  
 And she too dwelt in Arvon, and she too  
 Loved one of lowly birth, who ill repaid  
 Her spotless faith ; for he to ill reports,

And tales of falsehood cunningly devised,  
 Lent a light ear, and to his rival left  
 The loathing Maid. The wedding-day arrived,  
 The harpers and the gleemen, far and near,  
 Came to the wedding-feast ; the wedding guests  
 Were come, the altar dressed, the bridesmaids met ;  
 The father, and the bridegroom, and the priest  
 Wait for the bride. But she the while did off  
 Her bridal robes, and clipt her golden locks,  
 And put on boy's attire, through wood and wild  
 To seek her own true love ; and over-sea,  
 Forsaking all for him, she followed him,  
 Nor hoping nor deserving fate so fair ;  
 And at his side she stood, and heard him wrong  
 Her faith with slanderous tales ; and his dull eye,  
 As it had learnt his heart's forgetfulness,  
 Knew not the trembling one, who even now  
 Yearns to forgive him all !

He turned, he knew  
 The blue-eyed Maid, who fell upon his breast.

## XXIV.

Hark ! from the towers of Aztlan how the shouts  
Of clamorous joy re-ring ! the rocks and hills  
Take up the joyful sound, and o'er the lake  
Roll their slow echoes. . . Thou art beautiful,  
Queen of the Valley ! thou art beautiful !  
Thy walls, like silver, sparkle to the sun,  
Melodious wave thy groves, thy garden-sweets  
Enrich the pleasant air, upon the lake  
Lie the long shadows of thy towers, and high  
In heaven thy temple-pyramids arise,  
Upon whose summit now, far visible  
Against the clear blue sky, the Cross of Christ  
Proclaims unto the nations round, the news  
Of thy redemption. 'Thou art beautiful,  
Aztlan ! O City of the Cimbric Prince !  
Long mayest thou flourish in thy beauty, long

Prosper beneath the righteous conqueror,  
 Who conquers to redeem ! Long years of peace  
 And happiness await thy Lord and thee,  
 Queen of the Valley !

Hither joyfully

The Hoamen come to repossess the land  
 Of their forefathers. Joyfully the youth  
 Come shouting, with acclaim of grateful praise,  
 Their great Deliverer's name ; the old, in talk  
 Of other days, that mingled with their joy  
 Memory of many a hard calamity,  
 And thoughts of time and change, and human life  
 How changeful and how brief. Prince Madoc met  
 Erillyab at the gate. . . Sister and Queen,  
 Said he, here let us hold united reign,  
 O'er our united people ; by one faith,  
 One interest bound, and closer to be linked  
 By laws and language, and domestic ties,  
 Till both become one race, for ever more  
 Indissolubly knit.

O friend, she cried,

The last of all my family am I ;  
 Yet sure, though last, the happiest, and by Heaven

Favoured abundantly above them all.  
 Dear friend, and brother dear ! enough for me  
 Beneath the shadow of thy shield to dwell,  
 And see my people, by thy fostering care,  
 Made worthy of their fortune. Graciously  
 Hath the Beloved One ordained all,  
 Educing good from ill, himself being good.  
 Then to the royal palace of the Kings  
 Of Aztlan, Madoc led Erillyab,  
 There, where her sires had held their ruder reign,  
 To pass the happy remnant of her years,  
 Honoured and loved by all.

Now had the Prince  
 Provided for defence, disposing all  
 As though a ready enemy approached.  
 But from Patamba yet no army moved ;  
 Four Heralds only, by the King dispatched,  
 Drew nigh the town. The Hoamen, as they came,  
 Knew the green mantle of their privilege,  
 The symbols which they bore, an arrow-point  
 Depressed, a shield, a net, which, from the arm  
 Suspended, held their food. They through the gate  
 Pass, with permitted entrance, and demand

To see the Ocean Prince. The Conqueror  
 Received them, and the elder thus began :  
 Thus to the White King, King Yuhidthiton  
 His bidding sends ; such greeting as from foe  
 Foe may receive, where individual hate  
 Is none, but honour, and assured esteem,  
 And what were friendship, did the Gods permit,  
 The King of Aztlan sends. Oh dream not thou  
 That Aztlan is subdued ; nor, in the pride  
 Of conquest, tempt thy fortune ! Unprepared  
 For battle, at an hour of festival,  
 Her children were surprised ; and thou canst tell  
 How perilously they maintained the long  
 And doubtful strife. From yonder temple-mount  
 Look round the plain, and count her towns, and mark  
 Her countless villages, whose habitants  
 All are in arms against thee ! Thinkest thou  
 To root them from the land ? or wouldst thou live,  
 Harassed by night and day with endless war,  
 War at thy gates ; and to thy children leave  
 That curse for their inheritance ? . . The land  
 Is all before thee : Go in peace, and chuse  
 Thy dwelling-place, North, South, or East, or West ;

Or mount again thy houses of the sea,  
 And search the waters. Whatsoe'er thy wants  
 Demand, will Aztlan willingly supply,  
 Prepared, with friendly succour, to assist  
 Thy soon departure. Thus Yuhidthiton,  
 Remembering his old friendship, counsels thee ;  
 Thus, as the King of Aztlan, for himself  
 And people, he commands. If obstinate,  
 If blind to your own welfare, ye persist,  
 Woe to ye, wretches ! to the armed man,  
 Who in the fight must perish ; to the wife,  
 Who vainly on her husband's aid will call ;  
 Woe to the babe that hangs upon the breast !  
 For Aztlan comes in anger, and her Gods  
 Spare none.

The Conqueror calmly answered him, . .  
 By force we won your city, Azteca ;  
 By force will we maintain it. To the King  
 Repeat my saying : . . To this goodly land  
 Your fathers came for an abiding place,  
 Strangers as we, but not like us, in peace.  
 They conquered and destroyed. A tyrant race,  
 Bloody and faithless, to the hills they drove



The unoffending children of the vale,  
 And, day by day, in cruel sacrifice  
 Consumed them. God hath sent the Avengers here !  
 Powerful to save we come, and to destroy,  
 When Mercy on Destruction calls for aid.  
 Go tell your nation, that we know their force,  
 That they know ours ! that their Patamba soon  
 Shall fall like Aztlan ; and what other towns  
 They seek in flight, shall, like Patamba, fall ;  
 Till, broken in their strength, and spirit-crushed,  
 They bow the knee, or leave the land to us,  
 Its worthier Lords.

If this be thy reply,  
 Son of the Ocean ! said the messenger,  
 I bid thee, in the King of Aztlan's name,  
 Mortal defiance. In the field of blood,  
 Before our multitudes shall trample down  
 Thy mad and miserable countrymen,  
 Yuhidthiton invites thee to the strife  
 Of equal danger. So may he avenge  
 Coanocotzin, or, like him, in death  
 Discharge his duty.

Tell Yuhidthiton,

Madoc replied, that in the field of blood  
I never shunned a foe. But say thou to him,  
I will not seek him there, against his life  
To raise the hand which hath been joined with his  
In peace. . . With that, the Heralds went their way ;  
Nor to the right, nor to the left they turn,  
But to Patamba straight they journey back.

## XXV.

The mariners, meantime, at Ririd's will,  
Unreeve the rigging, and the masts they strike ;  
And now ashore they haul the lightened hulks,  
Tear up the deck, the severed planks bear off,  
Disjoin the well-scarfed timbers, and the keel  
Loosen asunder ; then to the lake-side  
Bear the materials, where the Ocean Lord  
Himself directs their work. Twelve vessels there,  
Fitted alike to catch the wind, or sweep  
With oars the moveless surface, they prepare ;  
Lay down the keel, the stern-post rear, and fix  
The strong-curved timbers. Others from the wood  
Bring the tall pines, and from their hissing trunks  
Force, by the aid of fire, the needful gum ;  
Beneath the close-caulked planks its odorous stream  
They pour ; then, last, the round-projecting prows

With iron arm, and launch, in uproar loud  
 Of joy, anticipating victories,  
 The gallies, long and sharp. The masts are reared,  
 The sails are bent, and lo ! the ready barks  
 Lie on the lake.

It chanced, the Hoamen found  
 A spy of Aztlan, and before the Prince  
 They led him. But when Madoc bade him tell,  
 As his life-ransom, what his nation's force,  
 And what their plans ; the savage answered him,  
 With dark and sullen eye, and smile of wrath,  
 If aught the knowledge of my country's force  
 Could profit thee, be sure, ere I would let  
 My tongue play traitor, thou shouldst limb from limb  
 Hew me, and make each separate member feel  
 A separate agony of death. O Prince !  
 But I will tell ye of my nation's force,  
 That ye may know, and tremble at your doom ;  
 That fear may half subdue ye to the sword  
 Of vengeance. . . Can ye count the stars of Heaven ?  
 The waves which ruffle o'er the lake ? the leaves  
 Swept from the autumnal forest ? Can ye look  
 Upon the eternal snows of yonder height,

And number each particular flake that formed  
 The mountain mass ? . . so numberless they come,  
 Whoe'er can wield the sword, or hurl the lance,  
 Or aim the arrow ; from the growing boy,  
 Ambitious of the battle, to the old man,  
 Who to revenge his country and his Gods  
 Hastens, and then to die. By land they come ;  
 And years must pass away ere on their path  
 The grass again will grow : they come by lake ;  
 And ye shall see the shoals of their canoes  
 Darken the waters. Strangers ! when our Gods  
 Have conquered, when ye lie upon the Stone  
 Of Sacrifice extended, one by one,  
 Half of our armies cannot taste your flesh,  
 Though given in equal shares, and every share  
 Minced like a nestling's food !

Madoc replied,

Azteca, we are few ; but through the woods  
 The Lion walks alone. The lesser fowls  
 Flock multitudinous in heaven, and fly  
 Before the Eagle's coming. We are few ;  
 And yet thy nation hath experienced us  
 Enough for conquest. Tell thy countrymen,  
 We can defend the city which we won.

So saying, he turned away, rejoiced at heart  
To know himself, alike by lake or land,  
Prepared to meet their power. The fateful day  
Draws on ; by night the Aztecas embark.  
At day-break, from Patamba, they set forth,  
From every creek and inlet of the lake,  
All moving toward Aztlan ; safely thus  
Weening to reach the plain before her walls,  
And fresh for battle. Shine thou forth, O Sun !  
Shine fairly forth upon the scene so fair !  
Their thousand boats, and the ten thousand oars,  
From whose broad bowls the waters fall and flash,  
And twice ten thousand feathered helms, and shields,  
Glittering with gold and scarlet plumery.  
Onward they come, with song and swelling horn ;  
While, louder than all voice and instrument,  
The dash of their ten thousand oars, from shore  
To shore, and hill to hill, re-echoing rolls,  
In undistinguishable peals of sound,  
And endless echo. On the other side  
Advance the British barks ; the freshening breeze  
Fills the broad sail ; around the rushing keel  
The waters sing, while proudly they sail on,

Lords of the water. Shine thou forth, O Sun !  
 Shine forth upon their day of victory !  
 Onward the Cymry speed. The Aztecas,  
 Though wondering at that unexpected sight,  
 Bravely made on to meet them, seized their bows,  
 And showered, like rain, upon the pavaised barks,  
 The rattling shafts. Strong blows the auspicious gale ;  
 Madoc, the Lord of Ocean, leads the way ;  
 He holds the helm ; the galley where he guides  
 Flies on, and full upon the first canoe  
 Drives, shattering ; midway its long length it struck,  
 And o'er the wreck, with unimpeded force,  
 Dashes among the fleet. The astonished men  
 Gaze in inactive terror. They behold  
 Their splintered vessels floating all around,  
 Their warriors struggling in the lake, with arms  
 Experienced in the battle vainly now.  
 Dismayed, they drop their bows, and cast away  
 Their unavailing spears, and take to flight,  
 Before the Masters of the Elements,  
 Who rode the waters, and who made the winds  
 Wing them to vengeance ! Forward now they bend,  
 And backward then, with strenuous strain of arm,

Press the broad paddle. . . Hope of victory  
 Was none, nor of defence, nor of revenge,  
 To sweeten death. Toward the shore they speed,  
 Toward the shore they lift their longing eyes : . .  
 O fools, to meet on their own element  
 The Sons of Ocean ! . . Could they but aland  
 Set foot, the strife were equal, or to die  
 Less dreadful. But, as if with wings of wind,  
 On fly the British barks ! . . the favouring breeze  
 Blows strong ; . . far, far behind their roaring keels  
 Lies the long line of foam ; the helm directs  
 Their force ; they move, as with the limbs of life,  
 Obedient to the will that governs them.  
 Where'er they pass, the crashing shock is heard,  
 The dash of broken waters, and the cry  
 Of sinking multitudes. Here one plies fast  
 The practised limbs of youth, but o'er his head  
 The galley drives ; one follows a canoe,  
 With skill availing only to prolong  
 Suffering ; another, as, with wiser aim,  
 He swims across, to meet his coming friends,  
 Stunned by the hasty and unheeding oar,  
 Sinks senseless to the depths. Lo ! yonder boat,



Graspt by the thronging strugglers ; its light length  
Yields to the overbearing weight, and all  
Share the same ruin. Here, another shows  
Crueller contest, where the crew hack off  
The hands that hang for life upon its side,  
Lest all together perish ; then, in vain  
The voice of friend or kinsman prays for mercy ;  
Imperious self controuls all other thoughts ;  
And still they deal around unnatural wounds,  
When the strong bark of Britain over all  
Sails in the path of death. . . God of the Lake,  
Tlaloc ! and thou, O Aiauh, green-robed Queen !  
How many a wretch, in dying agonies,  
Invoked ye in the misery of that day !  
Long after, on the tainted lake, the dead  
Weltered ; there, perched upon his floating prey,  
The vulture fed in daylight ; and the wolves,  
Assembled at their banquet round its banks,  
Disturbed the midnight with their howl of joy.

## XXVI.

There was mourning in Patamba ; the north wind  
Blew o'er the lake, and drifted to the shore  
The floating wreck and bodies of the dead.  
Then on the shore the mother might be seen,  
Seeking her child ; the father to the tomb,  
With limbs too weak for that unhappy weight,  
Bearing the bloated body of his son ;  
The wife, who, in expectant agony,  
Watched the black carcase on the coming wave.

On every brow terror was legible ;  
Anguish in every eye: There was not one,  
Who, in the general ruin, did not share  
Peculiar grief, and, in his country's loss,  
Lament some dear one dead. Along the lake  
The frequent funeral piles, for many a day,

With the noonlight their melancholy flames  
 Dimly commingled ; while the mourners stood,  
 Watching the pile, to feed the lingering fire,  
 Which could but slowly waste the watry corpse.

Thou didst not fear, young Tlalala ! thy soul,  
 Unconquered and unconquerable, rose  
 Superior to its fortune. When the Chiefs  
 Hung their dejected heads, as men subdued  
 In spirit, then didst thou, Yuhidthiton,  
 Calm in the hour of evil, still maintain  
 Thy even courage. They from man to man  
 Go, with the mourners mourning, and by grief  
 Rousing their rage, till, at the promised fight,  
 The hope of vengeance, a ferocious joy  
 Flashed in the eye that still retained the tear  
 Of tender memory. To the brave they spake  
 Of Aztlan's strength, . . for Aztlan still was strong, . .  
 The late defeat, . . not there by manly might,  
 By honourable valour, by the force  
 Of arms subdued, shame aggravated loss ;  
 The White Men from the waters came, perchance  
 Sons of the Ocean, by their parent Gods

Aided, and conquerors not by human skill.  
 When man met man, when, in the field of fight,  
 The soldier on firm earth should plant his foot,  
 Then would the trial be, the struggle then,  
 The glory, the revenge.

Tezozomoc,

Alike unbroken by defeat, endured  
 The evil day ; but in his sullen mind  
 Worked thoughts of other vengeance. He the King  
 Summoned apart from all, with Tlalala,  
 And thus advised them : We have vainly tried  
 The war ; these mighty Strangers will not yield  
 To mortal strength ; yet shall they be cut off,  
 So ye will heed my counsel, and to force  
 Add wisdom's aid. Put on a friendly front ;  
 Send to their Prince the messenger of peace ;  
 He will believe his words ; he will forgive  
 The past ; . . the offender may. So days and months,  
 Yea, years, if needful, will we wear a face  
 Of friendliness, till some fit hour arrive,  
 When we may fire their dwellings in the night,  
 Or mingle poison in their cups of mirth.  
 The warrior, from whose force the Lion flies,  
 Falls by the Serpent's tooth.

Thou speakest well,  
 Tlalala answered ; but my spirit ill  
 Can brook revenge delayed.

The Priest then turned  
 His small and glittering eye toward the King ;  
 But on the Monarch's mild and manly brow  
 A meaning sate, which made his crafty eye  
 Bend, quickly abashed. . . While yet I was a child,  
 Replied the King of Aztlan, on my heart  
 My father laid two precepts. Boy, be brave !  
 So, in the midnight battle, shalt thou meet,  
 Fearless, the sudden foe : Boy, let thy lips  
 Be clean from falsehood ! in the mid-day sun,  
 So never shalt thou need from mortal man  
 To turn thy guilty face. Tezozomoc,  
 Holy I keep the lessons of my sire.

But if the enemy, with their dreadful arms,  
 Again, said Tlalala . . . If again the Gods  
 Will our defeat, Yuhidthiton replied,  
 Vain is it for the feeble power of man  
 To strive against their will. I omen not  
 Of ill, young Tyger ! but if ill betide,

The land is all before us. Let me hear  
 Of perfidy and serpent wiles no more.  
 In the noon-day war, and in the face of heaven,  
 I meet my foes. Let Aztlan follow me ;  
 And if one man of all her multitudes  
 Shall better play the warrior in that hour,  
 Be his the sceptre ! But if the people fear  
 The perilous strife, and own themselves subdued,  
 Let us depart ! The universal Sun  
 Confines not to one land his blessed beams ;  
 Nor is man rooted, like a tree, whose seed  
 The winds on some ungenial soil have cast,  
 There where he cannot prosper.

The dark Priest

Concealed revengeful anger, and replied,  
 Let the King's will be done ! An awful day  
 Draws on ; the Circle of the Years is full ;  
 We tremble for the event. The times are strange ;  
 There are portentous changes in the world ;  
 Perchance its end is come.

Be it thy care,

Priest of the Gods, to see the needful rites  
 Duly performed, Yuhidthiton replied.

On the third day, if yonder God of Light  
 Begin the Circle of the Years anew,  
 Again we march to war.

One day is past ;  
 Another day comes on. At earliest dawn  
 Then was there heard, through all Patamba's streets,  
 The warning voice, . . Woe! woe! the Sun hath reached  
 The limits of his course ; he hath fulfilled  
 The appointed cycle ! . . Fast, and weep, and pray ! . .  
 Four Suns have perished, . . fast, and weep, and pray,  
 Lest the fifth perish also. On the first  
 The floods arose ; the waters of the heavens,  
 Bursting their everlasting boundaries,  
 Whelmed, in one deluge, earth and sea and sky,  
 And quenched its orb of fire. The second Sun  
 Then had its birth, and ran its round of years ;  
 Till having reached its date, it fell from heaven,  
 And crushed the race of men. Another life  
 The Gods assigned to Nature ; the third Sun  
 Formed the celestial circle ; then its flames  
 Burst forth, and overspread earth sea and sky,  
 Deluging the wide universe with fire,  
 Till all things were consumed, and its own flames

Fed on itself, and spent themselves, and all  
 Was vacancy and darkness. Yet again  
 The World had being, and another Sun  
 Rolled round the path of Heaven. That perished too:  
 The mighty Whirlwinds rose, and far away  
 Scattered its dying flames. The fifth was born;  
 The fifth to-day completes his destined course,  
 Perchance to rise no more. O Aztlán, fast  
 And pray! the Cycle of the Years is full!

Thus, through Patamba, did the ominous voice  
 Exhort the people. Fervent vows all day  
 Were made, with loud lament; in every fane,  
 In every dwelling-place of man, were prayers,  
 The supplications of the affrighted heart,  
 Earnestly offered up with tears and groans.  
 So passed the forenoon; and when now the Sun  
 Sloped, from his southern height, the downward way  
 Of heaven, again the ominous warner cried,  
 Woe! woe! the Cycle of the Years is full!  
 Quench every fire! extinguish every light!  
 And every fire was quenched, and every light  
 Extinguished at the voice.



## Meantime the Priests

Began the rites. They gashed themselves, and plunged  
Into the sacred pond of Ezapan,  
Till the clear water, on whose bed of sand  
The sunbeams sparkled late, opaque with blood,  
On its black surface mirrored all things round.  
The children of the temple, in long search,  
Had gathered, for the service of this day,  
All venomous things that fly, or wind their path  
With sinuous trail, or crawl on reptile feet.  
These, in one cauldron, o'er the sacred fire  
They scorch, till of the loathsome living tribes,  
Who, writhing in their burning agonies,  
Fix on each other ill-directed wounds,  
Ashes alone are left. In infants' blood  
They mix the infernal unction, and the Priests  
Anoint themselves therewith.

## Lo ! from the South

The Orb of Glory his regardless way  
Holds on. Again Patamba's streets receive  
The ominous voice, . . Woe ! woe ! the Sun pursues  
His journey to the limits of his course !  
Let every man in darkness veil his wife,

Veil every maiden's face ; let every child  
 Be hid in darkness, there to weep and pray,  
 That they may see again the birth of light !  
 They heard, and every husband veiled his wife  
 In darkness ; every maiden's face was veiled ;  
 The children were in darkness led to pray,  
 That they once more might see the birth of light.

Westward the Sun proceeds ; the tall tree casts  
 A longer shade ; the night-eyed insect tribes  
 Wake to their portion of the circling hours ;  
 The water-fowl, retiring to the shore,  
 Sweep, in long files, the surface of the lake.  
 Then from Patamba to the sacred mount  
 The Priests go forth ; but with no songs of joy,  
 No chearful instruments they go, no train  
 Of festive followers ; silent and alone,  
 Leading one victim to his dreadful death,  
 They to the mountain summit wend their way.

On the southern shore, and level with the lake,  
 Patamba stood ; westward were seen the walls  
 Of Aztlan, rising on a gentle slope ;

Southward, the plain extended far and wide ;  
 To the east, the mountain boundary began,  
 And there the sacred mountain reared its head.  
 Above the neighbouring heights, its lofty peak  
 Was visible far off. In the vale below,  
 Along the level borders of the lake,  
 The assembled Aztecas, with wistful eyes,  
 Gaze on the sacred summit, hoping there  
 Soon to behold the fire of sacrifice  
 Arise, surē omen of continued life.  
 The Pabas to the sacred peak begin  
 Their way, and, as they go, with ancient songs  
 Hymn the departing Sun.

O Light of Life,

Yet once again arise ! yet once again  
 Commence thy course of glory ! Time hath seen  
 Four generations of mankind destroyed,  
 When the four Suns expired ; Oh let not thou,  
 Human thyself of yore, the human race  
 Languish and die in darkness !

The fourth Sun

Had perished ; for the mighty Whirlwinds rose,  
 And swept it, with the dust of the shattered world,

Into the great abyss. The eternal Gods  
Built a new World, and to a Hero race  
Assigned it for their goodly dwelling-place ;  
And, shedding on the bones of the destroyed  
A quickening dew, from them, as from a seed,  
Made a new race of humankind spring up,  
The menials of the Heroes born of Heaven.  
But in the firmament no orb of day  
Performed its course ; Nature was blind ; the fount  
Of light had ceased to flow ; the eye of Heaven  
Was quenched in darkness. In the sad obscure,  
The earth-possessors to their parent Gods  
Prayed for another Sun, their bidding heard,  
And, in obedience, raised a flaming pile.  
Hopeful they circled it, when, from above,  
The voice of the Invisible proclaimed,  
That he, who bravely plunged amid the fire,  
Should live again in Heaven, and there shine forth  
The Sun of the young World. The Hero race  
Grew pale, and from the fiery trial shrunk.  
'Thou, Nahuaztin, thou, O mortal-born,  
Heardest ! thy heart was strong, the flames received  
Their victim, and the humbled Heroes saw

The orient sky, with smiles of rosy joy,  
 Welcome the coming of the new-born God.  
 O, human once, now let not humankind  
 Languish, and die in darkness !

In the East

Then didst thou pause to see the Hero race  
 Perish. In vain, with impious arms, they strove  
 Against thy will ; in vain against thine orb  
 They shot their shafts ; the arrows of their pride  
 Fell on themselves ; they perished, to thy praise.  
 So perish still thine impious enemies,  
 O Lord of Day ! But to the race devout,  
 Who offer up their morning sacrifice,  
 Honouring thy godhead, and with morning hymns,  
 And with the joy of music and of dance,  
 Welcome thy glad uprise, . . to them, O Sun,  
 Still let the fountain-streams of splendour flow !  
 Still smile on them propitious, thou whose smile  
 Is light and life and joyance ! Once again,  
 Parent of Being, Prince of Glory, rise !  
 Begin thy course of beauty once again !

Such was their ancient song, as up the height  
 Slowly they wound their way. The multitude

Beneath repeat the strain ; with fearful eyes  
 They watch the spreading glories of the west ;  
 And when at length the hastening orb hath sunk  
 Below the plain, such sinking at the heart  
 They feel, as he who, hopeless of return, -  
 From his dear home departs. Still on the light,  
 The last green light that lingers in the west,  
 Their looks are fastened, till the clouds of night  
 Roll on, and close in darkness the whole heaven.  
 Then ceased their songs ; then o'er the crowded vale  
 No voice of man was heard. Silent and still  
 They stood, all turned toward the east, in hope  
 There on the holy mountain to behold  
 The sacred fire, and know that once again  
 The Sun begins his stated round of years.

The Moon arose ; she shone upon the lake,  
 That lay one smooth expanse of silver light ;  
 She shone upon the hills and rocks, and cast  
 Upon their hollows and their hidden glens  
 A blacker depth of shade. Who then looked round,  
 Beholding all that mighty multitude,  
 Felt yet severer awe ; so solemnly still

The thronging thousands stood. The breeze was heard,  
That rustled in the reeds ; the little wave,  
Which rippled to the shore, and left no foam,  
Sent its low murmurs far.

Meantime the Priests

Have stretched their victim on the mountain-top ;  
A miserable man ; his breast is bare,  
Bare for the death that waits him ; but no hand  
May there inflict the blow of mercy. Piled  
On his bare breast the cedar boughs are laid ;  
On his bare breast, dry sedge and odorous gums  
Laid ready to receive the sacred spark,  
And blaze, to herald the ascending Sun,  
Upon his living altar. Round the wretch  
The inhuman ministers of rites accurst  
Stand, and expect the signal when to strike  
The seed of fire. Their Chief, Tezozomoc,  
Apart from all, upon the pinnacle  
Of that high mountain, eastward turns his eyes ;  
For now the hour draws nigh, and speedily  
He looks to see the first faint dawn of day  
Break through the orient clouds.

Impatiently

The multitude await the happy sign.

Long hath the midnight past, and every hour,  
 Yea every moment, to their torturing fears  
 Seemed lengthened out, insufferably long.  
 Silent they stood, and breathless, in suspense.  
 The breeze had fallen ; no stirring breath of wind  
 Rustled the reeds. Oppressive, motionless,  
 It was a labour and a pain to breathe  
 The close, hot, heavy air. . . Hark ! from the woods,  
 The howl of their wild tenants ! and the birds, . .  
 The day-birds, in blind darkness fluttering,  
 Fearful to rest, uttering portentous cries !  
 Anon, the sound of distant thunders came ;  
 They peal beneath their feet. Earth shakes and yawns,..  
 And lo, upon the sacred mountain's top,  
 The light, . . the mighty flame ! A cataract  
 Of fire bursts upward from the mountain-head, . .  
 High, . . high, . . it shoots ! the liquid fire boils out ;  
 It streams, . . it torrents down ! Tezozomoc  
 Beholds the judgment : wretched, . . wretched man !  
 On the upmost pinnacle he stands, and sees  
 The lava floods beneath him : and his hour  
 Is come. The fiery shower, descending, heaps  
 Red ashes round ; they fall like drifted snows,  
 And bury and consume the accursed Priest.



The Tempest is abroad. Fierce from the North  
The wind uptears the lake, whose lowest depths  
Rock, while convulsions shake the solid earth.  
Where is Patamba? where the multitudes  
Who thronged her level shores? The mighty Lake  
Hath burst its bounds, and the wide valley roars,  
A troubled sea, before the rolling storm.

## XXVII.

The storm hath ceased ; but still the lava tides  
Roll down the mountain side in streams of fire ;  
Down to the lake they roll, and yet roll on,  
All burning, through the waters. Heaven above  
Glows round the burning mount, and fiery clouds  
Scour through the black and starless firmament.  
Far off, the Eagle, in his mountain nest,  
Lies watching in alarm, with steady eye,  
The midnight radiance.

But the storm hath ceased ;  
The earth is still ; . . and lo ! while yet the dawn  
Is struggling through the eastern cloud, the barks  
Of Madoc on the waters.

Who is he  
On yonder crag, all dripping from the lake,  
Who hath escaped its depths ? He lies along,

Now near exhaust with self-preserving toil,  
And still his eye dwells on the spreading waves,  
Where late the multitudes of Aztlan stood,  
Collected in their strength. It is the King  
Of Aztlan, who, extended on yon rock,  
Looks vainly for his people. He beholds  
The barks of Madoc plying to preserve  
The strugglers ; . . but how few ! upon the crags  
That verge the northern shore, upon the heights  
Eastward, how few have refuged ! Then the King  
Almost repented him of life preserved,  
And wished the waves had whelmed him, or the sword  
Fallen on him, ere this ill, this wretchedness,  
This desolation. Spirit-troubled thus,  
He called to mind how, from the first, his heart  
Inclined to peace, and how reluctantly,  
Obedient to the Pabas and their Gods,  
Had he to this unhappy war been driven.  
All now was ended : it remained to yield,  
To obey the inevitable will of heaven,  
From Aztlan to depart. As thus he mused,  
A bird, upon a bough which overhung  
The rock, as though in echo to his thought,

Cried out, . . Depart ! depart ! for so the note,  
 Articulately, in his native tongue,  
 Spake to the Azteca. The King looked up.  
 The hour, the horrors round him, had impressed  
 Feelings and fears well fitted to receive  
 All superstition ; and the voice which cried,  
 Depart ! depart ! seemed like the voice of fate.  
 He thought, perhaps Coanocotzin's soul,  
 Descending from his blissful halls in the hour  
 Of evil, thus to comfort and advise,  
 Hovered above him.

Lo ! toward the rock,  
 Oaring with feeble arms his difficult way,  
 A struggler hastens : he hath reached the rock,  
 Hath graspt it, but his strength, exhausted, fails  
 To lift him from the depth. The King descends  
 Timely, in aid ; he holds the feeble one  
 By his long locks, and on the safety-place  
 Lands him. He, panting, from his clotted hair  
 Shakes the thick waters, from his forehead wipes  
 The blinding drops ; on his preserver's face  
 He looked, and knew the King. Then Tlalala

Fell on his neck, and groaned. They laid them down  
In silence, for their hearts were full of woe.

The sun came forth, and shone upon the rock ;  
They felt the kindly beams ; their strengthened blood  
Flowed with a freer action. They arose,  
And looked around, if aught of hope might meet  
Their prospect. On the lake the galleys plied  
Their toil successfully, ever to the shore  
Bearing their rescued charge: the eastern heights,  
Rightward and leftward of the fiery mount,  
Were thronged with fugitives, whose growing crowds  
Speckled the ascent. Then Tlalala took hope ;  
And his young heart, reviving, reassumed  
Its wonted vigour. Let us to the heights,  
He cried ; . . all is not lost ! Yuhidthiton !  
When they behold thy countenance, the sight  
Will cheer them in their woe, and they will bless  
The Gods of Aztlan.

To the heights they went ;  
And when the remnant of the people saw  
Yuhidthiton preserved, such comfort then  
They felt, as utter wretchedness can feel,

That only gives grief utterance, only speaks  
 In groans and recollections of the past.  
 He looked around ; a multitude was there, . .  
 But where the strength of Aztlan ? where her hosts ?  
 Her marshalled myriads where, whom yester Sun  
 Had seen in arms arrayed, in spirit high,  
 Mighty in youth and courage ? . . What were these,  
 This remnant of the people ? Women most,  
 Who from Patamba, when the shock began,  
 Ran with their infants ; widowed now, yet each,  
 Among the few who from the lake escaped,  
 Wandering, with eager eyes and wretched hope.  
 The King beheld and groaned ; against a tree  
 He leant, and bowed his head, subdued of soul.

Meantime, amid the crowd, doth Tlalala  
 Seek for his wife and boy. In vain he seeks  
 Ilanquel there ; in vain for her he asks :  
 A troubled look, a melancholy eye,  
 A silent motion of the hopeless head,  
 These answer him. But Tlalala repress  
 His anguish, and he called upon the King, . .  
 Yuhidthiton ! thou seest thy people left ;

Their fate must be determined ; they are here  
Houseless, and wanting food.

The King looked up,...

It is determined, Tlalala ! the Gods  
Have crushed us. Who can stand against their wrath?

Have we not life and strength ? the Tyger cried.  
Disperse these women to the towns which stand  
Beyond the ruinous waters ; against them  
The White Men will not war. Ourselves are few,  
Too few to root the invaders from our land,  
Or meet them with the hope of equal fight :  
Yet may we shelter in the woods, and share  
The Lion's liberty ; and man by man  
Destroy them, till they shall not dare to walk  
Beyond their city walls, to sow their fields,  
Or bring the harvest in. We may steal forth  
In the dark midnight, go and burn and kill,  
Till all their dreams shall be of fire and death,  
Their sleep be fear and misery.

Then the King  
Stretched forth his hand, and pointed to the lake,  
Where Madoc's galleys still to those who clung

To the tree-tops for life, or faintly still  
 Were floating on the waters, gave their aid. . .  
 O think not, Tlalala, that ever more  
 Will I against those noble enemies  
 Raise my right hand in war, lest righteous Heaven  
 Should blast the daring hand and thankless heart !  
 The Gods are leagued with them ; the Elements  
 Banded against us ! for our overthrow  
 Were yonder mountain-springs of fire ordained ;  
 For our destruction the earth-thunders loosed,  
 And the everlasting boundaries of the lake  
 Gave way, that these destroying floods might roll  
 Over the brave of Aztlan ! . . We must leave  
 The country which our fathers won in arms ;  
 We must depart.

The word yet vibrated  
 Fresh on their hearing, when the Bird above,  
 Flapping his heavy wings, repeats the sound,  
 Depart ! depart ! . . Ye hear ! the King exclaimed ;  
 It is an omen sent to me from Heaven ;  
 I heard it late in solitude, the voice  
 Of fate. . . It is Coanocotzin's soul,  
 Who counsels our departure. . . And the Bird



Still flew around, and, in his wheeling flight,  
 Pronounced the articulate note. The people heard  
 In faith, and 'Tlalala made no reply ;  
 But dark his brow, and gloomy was his frown.  
 Then spake the King, and called a messenger,  
 And bade him speed to Aztlan. . . Seek the Lord  
 Of Ocean ; tell him that Yuhidthiton  
 Yields to the will of Heaven, and leaves the land  
 His fathers won in war. One only boon,  
 In memory of our former friendship, ask,  
 The Ashes of my Fathers, . . if indeed  
 The conqueror have not cast them to the winds.

The herald went his way, circuitous,  
 Along the mountains, . . for the flooded vale  
 Barred the near passage : but before his feet  
 Could traverse half their track, the fugitives  
 Beheld canoes from Aztlan, to the foot  
 Of that protecting eminence, whereon  
 They had their stand, draw nigh. The doubtful sight  
 Disturbed them, lest, perchance, with hostile strength  
 They came upon their weakness. Wrongful fear !  
 For now Cadwallon from his bark, unarmed,

Set foot ashore, and for Yuhidthiton  
 Enquired, if yet he lived. The King receives  
 His former friend. . . From Madoc come I here,  
 The Briton said : Raiment and food he sends,  
 And peace ; so shall this visitation prove  
 A blessing, if it knit the bonds of peace,  
 And make us as one people.

Tlalala !

Hearest thou him ? Yuhidthiton exclaimed.  
 Do thou thy bidding, King ! the Tyger cried ;  
 My path is plain. . . Thereat Yuhidthiton,  
 Answering, replied, Thus humbled, as thou seest,  
 Beneath the visitation of the Gods,  
 We bow before their will : To them we yield ;  
 To you, their favourites, we resign the land  
 Our fathers conquered. Never more may Fate,  
 In your days or your children's, to the end  
 Of Time, afflict it thus !

He said, and called  
 The Heralds of his pleasure. . . Go ye forth  
 Throughout the land : North, south, and east, and west,  
 Proclaim the ruin. Say to all who bear  
 The name of Azteca, that Heaven hath crushed

'Their country: Say, the voice of Heaven was heard, . .  
 Heard ye it not? . . bidding us leave the land,  
 That shakes us from her bosom. Ye will find  
 Women, old men, and babes ; the many, weak  
 Of body and of spirit, ill prepared,  
 With painful toil, through long and dangerous ways  
 To seek another country. Say to them,  
 The White Men will not lift the arm of power  
 Against the feeble ; here they may remain  
 In peace, and to the grave in peace go down.  
 But they who would not have their children lose  
 The name their fathers bore, will join our march.  
 Ere ye set forth, behold the destined way !

He bade a pile be raised upon the top  
 Of that high eminence, to all the winds  
 Exposed. They raised the pile, and left it free  
 To all the winds of Heaven ; Yuhidthiton  
 Alone approached it, and applied the torch.  
 The day was calm, and o'er the flaming pile  
 The wavy smoke hung lingering, like a mist  
 That in the morning tracks the valley stream.  
 Swell over swell it rose, erect above,

On all sides spreading like a stately palm,  
 So moveless were the winds. Upward it rolled,  
 Still upward, when a stream of upper air  
 Crossed it, and bent its top, and drove it on,  
 Straight over Aztlan. An acclaiming shout  
 Welcomed the will of Heaven ; for lo, the smoke  
 Fast travelling on, while not a breath of air  
 Is felt below. Ye see the appointed course !  
 Exclaimed the King. Proclaim it where ye go !  
 On the third morning we begin our march.

Soon o'er the lake a winged galley sped,  
 Wafting the Ocean Prince. He bore, preserved  
 When Aztlan's bloody temples were cast down,  
 The Ashes of the Dead. The King received  
 The relics, and his heart was full ; his eye  
 Dwelt on his father's urn. At length he said,  
 One more request, O Madoc ! . . If the lake  
 Should ever to its ancient bounds return,  
 Shrined in the highest of Patamba's towers  
 Coanocotzin rests . . . But wherefore this ?  
 Thou wilt respect the ashes of the King.

Then said the Prince, Abide not here, O King,  
 Thus open to the changeful elements ;  
 But till the day of your departure come,  
 Sojourn with me. . . Madoc, that must not be !  
 Yuhidthiton replied. Shall I behold  
 A stranger dwelling in my father's house ?  
 Shall I become a guest, where I was wont  
 To give the guest his welcome ? . . He pursued,  
 After short pause of speech, . . For our old men,  
 And helpless babes and women ; for all those  
 Whom wisely fear and feebleness deter  
 To tempt strange paths, the marsh, the desert wood,  
 The hostile tribes, for these Yuhidthiton  
 Asks thy protection. Under thy mild sway,  
 They will remember me without regret,  
 Yet not without affection. . . They shall be  
 My people, Madoc answered. . . And the rites  
 Of holiness transmitted from their sires, . .  
 Pursued the King, . . will these be suffered them ? . .  
 Blood must not flow, the Christian Prince replied ;  
 No Priest must dwell among us ; that hath been  
 The cause of all this misery. . . Enough,  
 Yuhidthiton replied ; I ask no more.

It is not for the conquered to impose  
 Their law upon the conqueror.

Then he turned,  
 And lifted up his voice, and called upon  
 The people : . . All whom fear or feebleness  
 Withhold from following my adventurous path,  
 Prince Madoc will receive. No blood must flow,  
 No Paba dwell among them. Take upon ye,  
 Ye who are weak of body or of heart,  
 The Strangers' easy yoke : beneath their sway  
 Ye will remember me without regret.  
 Soon take your choice, and speedily depart,  
 Lest ye impede the adventurers. As he spake,  
 Tears flowed, and groans were heard. The line was drawn,  
 Which whoso would accept the Strangers' yoke  
 Should pass. A multitude o'erpast the line ;  
 But all the youth of Aztlan crowded round  
 Yuhidthiton, their own beloved King.

So two days long, with unremitting toil,  
 The barks of Britain to the adventurers  
 Bore due supply ; and to new habitants  
 The city of the Cymry spread her gates ;

And in the vale around, and on the heights,  
 Their numerous tents were pitched. Meantime the tale  
 Of ruin went abroad, and how the Gods  
 Had driven her sons from Aztlan. To the King,  
 Companions of his venturous enterprise,  
 The bold repaired ; the timid and the weak,  
 All whom, averse from perilous wanderings,  
 A gentler nature had disposed to peace,  
 Beneath the Strangers' easy rule remained.  
 Now the third morning came. At break of day  
 The mountain echoes to the busy sound  
 Of multitudes. Before the moving tribe  
 The Pabas bear, inclosed from public sight,  
 Mexitli ; and the Ashes of the Kings  
 Follow the Chair of God. Yuhidthiton  
 Then leads the marshalled ranks, and by his side,  
 Silent and thoughtfully, went 'Tlalala.

At the north gate of Aztlan, Malinal,  
 Borne in a litter, waited their approach ;  
 And now alighting, as the train drew nigh,  
 Propt by a friendly arm, with feeble step  
 Advanced to meet the King. Yuhidthiton,

With eye severe and darkening countenance,  
 Met his advance. I did not think, quoth he,  
 Thou wouldst have ventured this ! and liefer far  
 Should I have borne away with me the thought,  
 That Malinal had shunned his brother's sight,  
 Because their common blood yet raised in him  
 A sense of his own shame ! . . Comest thou to show  
 Those wounds, the marks of thine unnatural war  
 Against thy country ? or to boast the meed  
 Of thy dishonour ? that thou tarriest here,  
 Sharing the bounty of the conqueror,  
 While, with the remnant of his countrymen,  
 Saving the Gods of Aztlan and the name,  
 Thy brother and thy King goes forth to seek  
 His fortune ?

Calm and low the youth replied,  
 Ill dost thou judge of me, Yuhidthiton !  
 And foully, O my brother, wrong the heart  
 Thou better shouldst have known ! Howbeit, I come  
 Prepared for grief. These honourable wounds  
 Were gained when, singly, at Caermadoc, I  
 Opposed the ruffian Hoamen ; and even now,  
 Thus feeble as thou seest me, come I thence,



For this farewell. Brother, . . Yuhidthiton, . .  
 By the true love which thou didst bear my youth,  
 Which ever, with a love as true, my heart  
 Hath answered, . . by the memory of that hour  
 When at our mother's funeral pile we stood,  
 Go not away in wrath, but call to mind  
 What thou hast ever known me ! Side by side  
 We fought against the Strangers, side by side  
 We fell ; together in the council hall  
 We counselled peace, together in the field  
 Of the assembly pledged the word of peace :  
 When plots of secret slaughter were devised,  
 I raised my voice alone, alone I kept  
 My plighted faith, alone I prophecied  
 The judgment of just Heaven ; for this I bore  
 Reproach, and shame, and wrongful banishment,  
 In the action self-approved, and justified  
 By this unhappy issue !

As he spake,  
 Did natural feeling strive within the King,  
 And thoughts of other days, and brotherly love,  
 And inward consciousness that had he too  
 Stood forth, obedient to his better mind,

Nor weakly yielded to the wily Priests,  
 Wilfully blind, perchance, even now, in peace  
 The kingdom of his fathers had preserved  
 Her name and empire. . . Malinal, he cried,  
 Thy brother's heart is sore ! In better times  
 I may with kindlier thoughts remember thee,  
 And honour thy true virtue. Fare thee well !

So saying, to his heart he held the youth,  
 Then turned away. But then cried Tlalala,  
 Farewell, Yuhidthiton ! the Tyger cried ;  
 For I too will not leave my native land.  
 Farewell, once King of Aztlan ! Go thy way ;  
 And be it prosperous. Through the gate thou seest  
 Yon tree that overhangs my father's house ;  
 My father lies beneath it. Call to mind  
 Sometimes that tree ; for at its foot in peace  
 Shall Tlalala be laid, who will not live  
 Survivor of his country.

Thus he cried,  
 And through the gate, regardless of the King,  
 Turned to his native door. Yuhidthiton  
 Followed, and Madoc ; but in vain their words

Essayed to move the Tyger's steady heart ;  
 When from the door a tottering boy came forth,  
 And clung around his knees with joyful cries,  
 And called him father. At the joyful sound  
 Out ran Ilanquel ; and the astonished man  
 Beheld his wife and boy, whom sure he deemed  
 Whelmed in the floods ; but them the British barks,  
 Returning homeward from their merciful quest,  
 Found floating on the waters. . . For a while  
 Abandoned by all desperate thoughts he stood :  
 Soon he collected, and to Madoc turned,  
 And said, O Prince, this woman and her boy  
 I leave to thee. As thou hast ever found  
 In me a fearless unrelenting foe,  
 Fighting with ceaseless zeal my country's cause,  
 Respect them ! . . Nay, Ilanquel ! hast thou yet  
 To learn with what unshakeable resolve  
 My soul maintains its purposes ! I leave thee  
 To a brave foe's protection. . . Lay me, Madoc,  
 Here, in my father's grave.

With that he took  
 His mantle off, and veiled Ilanquel's face ; . .  
 Woman, thou canst not look upon the Sun,

Who sets, to rise no more ! . . That done, he placed  
His javelin hilt against the ground ; the point  
He fitted to his heart ; and, holding firm  
The shaft, fell forward, still with steady hand  
Guiding the death-blow on.

So in the land  
Madoc was left sole Lord ; and far away  
Yuhidthiton led forth the Aztecas,  
To spread in other lands Mexitli's name,  
And rear a mightier empire, and set up  
Again their foul idolatry ; till Heaven,  
Making blind Zeal and bloody Avarice  
Its ministers of vengeance, sent among them  
The heroic Spaniard's unrelenting sword.

THE END.



## NOTES.



NOTES  
ON  
THE FIRST PART.

---

*Silent and thoughtful, and apart from all,  
Stood Madoc.*—I. p. 2.

Long after these lines had been written, I was pleased at finding the same feeling expressed in a very singular specimen of metrical autobiography :

A Nao, despregando as velas  
Ja se aproveita do vento ;  
E de evidente alegria  
Os Portuguezes ja cheios  
Sobre o conves estam todos ;  
Na terra se vam revendo  
Igrejas, Palacios, Quintas,  
De que tem conhecimento,  
Daqui, dalli apontando  
Vam ledamente cò dedo.  
Todos fallando demostram  
Seus jubilos manifestos ;  
Mas o Vieira occupado  
Vai de hum notavel silencio.



Seu excessivo alvoroço  
 Tumultuante, que dentro  
 No peito sente, lhe causa  
 De sobresalto os effeitos.  
 Quanto mais elle chegando  
 Vai ao suspirado termo,  
 Mais se lhe augmenta.o gostoso  
 Susto no doce projecto.  
*Vicira Lusitano.*

*Mona, the dark Island.—I. p. 2.*

*Ynys Dwyll, the dark island.*

*Aberfraw.—I. p. 3.*

The palace of Gwynedd, or North Wales. Rhodri Mawr, about the year 873, fixed the seat of government here, which had formerly been at Dyganwy, but latterly at Caer Seiont in Arvon, near the present town of Caernarvon. "It is strange," says Warrington, "that he should desert a country where every mountain was a natural fortress, and, in times of such difficulty and danger, should make choice of a residence so exposed and defenceless." But this very danger may have been his motive. The Danes, who could make no impression upon England against the great Alfred, had turned their arms upon Wales; Mona was the part most open to their ravages, and it may have been an act as well of policy as of courage in the king to fix his abode there. He fell there, at length, in battle against the Saxons. A barn now stands upon the site of the palace, in which there are stones that, by their better workmanship, appear to have belonged to the original building.

*Richly would the king*

*Gift the red hand that rid him of that fear.—I. p. 5.*

"It was the manner of those days, that the murtherer only, and he that gave the death's-wound, should fly, which was called in Welch *Llawrudd*, which is a red-hand, because he had blounded his hands. The accessories and abettors to the murtherers were never hearkened after."—*GWYDIR History.*

*David! King Owen's son . . . my father's son . . .  
He wed the Saxon . . . the Plantagenet!—I. p. 6.*

This marriage was in fact one of the means whereby Henry succeeded for a time in breaking the independant spirit of the Welsh. David immediately sent a thousand men to serve under his brother-in-law and liege lord in Normandy, and shortly after attended the parliament at Oxford upon his summons.

*He is the headstrong slave  
Of passions unsubdued.—I. p. 9.*

Caradog represents Davydd as a prince greatly disliked on account of his cruelty and untractable spirit, killing and putting out the eyes of those who were not subservient to his will, *after the manner of the English!* Cambrian Biography.

*The guests were seated at the festal board.—II. p. 11.*

The order of the royal hall was established by law.

"The men to whom the right of a seat in the hall belongs are fourteen, of whom four shall sit in the lower, and ten in the upper part of the hall. The king is the first, he shall sit at the pillar, and next him the chancellor, and after him the guest, and then the heir apparent, and then the master of the hawks. The foot-bearer shall sit by the dish opposite the king, and the mead-maker at the pillar behind him. The priest of the household shall be at another pillar, who shall bless the meat, and chaunt the pater noster. The cryer shall strike the pillar above the king's head. Next him shall be the judge of the palace, and next to him the musician, to whom the right of the seat belongs. The smith of the palace shall be at the bottom before the knees of the priest. The master of the palace shall sit in the lower hall with his left hand towards the door, with the serving-men whom he shall chuse, and the rest shall be at the other side of the door, and at his other hand the musician of the household. The master of the horse shall sit at the pillar opposite the king, and the master of the hounds at the pillar opposite the priest of the household."—*Laws of Hoel Dha'.*

*Keiriog, . . and Berwyn's after-strife.—II. p. 13.*

"1165. The king gathered another armie of chosen men through all his dominions, as England, Normandie, Anjow, Gascoine, and Gwyen, sending for succours from Flanders and Brytain, and then returned towards North Wales, minding utterlie to destroy all that had life in the land; and coming to Croes Oswalt, called Oswald's-tree, incamped there. On the contrarie side, Prince Owen and his brother Cadwalader, with all the power of North Wales; and the Lord Rees, with the power of South Wales; and Owen Cyveilioc and the sonnes of Madoc ap Meredyth, with the power of Powys, and the two sonnes of Madoc ap Ednerth, with the people betwixt Wye and Seaverne, gathered themselves together and came to Corwen in Edeyrneon, purposing to defend their country. But the king, understanding that they were nigh, being wonderfull desirous of battell, came to the river Ceireoc, and caused the woods to be hewn down. Whereupon a number of the Welshmen understanding the passage, unknowen to their captains met with the king's ward, where were placed the picked men of all the armie, and there began a hote skirmish, where diverse worthie men were slaine on either side; but in the end the king wanne the passage, and came to the mountaine of Berwyn, where he laid in campe certaine days, and so both the armies stood in awe each of other; for the king kept the open plains, and was affraid to be intrapped in straits; but the Welshmen watched for the advantage of the place, and kept the king so straitlie, that neither forage nor victuall might come to his camp, neither durst anie soldiour stir abroad. And to augment their miseries there fell such raine, that the king's men could scant stand upon their feete upon those slipperie hilles. In the end, the king was compelled to return home without his purpose, and that with great loss of men and munition, besides his charges: Therefore in a great choler he caused the pledges eies, whom he had received long before that, to be put out; which were Rees and Cadwalhon the sonnes of Owen, and Cynwric and Meredith the sonnes of Rees, and other."—POWELL.

*The fool that day who in his masque attire**Sported before King Henry.—II. p. 13.*

"Brienston in Dorsetshire was held in grand sergeanty by a pretty odd

jocular tenure; viz. by finding a man to go before the king's army for forty days when he should make war in Scotland, (some records say in Wales,) bareheaded and barefooted, in his shirt and linen drawers, holding in one hand a bow without a string, in the other an arrow without feathers."—GIBSON'S *Camden*.

*Though I knew*

*The rebel's worth.*—II. p. 14.

There is a fine testimony to Hoel's military talents in the old history of Cambria, by Powell. "At this time Cadell, Meredyth, and Rees, the sons of Gruffyth ap Rees ap Theodor, did lead their powers against the castle of Gwys; which after they saw they could not win, they sent for Howel the sonne of Owen, prince of North Wales, to their succour, who for his prowess in the field, and his discretion in consultation, was counted the flowre of chivalrie; whose presence also was thought only sufficient to overthrowe anie hold."

*Seest thou never*

*Those eyeless spectres by thy bridal bed.*—II. p. 15.

Henry in his attempt upon Wales, 1165, "did justice on the sons of Rhys, and also on the sons and daughters of other noblemen that were his accomplices very rigorously; causing the eyes of the young striplings to be pecked out of their heads, and their noses to be cut off or slit; and the eares of the young gentlewomen to be stuffed. But yet I find in other authors that in this journey King Henry did not greatly prevail against his enemies, but rather lost many of his men of war, both horsemen and footmen; for by his severe proceeding against them, he rather made them more eager to seek revenge, than quieted them in any tumult."—HOLINSHED. Among these unhappy hostages were the sons of Owen Gwynedh.

*I hate the Saxon.*—II. p. 15.

Of this name Saxon, which the Welsh still use, Higden gives an odd etymology. "Men of that cowntree ben more lyghter and stronger on the see than other scommers or theeves of the see, and pursue theyr enemyes full

harde, bothe by water and by londe, and ben called Saxones, of Saxum, that is, a stone, for they ben as hard as stones, and uneasy to fare with."—*Poly-cronycon*, 1. 26.

*The page who chafed his feet.*—II. p. 15.

"The foot bearer shall hold the feet of the king in his lap, from the time when he reclines \* at the board till he goes to rest, and he shall chafe them with a towel; and during all that time he shall watch, that no hurt happen to the king. He shall eat of the same dish from which the king takes his meat, having his back turned toward the fire. He shall light the first candle before the king at his meal."—*Laws of Hoel Dha*.

*The officer proclaimed the sovereign will.*—II. p. 17.

The crier to command silence was one of the royal household; first he performed this service by his voice, then by striking with the rod of his office the pillars above the king's head. A fine was due to him for every disturbance in the court.

*The Chief of Bards*

*Then raised the ancient lay.*—II. p. 18.

The lines which follow represent the Bardic system, as laid down in the *Triads of Bardism*.

"12. There are three Circles of Existence: the Circle of Infinity, where there is nothing but God, of living or dead, and none but God can traverse it; the Circle of Inchoation, where all things are by Nature derived from Death, . . this Circle hath been traversed by man; and the Circle of Happiness, where all things spring from Life, . . this man shall traverse in Heaven.

"13. Animated Beings have three States of Existence: that of Inchoation in the Great Deep, or Lowest point of Existence; that of Liberty in the State of Humanity; and that of Love, which is Happiness, in Heaven.

"14. All animated Beings are subject to three Necessities: Beginning in

\* *Accubuerit* is the word in Wotton's version. It is evident that the king must have lain at his meal, after the Roman fashion, or this pedifer could not have chafed his feet.

the Great Deep; Progression in the Circle of Inchoation; and Plenitude in the Circle of Happiness. Without these things nothing can possibly exist but God.

“ 15. Three things are necessary in the Circle of Inchoation; the least of all animation, and thence Beginning; the materials of all things, and thence Increase, which cannot take place in any other state; the formation of all things out of the dead mass, and thence Discriminate Individuality.

“ 16. Three things cannot but exist towards all animated Beings from the nature of Divine Justice: Co-sufferance in the Circle of Inchoation, because without that none could attain to the perfect knowledge of any thing; Co-participation in the Divine love; and Co-ultimity from the nature of God's Power, and its attributes of Justice and Mercy.

“ 17. There are three necessary occasions of Inchoation: to collect the materials and properties of every nature; to collect the knowledge of every thing; and to collect power towards subduing the Adverse and Devastative, and for the divestation of Evil. Without this traversing every mode of animated existence, no state of animation, or of any thing in nature, can attain to Plenitude.”

*Till Evil shall be known,*

*And being known as Evil, cease to be.*—II. p. 18.

“ By the knowledge of three things will all Evil and Death be diminished and subdued; their nature, their cause, and their operations. This knowledge will be obtained in the Circle of Happiness.”—*Triads of Bardism*, Tr. 35.

*Death, the Enlarger.*—II. p. 18.

Angau, the Welsh word for Death, signifies Enlargement.

*The eternal newness of eternal joy.*—II. p. 18.

Nefoedd, the Welsh word for Heaven, signifies Renovation.

“ The three Excellences of changing the mode of Existence in the Circle of Happiness: Acquisition of Knowledge; beautiful Variety; and Repose, from not being able to endure uniform Infinity and uninterrupted Eternity.

“ Three things none but God can do: endure the Eternities of the Circle

of Infinity ; participate of every state of Existence without changing ; and reform and renovate every thing without the loss of it.

“ The three Plenitudes of Happiness : Participation of every nature, with a plenitude of One predominant ; conformity to every cast of genius and character, possessing superior excellence in One ; the Love of all Beings and Existences, but chiefly concentered in One object, which is God : and in the predominant One of each of these will the Plenitude of Happiness consist.”—*Triads of Bardism*, 40. 38. 45.

— he struck the harp

To Owen's praise.—II. p. 18.

“ I will extol the generous Hero, descended from the race of Roderic, the bulwark of his country, a Prince eminent for his good qualities, the glory of Britain : Owen, the brave and expert in arms, that neither hoardeth nor coveteth riches.

“ Three fleets arrived, vessels of the main, three powerful fleets of the first rate, furiously to attack him on the sudden ; one from Iwerddon \*, the other full of well armed Lochlynians, making a grand appearance on the floods, the third from the transmarine Normans, which was attended with an immense though successful toil.

“ The dragon of Mona's sons were so brave in action, that there was a great tumult on their furious attack ; and before the prince himself there was vast confusion, havoc, conflict, honourable death, bloody battle, horrible consternation, and upon Tal Mavra a thousand banners ; there was an outrageous carnage, and the rage of spears and hasty signs of violent indignation. Blood raised the tide of the Menai, and the crimson of human gore stained the brine. There were glittering cuirasses, and the agony of gashing wounds, and the mangled warriors prostrate before the chief, distinguished by his crimson lance. Loegria was put into confusion ; the contest and confusion was great, and the glory of our Prince's wide-wasting sword shall be celebrated in an hundred languages to give him his merited praise.”—*Panegyric upon Owen Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, by GWALCHMAI the son of Melir, in the year 1157, from EVANS'S Specimens of Welsh Poetry.*

\* Ireland.

*Dinevawr.*—III. p. 21.

Dinas Vawr, the Great Palace, the residence of the Princes of Deheubarth, or South Wales. This also was erected by Rhodri Mawr.

*Hoel seized the throne.*—III. p. 21.

I have taken some liberties here with the history. Hoel kept possession of the throne nearly two years; he then went to Ireland to claim the property of his mother Pyvog, the daughter of an Irish chieftain; in the mean time David seized the government. Hoel raised all the force he could to recover the crown, but after a severe conflict was wounded and defeated. He returned to Ireland with the remains of his army, which probably consisted chiefly of Irishmen, and there died of his wounds. *Cambrian Biography.*

— *hast thou known the consummated crime,  
And heard Cynetha's fate?*—III. p. 26.

The history of Cynetha and his brothers is very honestly related in the *Pentarchia*.

Cadwallonis erat primævus jure Cynetha;  
Proh pudor! hunc oculis patruus privavit Oenus  
Testiculisque simul, fundum dum raptat avitum:  
Houel ab irato suspensus rege Johanne,  
Et Leolinus, eum privarunt lumine fratres.

*As thy fair uplands lessened on the view.*—IV. p. 35.

“Two of the names of Britain were derived from its hills. *Clas Merddin*, the high lands in the sea, and *Clas Meiddin*, the hilly lands or fields.”—E. WILLIAMS'S *Poems*.

*Seen low lying in the haze of morn.*—IV. p. 36.

What sailors call Cape Fly-away.

*St Cyric.*—IV. p. 43.

The Saint to whom sailors address themselves. The St Elmo of the Welsh.

“It was usual for all, even females, who went from North Wales in pil-



grimace to St David's, to pass the dangerous strands and sail over the rough bays in slight coracles, without any one to guide or assist them; so firmly were they convinced that that Saint and St Cyric, the ruler of the waves; would protect them."—E. WILLIAMS's *Poems*.

*Gwenhidwy*.—IV. p. 44.

"A Mermaid. The white foamy waves are called her sheep; the ninth wave her ram. The Welsh have two proverbs concerning her: Take the Mermaid's advice and save thyself: Take shelter when you see the Mermaid driving her flocks ashore."—E. WILLIAMS.

*Where at their head the floods for ever thus,  
Beneath the nearer influence of the Moon,  
Laboured in these mad workings*.—IV. p. 44.

"Everyche flood aryseth more in Oecean than in the grete see, that is for the hole togyder is myghtyer and stronger than ony partye by hymself. Or for the hole Oecean is grete and large, and receyved more workynge of the mone than ony partye by hymselfe that is smaller and lasse."—*Polycronycon*, L. 1. c. 9.

*Did the Waters*

*Here in their outmost circle meet the Void*.—IV. p. 44.

"The see of Oecean beclyppeth all the erthe abowte as a garlonde, and by tymes cometh and goth, ebbying and flowynge, and flodeth in sees and casteth them up, and wyndes blowen therin."—*Polycronycon*, L. 1. c. 9.

*Or this Earth,*

*Was it indeed a living thing*.—IV. p. 44.

"Physici autumant mundum animal esse, eumque ex variis elementorum corporibus conglobatum, moveri spiritu, regi mente. Quæ utraque diffusa per membra omnia, æternæ molis vigorem exerceant. Sicut ergo in corporibus nostris commertia sunt spiritalia, ita in profundis Oceani nares quasdam mundi constitutas, per quas emissi anhelitus, vel reducti, modo efflent maria quomodo revocent."—*Solinus*, cap. 36.

"I suppose the waters," says Pietro Martire, "to be driven about the globe of the earth by the incessant moving and impulsion of the heavens, and not to be swallowed up and cast out again by the breathing of Demogorgon, as some have imagined, because they see the seas, by increase and decrease, to flow and reflow."—*Dec. 3. c. 6.*

— *gentle airs that breathed,*

*Or seemed to breathe, fresh fragrance from the shore.*—IV. p. 45.

"Our first notice of the approach of land was the fragrant and aromatic smell of the continent of South America, or of the Islands in its vicinity, which we sensibly perceived as a squall came from that quarter."—M'KIN-  
NEN's *Tour through the British West Indies.*

Dogs always are sensible when land is near, before it can be seen.

*Low nets of interwoven reeds.*—V. p. 49.

"And forasmuch as I have made mention of their houses, it shall not be greatly from my purpose to describe in what manner they are builded: They are made round, like bells or round pavilions. Their frame is rayed of exceeding high trees, set close together, and fast rampaired in the ground, so standing aslope, and bending inward, that the toppes of the trees joyne together, and beare one against another, having also within the house certain strong and short proppes, or posts, which susteyne the trees from falling. They cover them with the leaves of date trees and other trees strongly compact and hardened, wherewith they make them close from winde and weather. At the short posts, or proppes, within the house, they tie ropes of the cotton of gossampine trees, or other ropes made of certain long and rough roots, much like unto the shrubbe called *Spartum*, whereof in old time they used to make bands for vines, and gables and ropes for shippes. These they tie overthwart the house from post to post; on these they lay as it were certaine mattresses made of the cotton of gossampine trees, which grow plentifully in these Islandes. This cotton the Spanyards call *Algodon*, and the Italians *Bombasine*, and thus they sleepe in hanging beddes."—PIETRO MARTIRE.

*Will ye believe*  
*The wonders of the Ocean, how its shoals*  
*Sprung from the wave.*—V. p. 50.

I have somewhere seen an anecdote of a sailor's mother, who believed all the strange lies which he told her for his amusement, but never could be persuaded to believe there could be in existence such a thing as a flying fish.

A Spanish author, who wrote before the voyage of Columbus, describes these fish as having been seen on the coast of Flanders. "Hay alli unos pescados que vuelan sobre el agua; algunos dellos atravesaban volando por encima de las galeras, e aun algunos dellos caian dentro."—*Coronica de D. Pero Nino*.

A still earlier author mentions such a sight in the Straits as a miracle. "As they sailed from Algeziras, a fish came flying through the air, and fell upon the deck of the Infantes Galley, with which they had some fresh food that day; and because I, who write this history, have never seen nor heard of any like thing, I here recount it, because it appears to me a thing marvellous, and in my judgement out of the course of nature."—GOMES EANNES.

"At Barbadoes the negroes, after the example of the Charaibs, take the flying fish very successfully in the dark: they spread their nets before a light, and disturb the water at a small distance; the fish, rising eagerly, fly towards the light, and are intercepted by the nets."—M'KINNEN.

*Language cannot paint*  
*Their splendid tints.*—V. p. 50.

Atkins, with some feeling, describes the Dolphin as a *glorious coloured* fish. A laboured description of its beauty would not have conveyed so lively a sense of admiration. He adds, quite as naturally, that it is of dry taste, but makes good broth. *Voyage to Guinea in his Majesty's Ships the Swallow and Weymouth*:

Herbert has given this fish a very extraordinary character, upon the authority of the ancients.

"The Dolphin is no bigger than a Salmon, it glitters in the ocean with variety of beautiful colours; has few scales: from its swiftness and spirit metonymically surnamed the Prince and Arrow of the Sea: celebrated by

many learned Pens in sundry Epithets; *Philanthropoi*, for affecting men, and *Monogamoi*, for their turtle constancy; generated they be of sperme, nourisht like men, imbrace, join, and go 10 months great. *In faciem versi dulces celebrant hymenaeos Delphines, similes hominis complexibus hærent*: A careful Husband over his gravid associate, detesting incest, abhorring bigamy, tenderly affecting Parents, whom when 300 years old they feed and defend against hungry fishes; and when dead (to avoid the Shark and like marine Tyrants) carry them ashore, and there (if *Aristotle*, *Ælyan*, and *Pliny* erre not) inhume and bedew their Sepulchres: they were glad of our company, as it were affecting the sight and society of men, many hundred miles in an eager and unwearied pursuit, frisking about us; and as a Poet observed,

Undique dant saltus, multaque aspergine rorant,  
Emerguntque iterum, redeuntque sub æquora rursus,  
Inque chori ludunt speciem, lascivaque jactant  
Corpore, et acceptum patulis mare naribus efflant."

HERBERT'S *Travels*.

*The Stranger's House*.—V. p. 55.

"There is in every village of the Susquehannah Indians a vacant dwelling called the Stranger's House. When a traveller arrives within hearing of a village, he stops and halloos, for it is deemed uncivil to enter abruptly. Two old men lead him to the house, and then go round to the inhabitants, telling them a stranger is arrived fatigued and hungry. They send them all they can spare, bring tobacco after they are refreshed, and then ask questions whence they come and whither they go."—FRANKLIN.

— a race

*Mightier than they and wiser, and by Heaven*

*Beloved and favoured more*.—VI. p. 56.

"They are easily persuaded that the God that made Englishmen is a greater God than theirs, because he hath so richly endowed the English above themselves. But when they hear that about 1600 years ago England and the inhabitants thereof were like unto themselves, and since have re-

ceived from God clothes, books, &c. they are greatly affected with a secret hope concerning themselves."—*A Key into the Language of America*, by ROGER WILLIAMS, 1643.

*Her husband's war pole.*—VI. p. 57.

"The war pole is a small peeled tree painted red, the top and boughs cut off short. It is fixed in the ground opposite the door of the dead warrior, and all his implements of war are hung on the short boughs of it till they rot."—ADAIR.

This author, who knew the manners of the North American Indians well, though he formed a most wild theory to account for them, describes the rites of mourning. "The widow, through the long term of her weeds, is compelled to refrain from all public company and diversions, at the penalty of an adúlteress, and likewise to go with flowing hair, without the privilege of oil to anoint it. The nearest kinsmen of the deceased husband keep a very watchful eye over her conduct in this respect. The place of interment is also calculated to wake the widow's grief, for he is intombed in the house under her bed; and if he was a war-leader, she is obliged, for the first moon, to sit in the day time under his mourning war pole, which is decked with all his martial trophies, and must be heard to cry with bewailing notes. But none of them are fond of that months supposed religious duty, it chills, or sweats and wastes them so exceedingly, for they are allowed no shade or shelter."

*Battlements that shone*

*Like silver in the sunshine.*—VI. p. 62.

So dazzlingly white were the houses at Zempoalla, that one of the Spaniards galloped back to Cortes to tell him the walls were of silver. BERNAL DIAZ, 30.

Torquemada also says, "that the temple and palace courts at Mexico were so highly polished, that they actually shone like burnished gold or silver in the sun."—T. I. p. 251.

I have described Aztlan like the cities which the Spaniards found in New Spain. How large and how magnificent they were may be learnt from the

True History of the Conquest of Mexico, by Bernal Diaz. This delightful work has been rendered into English by Mr Keating, and if the reader has not seen it, he may thank me for recommending it to his notice.

Gomara's description of Zempoallan will show, that cities as splendid in their appearance as Aztlan did exist among the native Americans.

"They descried Zempoallan, whiche stoode a myle distant from them, all beset with fayre Orchardes and Gardens, verye pleasaunte to beholde: they used alwayes to water them with sluices when they pleased. There proceeded out of the Towne many persons to behold and receyve so strange a people unto them. They came with smiling countenance, and presented unto them divers kinde of floures and sundry fruites which none of our menne had heretofore seene. These people came without feare among the ordinance; with this pompe, triumph, and joy they were received into the Citie, which seemed a beautifull Garden: for the trees were so greene and high that scarcely the houses appeared.

"Sixe Horsemen, which hadde gone before the army to discover, returned backe as Cortez was entering into the Citie, saying, that they had seene a great house and court, and that the walles were garnished with silver. Cortez commanded them to proceed on, willing them not to shew any token of wonder of any thing that they should see. All the streetes were replenished with people, whiche stoode gaping and wondering at the horses and straungers. And passing through a great market place, they saw, on their right hand, a great walled house made of lyme and stone, with loupe holes and towers, whited with playster that shined lyke silver, being so well burnished and the sunne glistering upon it, and that was the thing that the Spaniards thought had beene walles of silver. I doe believe that with the imagination and great desire which they had of golde and silver, all that shined they deemed to be of the same metall."—*Conquest of the Weast India*.

Cortes himself says of Cholulla, that he counted above four hundred temple towers in that city; and the city of Iztapalapa, he says, contained from 12,000 to 15,000 inhabitants.—*Carta de Relacion*, 16. 20.

*A floating islet.*—VI. p. 62.

Islets of this kind, with dwelling huts upon them, were common upon the

Lake of Mexico. They were moved at pleasure from bay to bay, as the inhabitants wanted sunshine or shelter.---CLAVIGERO.

*Each held a burning censer in his hand.*---VI. p. 62.

Tendilli, says the old translator of Gomara, according to their usance, did his reverence to the Captaine, burning frankincense, and little strawes touched in bloud of his own bodie. And at Chiauiztlan, the Lord toke a little chafyngdishe in his hande, and cast into it a certaine gum, whyche savoured in sweete smel much like unto frankincense; and with a censer he smoked Cortez, with the ceremonie they use in theyr salutations to theyr Gods and nobilitie. So also the Tlascallan Embassadors burnt copal before Cortes, having thrice made obeicence, and they touched the ground with their hands, and kissed the earth.

The nexte day, in the morning, the Spaniards came to Chololla, and there came out neere ten thousand Indians to receyve him, with their Captaynes, in good order. Many of them presented unto him bread, foules, and roses: and every Captayne, as he approached, welcomed Cortes, and then stood aside, that the rest, in order, mighte come unto him; and when he came entering into the citie, all the other citizens receyved him, marvelling to see such men and horses.

After all this came out all the religious menne, as Priests and Ministers to the idols, who were many and straunge to beholde, and all were clothed in white, lyke unto surplices, and heinmed with cotton threede: Some brought instruments of musicke like unto Cornettes, other brought instruments made of bones; other an instrument like a ketel covered with skin; some brought chafing-dishes of coals, with perfumes; others brought idols covered; and, finally, they al came singing in their language, which was a terrible noyse, and drew neere Cortes and his company, sensing them with sweete smelles in their sensers. With this pomp and solemnitie, which truely was great, they brought him into the cittie.---*Conquest of the Weast India.*

Gage's account of Mexico, which he pretends to have collected on the spot, is copied verbatim from this old translation, even, in some places, to the literal error of using the hard *c* instead of *z*; which the *ç* with the *cedilla* represents.

*The Great Temple, 'twas a huge square hill.*---VI. p. 63.

The Great Cu of Mexico, for thus these mounds were called, had 114 steps to the summit; that of Tezcucó, 116; of Cholula, 120. Gold and jewels, and the different seeds of the country, and human blood, were thrown in the foundations. The Spaniards found great treasures when they raised the Cu at Mexico, to make room for a Church to Santiago.—BERNAL DIAZ.

The lines which follow describe its structure, as related by Clavigero and by the Spanish Conquerors. The Tower of Babel is usually painted with the same kind of circuitous ascent.

*Ten Cities hear its voice.*---VI. p. 64.

“There, in the great Cu, they had an exceeding large drum; and when they beat it, the sound was such, and so dismal, that it was like an instrument of hell, and was heard for more than two leagues round. They said that the cover of that drum was made of the skin of huge serpents.”—BERNAL DIAZ.

After Cortes had been defeated, he always heard this drum when they were offering up the reeking hearts of his men. The account in Bernal Diaz, of their midnight sacrifice, performed by torch-light, and in the sight of the Spanish army, is truly terrific.

#### *The Towers*

*Were piled with human skulls.*---VI. p. 64.

These skull-built temples are delineated in Picart's great work; I suppose he copied them from De Bry. They are described by all the historians of Mexico. Human heads have often been thus employed. Tavernier and Hanway had seen pyramids of them in Persia erected as trophies. The *Casa dos Ossos* at Evora, gave me an idea of what these Mexican temples must have been. It is built of skulls and thigh-bones in alternate layers, and two whole bodies, dried and shrivelled, are hung up against the walls, like armour in an old baron's hall.

*He lights me at my evening banquet.*---VI. p. 67.

The King of Chalco having treacherously taken and slain two sons of the King of Tetzucó, had their bodies dried, and placed as Candelabras in his palace, to hold the lights.—TORQUEMADA, i. 151.

S N



This same king wore round his neck a chain of human hearts set in gold—the hearts of the bravest men whom he had slain, or taken and sacrificed.—*Ditto*, 152.

The more usual custom was to stuff the skin of the royal, or noble prisoner, and suspend it as a trophy in the palace, or the house of the Priest. Gomara's account of this custom is a dreadful picture of the most barbarous superstition which ever yet disgraced mankind. "On the last day of the first month, a hundred slaves were sacrificed; this done, they pluckt off the skinnnes of a certaine number of them, the which skinnnes so many ancient persons put, incontinent, upon their naked bodies, al fresh and bloudy as they wer fleane from the dead carcasses. And being open in the backe parte and shoulders, they used to lace them, in such sort that they came fitte uponn the bodies of those that ware them; and being in this order attired, they came to daunce among many others. In Mexico the King himself did put on one of these skinnnes, being of a principall captive, and daunced among the other disguised persons, to exalte and honour the feast; and an infinite number followed him, to behold his terrible gesture; although some hold opinion, that they followed him to contemplate his greate devotion. After the sacrifice ended, the owner of the slaves did carry their bodies home to their houses, to make of their fleshe a solemne feaste to all their friendes, leaving their heads and hartes to the Priestes, as their dutie and offering: and the skinnnes were filled with cotton, wool, or strawe, to be hung in the temple and king's palayce for a memorie".—*Conquest of the Weast India*.

*Oh, what a pomp,*

*And pride, and pageantry of war!*—VII. p. 72.

Gomara thus describes the Tlascallan army: "They were trimme felowes, and well armed, according to their use, although they were paynted, so that their faces shewed like divals, with great tuffes of feathers, and triumphed gallantry. They had also slinges, staves, speares, swordes, bowes, and arrowes, skulles, splintes, gantlettes all of wood, gilte, or else covered with feathers, or leather; their corselets were made of cotton woole, their targettes and bucklers, gallant and strong, made of woode covered with leather, and trimmed with laton and feathers; theyr swordes were staves, with an edge of flint-stone cunningly joyned into the staffe, which would cutte very well, and

make a sore wounde. Their instruments of warre were hunters' hornes, and drummes, called attabals, made like a caldron, and covered with vellum."--*Conquest of the Weast India.*

In the inventory of the treasure which Grijalva brought from his expedition are, a whole harness of furniture for an armed man, of gold thin beaten; another whole armour of wood, with leaves of gold, garnished with little black stones; four pieces of armour of wood, made for the knees, and covered with golden leaf. And among the presents designed for the King, were five targets of feathers and silver, and 24 of feathers and gold, set with pearls, both curious and gallant to behold.

*They piled a heap of sedge before our host.*—VII. p. 73.

When the Spaniards discovered Campeche, the Indians heaped up a pile of dry sedge, and ranged themselves in troops. Ten Priests then came from a temple, with censers and copal, wherewith they incensed the strangers; and then told them by signs, to depart, before that pile, which they were about to kindle, should be burnt out. The pile was immediately lighted; the Priests withdrew without another word or motion, and the people began to whistle and sound their shells. The Spaniards were weak, and many of them wounded, and they prudently retired in peace.---BERNAL DIAZ, 3.

*The Arrow of the Omen.*—VII. p. 74.

The Tlaxcaltecas had two arrows, which they regarded with great reverence, and used to augur the event of a battle. Two of their bravest Chiefs were to shoot them at the enemy, and recover them, or die. If the arrow struck and wounded, it was held an omen that the fight would be prosperous; but if they neither struck, nor drew blood, the army retired.---*Torquemada*, i. 34.

This is more particularly noticed by Gomara. "In the warres the Tlascallans use their standerde to be carried behynde the army; but when the battyle is to be fought, they place the standerde where all the hoste may see it; and he that commeth not incontinent to hys ancient, payeth a penaltie. Their standerde hath two crosse-bowe arrowes set thereon, whiche they esteeme as the reliques of their ancestors. Thys standerde two olde soldiers, and valiant menne, being of the chieftest Captaynes, have the charge to car-

rie; in the which standerde, an abusion of southsaying, eyther of losse or victory, is noted. In this order they shote one of these arrowes against the first enemies that they meete; and if with that arrowe they doe eyther kill or hurte, it is a token that they shall have the victorie; and if it neyther kill nor hurte, then they assuredly believe that they shall lose the field."---*Conquest of the Weast India*,

*The bowyers of Deheubarth, . .*

*Gwyneth's spears*.---VII. p. 74.

"Sunt autem his in partibus (Ardudwy) lanceæ longissimæ: sicut enim arcu prævalet Sudwallia, sic lanceis prævalet Venedotia, adeo ut ictum hic lancea cominus datum ferrea loricæ tricatura minime sustineat".---*Giraldus Cambrensis*.

Thus also Trevisa, in his lame rhymes:

The south hete Demecia,  
And the other Venedocia;  
The first shoteth and arrowes beres,  
That other dealeth all with spere.

*Polycronicon*.

*The white deer-skin shroud*.---VIII. p. 83.

"The Indians use the same ceremonies to the bones of their dead, as if they were covered with their former skin, flesh, and ligaments. It is but a few days since I saw some return with the bones of nine of their people, who had been two months before killed by the enemy. They were tied in white deer-skins separately, and when carried by the door of one of the houses of their family, they were laid down opposite to it, till the female relations convened, with flowing hair, and wept over them about half an hour. Then they carried them home to their friendly magazines of mortality, wept over them again, and then buried them with the usual solemnities. The Chieftain carried twelve short sticks, tied together in the form of a quadrangle, so that each square consisted of three. The sticks were only peeled, without any painting; but there were swan feathers tied to each corner. They called that frame the White Circle, and placed it over the door while the women were weeping over the bones."---ADAIR.

*On softest fur the bones were laid.*---VIII. p. 83.

When the body is in the grave, they take care to cover it in such a manner, that the earth does not touch it. It lies as in a little cave, lined with skins, much neater, and better adorned, than their cabins.—CHARLEVOIX.

Adair was present at one of their funerals. "They laid the corpse in his tomb in a sitting posture, with his feet towards the east, his head anointed with bear's oil, and his face painted red; but not streaked with black, because that is a constant emblem of war and death. He was drest in his finest apparel, having his gun and pouch, and trusty hiccory bow, with a young panther's skin full of arrows, along side of him, and every other useful thing he had been possessed of, that when he rises again, they may serve him in that track of land which pleased him best before he went to take his long sleep. His tomb was firm and clean inside; they covered it with thick logs, so as to bear several tiers of cypress bark, and such a quantity of clay, as would confine the putrid smell, and be on a level with the rest of the floor. They often sleep over those tombs; which, with the loud wailing of the women at the dusk of the evening, and dawn of the day, on benches close by the tombs, must awake the memory of their relations very often: and if they were killed by an enemy, it helps to irritate, and set on such revengeful tempers to retaliate blood for blood."

*'Twas in her hut and home, yea, underneath  
The marriage bed, the bed of widowhood,  
Her husband's grave was dug.*---VIII. p. 83.

"The Mosquito Indians, when they die, are buried in their houses, and the very spot they lay over when alive, and have their hatchet, harpoon lances, with mushelaw, and other necessities, buried with them: but if the defunct leaves behind him a gun, some friend preserves that from the earth, that would soon damnify the powder, and so render it unserviceable in that strange journey. His boat, or *dorea*, they cut in pieces, and lay over his grave, with all the rest of his household goods, if he hath any more. If the deceased leave behind him no children, brothers, or parents, the cousins, or other his relations, cut up, or destroy his plantations, lest any living should,

as they esteem it, rob the dead."---*The Mosquito Indian and his Golden River*, by M. W. LANTOT, and OSBORN'S Collection.

*Pabas*.---VIII. p. 84.

*Papa* is the word which Bernal Diaz uses when he speaks of the Mexican Priests; and in this he is followed by Purchas. The appellation in Torquemada is Quaquil. I am not certain that Bernal Diaz did not mean to call them *Popes*, and that Purchas has not mistaken his meaning. An easy alteration made it more suitable for English verse, than the more accurate word could have been made.

*Ipalnemoani*, by whom we live.---VIII. p. 85.

The Mexicans had some idea, though a very imperfect one, of a supreme, absolute, and independent being. They represented him in no external form, because they believed him to be invisible; and they named him only by the common appellation of God, or, in their language, *Teotl*; a word resembling still more in its meaning than in its pronunciation, the *θεος* of the Greeks. But they applied to him certain epithets, which were highly expressive of the grandeur and power which they conceived him to possess; *Ipalnemoani*, "He by whom we live:" and *Tloque Nahuaque*, "He who has all in himself."---CLAVIGERO.

Torquemada has a very characteristic remark upon these appellations: "Although," says he, "these blinded men went astray in the knowledge of God, and adored the Devil in his stead, they did not err in the names which they gave him, those being truly and properly his own; the Devil using this cunning with them, that they should apply to him these, which, by nature and divine right, are God's; his most holy Majesty permitting this on account of the enormity and shamefulness of their depraved customs, and the multitude of their iniquities."---L. vi. c. 8.

*The Great Spirit, who in mountain caves,  
And by the fall of waters  
Doth make his being felt.*---VIII. p. 86.

"About thirty miles below the falls of St Anthony, is a remarkable cave, of

an amazing depth. The Indians term it Wakon-teebe; that is, the dwelling of the Great Spirit. The entrance into it is about ten feet wide; the arch within is near fifteen feet high, and about thirty feet broad. The bottom of it consists of fine clean sand. About twenty feet from the entrance begins a lake, the water of which is transparent, and extends to an unsearchable distance; for the darkness of the cave prevents all attempts to acquire a knowledge of it. I threw a small pebble towards the interior parts of it with my utmost strength; I could hear that it fell into the water, and, notwithstanding it was of so small a size, it caused an astonishing and horrible noise, that reverberated through all those gloomy regions. I found in this cave many Indian hieroglyphics, which appeared very ancient, for time had nearly covered them with moss. They were cut in a rude manner upon the inside of the walls, which were composed of a stone so extremely soft, that it might easily be penetrated with a knife: A stone everywhere to be found near the Mississippi. The cave is only accessible by ascending a narrow steep passage that lies near the brink of the river." CARVER.

"The Prince had no sooner gained the point that overlooks this wonderful cascade, (the falls of St Anthony) than he began with an audible voice to address the Great Spirit, one of whose places of residence he supposed this to be. He told him he had come a long way to pay his adorations to him, and now would make him the best offerings in his power. He accordingly first threw his pipe into the stream; then the roll that contained his tobacco; after these, the bracelets he wore on his arms and wrists; next, an ornament that encircled his neck, composed of beads and wires; and at last the earrings from his ears; in short, he presented to his God every part of his dress that was valuable: during this he frequently smote his breast with great violence, threw his arms about, and appeared to be much agitated.

"All this while he continued his adorations, and at length concluded them with fervent petitions that the Great Spirit would constantly afford us his protection on our travels, giving us a bright sun, a blue sky, and clear untroubled waters: nor would he leave the place till we had smoked together with my pipe in honour of the Great Spirit."—CARVER.

*The Spirit of the Lord**That day was moving in the heart of man.—VIII. p. 89.*

There is a passage in Bede which will illustrate the different feelings whereby barbarians are induced to accept a new religion.

“ Edwin of Northumbria had summoned his chiefs and counsellors to advise with him concerning his intended conversion. The first person who delivered his opinion was Coifi, the Chief Priest of the Idols. ‘ For this which is now preached to us,’ said he, ‘ do you, O King, see to it, what it may be. I will fairly confess to you what I have learnt, that the religion which we have held till now has no virtue in it. No one of your subjects has devoted himself to the worship of our Gods more earnestly than I, and yet many there are who have received greater bounties and greater favours from your hand, and have prospered better in all their undertakings and desires. Now, if our Gods could have done any thing, they would rather have assisted me than them.’ To this another of the nobles added, ‘ The present life of man upon the earth, when compared with the future, has appeared to me, O King, like as when you and your Chiefs and servants have been seated at your supper, in winter time, the hearth blazing in the centre, and the viands smoking, while without it is storm, or rain, or snow, and a sparrow flies through the hall, entering at one door and passing out at another; while he is within, in that little minute he does not feel the weather, but after that instant of calm, he returns to winter as from winter he came, and is gone. Such and so transitory is the life of man, and of what follows it or what preceded it we are altogether ignorant. Wherefore, if this new doctrine should bring any thing more certain, it well deserves to be followed.’—*Lib. 2. c. 13.*

John Wesley has preserved a very interesting dialogue between himself and the Chicasaws.

“ Q. Do you believe there is One above who is over all things? Paustoobee answered, We believe there are four Beloved Things above, the Clouds, the Sun, the Clear Sky, and He that lives in the Clear Sky.

“ Q. Do you believe there is but one that lives in the Clear Sky?

“ A. We believe there are Two with him; Three in all.

“ Q. Do you think He made the Sun and the other Beloved Things?

“ A. We cannot tell. Who hath seen?

" Q. Do you think He made you?

" A. We think He made all men at first.

" Q. How did He make them at first?

" A. Out of the ground.

" Q. Do you believe He loves you?

" A. I do not know. I cannot see him.

" Q. But has He not often saved your life?

" A. He has. Many bullets have gone on this side, and many on that side, but he would never let them hurt me. And many bullets have gone into these young men, and yet they are alive.

" Q. Then cannot He save you from your enemies now?

" A. Yes, but we know not if he will. We have now so many enemies round about us, that I think of nothing but death; and if I am to die, I shall die, and I will die like a man. But if He will have me to live, I shall live. Though I had ever so many enemies, He can destroy them all.

" Q. How do you know that?

" A. From what I have seen. When our enemies came against us before, then the Beloved Clouds came for us; and often much rain and sometimes hail has come upon them, and that in a very hot day. And I saw when many French and Choctaws and other nations came against one of our towns, and the ground made a noise under them, and the Beloved Ones in the air behind them, and they were afraid, and went away, and left their meat and their drink and their guns. I tell no lie, all these saw it too.

" Q. Have you heard such noises at other times?

" A. Yes, often; before and after almost every battle.

" Q. What sort of noises were they?

" A. Like the noise of drums and guns and shouting.

" Q. Have you heard any such lately?

" A. Yes; four days after our last battle with the French.

" Q. Then you heard nothing before it?

" A. The night before I dreamed I heard many drums up there, and many trumpets there, and much stamping of feet and shouting. Till then I thought we should all die; but then I thought the Beloved Ones were come to help us. And the next day I heard above a hundred guns go off before the fight



began, and I said, when the Sun is there the Beloved Ones will help us, and we shall conquer our enemies ; and we did so.

“ Q. Do you often think and talk of the Beloved Ones ?

“ A. We think of them always wherever we are. We talk of them and to them, at home and abroad, in peace and in war, before and after we fight, and indeed whenever and wherever we meet together.

“ Q. Where do you think your souls go after death ?

“ A. We believe the souls of red men walk up and down near the place where they died, or where their bodies lie, for we have often heard cries and noises near the place where any prisoners had been burnt.

“ Q. Where do the souls of white men go after death ?

“ A. We cannot tell ; we have not seen.

“ Q. Our belief is, that the souls of bad men only walk up and down ; but the souls of good men go up.

“ A. I believe so too ; but I told you the talk of the nation.

“ *Mr Andrews.* They said at the burying they knew what you was doing. You was speaking to the Beloved Ones above to take up the soul of the young woman.

“ Q. We have a book that tells us many things of the Beloved Ones above ; would you be glad to know them ?

“ A. We have no time now but to fight. If we should ever be at peace, we should be glad to know.

“ Q. Do you expect ever to know what the white men know ?

“ *Mr Andrews.* They told Mr O. they believe the time will come when the red and white men will be one.

“ Q. What do the French teach you ?

“ A. The French Black Kings (the Priests) never go out. We see you go about : we like that ; that is good.

“ Q. How came your nation by the knowledge they have ?

“ A. As soon as ever the ground was sound and fit to stand upon it, it came to us, and has been with us ever since. But we are young men, our old men know more ; but all of them do not know. There are but a few whom the Beloved One chuses from a child, and is in them, and takes care of them and teaches them. They know these things, and our old men

practice, therefore they know: but I do not practice, therefore I know little."—WESLEY'S *Journal*, No. I. 39.

*Dolwyddelan*.—X. p. 98.

"Dolwyddelan is situated in a rocky valley which is sprinkled with stunted trees, and watered by the Lleder. The boundaries are rude and barren mountains, and, among others, the great bending mountain Seabod, often conspicuous from most distant places. The castle is placed on a high rock, precipitous on one side, and insulated: it consists of two square towers, one 40 feet by 25, the other 32 by 20; each had formerly three floors. The materials of this fortress are the shattery stone of the country; yet well squared, the masonry good, and the mortar hard: the castle yard lay between the towers."—PENNANT'S *Snowdon*.

The rudeness and barrenness of the surrounding mountains I can well testify, having been bewildered and benighted upon them.

"In the beginning of Edward the fourth his reign Dolwyddelan was inhabited by Howell ap Evan ap Rheys Gethin, a base son, captain of the country and an outlaw. Against this man David ap Jenkin rose and contended with him for the sovereignty of the country, and being superior to him in the end, he drew a draught for him, and took him in his bed at Penanonon with his concubine, performing by craft what he could not by force; for after many bickerings between Howell and David, David being too weak was fayne to fly the country and to goe to Ireland, where he was a yeare or thereabouts; in the end he returned, in a summer time, having himself and all his followers clad in green; which being come into the country he dispersed here and there among his friends, lurking by day and walking by night, for fear of his adversaries; and such of the country as happened to have a sight of him and of his followers, said they were fayries, and so ran away."—GWYDIR *History*.

*Nor turned he now*

*Beside Kregennan, where his infant feet*

*Had trod Ednowain's hall*.—X. p. 99.

At some distance beyond the two pools called Llynian Cragenan, in the

neighbourhood of Cader Idris, near the river Kregennan, I saw the remains of Llys Bradwen, the Court or Palace of Ednowain, chief of one of the fifteen tribes of North Wales, either in the reign of Gruffydd ap Cynan, or soon after. The relics are about thirty yards square : the entrance about seven feet wide, with a large upright stone on each side, by way of door-case ; the walls with large stones, uncemented by any mortar : in short, the structure of this palace shows the very low state of architecture in those times ; it may be paralleled only by the artless fabric of a cattle house."—PENNANT'S *Snowdon*.

*The Hirlas*.—X. p. 100.

Mr Owen, to whose indefatigable industry Cymbric literature is so much indebted, has favoured me with a literal version of this remarkable poem.

When the dawn uprose a shout was given ;  
 Foes were sending a luckless destiny.  
 Mangled with ruddy wounds our men, after heavy toil,  
 were seen scattered about the wall of the Vale of Maelor.  
 I chased away the strangers, inured to contention,  
 dauntless in the conflict, with red-stained weapons.  
 Who insults the brave let him beware his presence !  
 the result of molesting him is a source of affliction.

Pour out thou Cup-bearer, thus yielding pleasure,  
 the Horn in the hand of Rhys, in the hall of the director of bounty,  
 the hall of Owen, that has ever been maintained on spoil,  
 the feasting of a thousand thou mayest hear ; open are the gates.  
 Cup-bearer ! I am sad and silent : Has he not left me ?  
 Reach thou the Horn for mutual drinking :  
 Full of sorrow am I for the leader of the hue of the ninth wave \* ;

\* The ninth wave is an expression much used by the Welsh Poets. It occurs in the Hoiennau of Myrddin. " I will prophecy before the ninth wave."—*Arch.* p. 135. So in the eulogy on Eva. " Eva, of the hue of the spraying foam before the ninth wave."—*Arch.* p. 217.

long and blue its characteristic, gold its cover ;  
 so bring it forth with *Bragod*, a liquor of exalted pledge,  
 into the hand of the froward Gwgan, to requite his deed.  
 The whelps of Goronwy are mighty in the path of wrath,  
 aptly-springing whelps, confident their feet,  
 men who claim a reward in every difficulty ;  
 men in the shout greatly valued, of mighty deliverance.  
 The shepherd of Havren (*Severn*), it elates the soul to hear them  
 sounding the Horns of mead that greatly rouse desire.

Pour out thou the Horn covered with a yellow top,  
 honourably drunk with over frothing mead ;  
 and if thou seekest life to one year's close,  
 diminish not its respect, since it is not meet ;  
 And bear to Gruffydd, the crimson-lanced foe,  
 wine with pellucid glass around it ;  
 the dragon of Arwstli, safeguard of the borders,  
 the dragon of Owen the generous, of the race of Cynvyn,  
 a dragon from his beginning, and never scared by a conflict  
 of triumphant slaughter, or afflicting chace.  
 Men of combat departed for the acquirement of fame,  
 armed sons of the banquet with gleaming weapons ;  
 they requited well their mead, like Belyn's men of yore ;  
 fairly did they toil while a single man was left.

Pour out thou the Horn, for it is my purpose  
 that its potent sway may incite a sprightly conversation,  
 in the right hand of our leader of devastation,  
 gleaming beneath the broad light shield ;  
 in the hand of Ednyved, the lion of his land irreproachable ;  
 all-dexterous in the push of spears, shivered away his shield.  
 The tumult hurries on the two fearless of nature ;  
 they would break as a whirlwind over a fair retreat,  
 with opposing fronts in the combat of battle,

where the face of the gold-bespangled shield they would quickly break.  
 Thoroughly stained their shafts after head-cleaving blows,  
 Thoroughly active in defending the glory bounded Garthan ;  
 and there was heard in Maelor a great and sudden outcry,  
 with horrid scream of men in agony of wounds,  
 and thronging round the carnage they interwove their paths,  
 as it was in Bangor round the fire of spears,  
 when two sovereigns over horns made discord,  
 when there was the banquet of Moraç Morvran.

Pour thou out the Horn, for I am contemplating  
 where they defend both their mead and their country.  
 Selyc the undaunted, of the station of Gwygyr,  
 look to it, who insults him of eagle heart !  
 and Madoc's only son, the generous Tudyr of high renown,  
 and the claim of the wolf, a slayer with gleaming shafts.  
 Two heroic ones, two lions in their onset,  
 two of cruel energy, the two sons of Ynyr ;  
 two unrestrained in the day of battle their onward course,  
 of irresistible progress and of matchless feat.  
 The stroke of the fierce lions fiercely cut through warriors  
 of battle leading forms, red their ashen thrusters  
 of violence, bending in pursuit with ruthless glory.  
 The shivering of their two shields may be likened  
 to the loud voiced wind, over the green-sea brink  
 checking the incessant waves ; so seemed the scene of Talgarth.

Pour out thou Cup-bearer, seek not death  
 the Horn with honour in festivals,  
 the long blue bugle of high privilege, with ancient silver  
 that covers it, with opposite lips,  
 and bear to Tudyr, eagle of conflicts,  
 a prime beverage of the blushing wine.  
 If there come not in of mead the best of all

the liquor from the bowl, thy head is forfeit,  
 to the hand of Moreiddig the encourager of songs;  
 may they become old in fame before their cold depositure!  
 Brothers blameless! of highly soaring minds,  
 of dauntless vigour earning your deserts,  
 warriors who for me have atchieved services,  
 not old with unsightliness, but old in dexterity,  
 toilers, impellers, leaders that are wolves  
 of the cruel foremost rank, with gory limbs.  
 Brave captains of the men of Moçnant, a Powysian land,  
 both possess the prowess of the brave;  
 the deliverers in every need, ruddy are their weapons,  
 securely they would keep their bounds from tumult,  
 praise is their meed, they who are so blest.—  
 Cry of death was it? be the two to me then changed!  
 Oh my Christ! how sad am I from those wounds!  
 By the loss of Moreiddig greatly is his absence felt.

Pour thou out the Horn, for they do not sigh for me!  
 the Hirlas, cheeringly in the hand of Morgant,  
 a man who deserves the homage of peculiar praise.  
 Like poison to the happy is the track of his spear,  
 a matter accursed is the abiding his blade,  
 smooth its two sides, keen its edges.  
 Pour out thou Cup-bearer from a silver vessel  
 the solemn festive boon with due respect.  
 On the plain of great Gwestun I saw the raw throbbing.  
 To baffle Goronwy were a task for a hundred men;  
 the warriors a mutual purpose did accomplish there,  
 supporters of the battle, heedless of life.  
 The exalted chief did meet the dispersed ones of slaughter,  
 a governor was slain, burnt was a fort on the flood mark of the sea;  
 a magnanimous prisoner they fetched away,

Mairyc son of Gruffydd, the theme of prophetic song :  
 Were they not all bathed in sweat when they returned,  
 for full of sunshine were the extended hill and dale ?

Pour thou out the Horn to the mutually toiling ones,  
 the whelps of Owen with connected spears in united leap ;  
 they would pour abroad in a noted spot  
 a store, where the glittering irons go rebounding ;  
 Madoc and Meilyr, men nurtured in depredation,  
 for iniquity the stemming opponents,  
 the instructors for tumult of a shield-bearing host,  
 and froward conductors of subjects trained for conflicts.  
 It is heard how from the feast of mead went the Chief of Catraeth ;  
 upright their purpose with keen-edged weapons ;  
 the train of Mynyddoc, for their being consigned to sleep  
 obtained their recording, leaders of a wretched fray !  
 None atchieved what my warriors did in the hard toil of Maelor,—  
 the release of a prisoner belongs to the harmonious eulogy.

Pour out thou Cup-bearer sweet mead distilled  
 of spear-impelling spirit in the sweating toil,  
 from bugle horns proudly overlaid with gold  
 to requite the pledge of their lives.  
 Of the various distresses that chieftains endure  
 no one knows but God and he who speaks.  
 A man who will not pay, will not pledge, will abide no law,  
 Daniel the auxiliary chief, so fair of loyalty.  
 Cup-bearer, great the deed that claims to be honoured,  
 of men refraining not from death if they find not hospitality.  
 Cup-bearer, a choicest treat of mead must be served us together,  
 an ardent fire bright, a light of ardently bright tapers.  
 Cup-bearer, thou mightest have seen a house of wrath in Lledwn land,  
 a sullenly subjected prey that shall be highly praised.

Cup-bearer, I cannot be continued here; nor avoid a separation :  
 Be it in Paradise that we be received ;  
 with the Supreme of Kings long be our abode,  
 where there is to be seen the secure course of truth.

The passage in the poem would have stood very differently had I seen this literal version before it was printed. I had written from the faithless paraphrase of Evans, in which every thing characteristic or beautiful is lost.

Few persons who read this song can possibly doubt its authenticity. Those who chose to consider the Welsh poems as spurious had never examined them. Their groundless incredulity, however, has been of service to literature, as it occasioned Mr Turner to write his Vindication, which has settled the question for ever.

*Saint Monacel.*—X. p. 105.

“ In Pennant-Melangle church was the tomb of St Monacella, who protecting a hare from the pursuit of Brocwell Yscythbrog, Prince of Powis, he gave her land to found a religious house, of which she became first Abbess. Her hard bed is shewn in the cleft of a neighbouring rock, her tomb was in a little chapel, now the vestry, and her Image is still to be seen in the church-yard, where is also that of Edward, eldest son of Owen Gwynedh, who was set aside from the succession on account of a broken nose, and flying here for safety, was slain not far off, at a place called *Bwlch Croes Iorwerth*. On his shield is inscribed, *Hic jacet Etward*.”—Gough's *Camden*.

I had procured drawings of these monuments, designing to have had them engraved in this place; but on examination it appears that Mr Gough has certainly been mistaken concerning one, if not concerning both. What he supposed to be the Image of St Monacel is evidently only the monumental stone of some female of distinction, the figure being recumbent, with the hands joined, and the feet resting upon some animal.

*The place of meeting was a high hill top.*—XI. p. 108.

The Bardic meetings, or *Gorseddau*, were held in the open air, on a conspicuous place, while the sun was above the horizon; for they were to perform



every thing *in the eye of light, and in the face of the sun*. The place was set apart by forming a Circle of Stones with a large stone in the middle, beside which the presiding Bard stood. This was termed *Cylf Cyngrair*, or the Circle of Federation, and the middle stone *Maen Llog*, the Stone of Covenant.

Mr Owen's very curious introduction to his translation of *Llywarc Hen* has supplied me with materials for the account of the *Gorsedd*, introduced in the poem. That it might be as accurate as possible, he himself and Edward Williams the Bard did me the favour of examining it. To their knowledge and to that of Mr Turner, the Historian of the Anglo-Saxons, and to the liberality and friendliness with which they have ever been willing to assist me therewith, I am greatly and variously indebted.

The Bard at these meetings wore the distinguishing dress of his order; a robe of sky blue, as an emblem of truth, being unicoloured, and also as a type, that, amid the storms of the moral world he must assume the serenity of the unclouded sky. The dress of the *Ocydd*, the third order, or first into which the candidate could be admitted, was green. The *Awenyddion*, the Disciples, wore a variegated dress of blue, green, and white, the three Bardic colours, white being the dress of the Druids, who were the second order. The Bards stood within the Circle, bareheaded and barefooted, and the ceremony opened by sheathing a sword and laying it on the Stone of Covenant. The Bardic traditions were then recited.

*Himself, albeit his hands were stained with blood,  
Initiate; for the Order in the lapse  
Of years, and in their nation's long decline,  
From the first rigour of their purity  
Something had fallen.*—XI. p. 108.

“By the principles of the Order a Bard was never to bear arms, nor in any other manner to become a party in any dispute, either political or religious; nor was a naked weapon ever to be held in his presence, for under the title of *Bardd Ynys Prydain*, Bard of the Isle of Britain, he was recognized as the sacred Herald of Peace. He could pass unmolested from one country to another, where his character was known: and whenever he appeared in his unicoloured robe, attention was given to him on all occasions; if it was even

between armies in the heat of action, both parties would instantly desist.”—OWEN’S *Llywarc Hen*.

Six of the elder Bards are enumerated in the Triads as having borne arms in violation of their Order; but in these latter days the perversion was become more frequent. Meiler, the Bard of Gruffydd ab Cynan, distinguished himself in war; Cynddelw, *Brydydd Mawr*, the Great Bard, was eminent for his valour; and Gwalchmai boasts in one of his poems that he had defended the Marches against the Saxons. WARRINGTON.

*The Bard’s most honourable name.*—XI. p. 111.

No people seem to have understood the poetical character so well as the Welsh: witness their Triads.

“The three primary requisites of poetical Genius; an eye that can see Nature, a heart that can feel Nature, and a resolution that dares follow Nature.

“The three foundations of Genius; the gift of God, man’s exertion, and the events of life.

“The three indispensables of Genius: understanding, feeling, and perseverance.

“The three things which constitute a poet; genius, knowledge, and impulse.

“The three things that enrich Genius; contentment of mind, the cherishing of good thoughts, and exercising the memory.” E. WILLIAMS’S *Poems*. OWEN’S *Llywarc Hen*.

*Cimbric lore.*—XI. p. 111.

“The Welsh have always called themselves *Cymry*, of which the strictly literal meaning is Aborigines. There can be no doubt that it is the same word as the Cimbri of the ancients; they call their language *Cymraeg*, the Primitive Tongue.”—E. WILLIAMS’S *Poems*.

*Where are the sons of Gavran, where his tribe*

*The faithful?*—XI. p. 112.

“Gavran, the son of Aeddan Vradog ab Dyvnwal Hen, a chieftain of distinguished celebrity in the latter part of the fifth century. Gavran,

Cadwallon, and Gwenddolau were the heads of the three faithful tribes of Britain. The family of Gavran obtained that title by accompanying him to sea to discover some Islands, which, by a traditionary memorial, were known by the name of *Gwerddonau Llion*, or the Green Islands of the Ocean. This expedition was not heard of afterwards, and the situation of those Islands became lost to the Britons. This event, the voyage of Merddin Emrys with the twelve Bards, and the expedition of Madoc, were called the three losses by disappearance."—*Cambrian Biography*.

Of these Islands, or Green Spots of the Floods, there are some singular superstitions. They are the abode of the *Tylwyth Teg*, or the Fair Family, the souls of the virtuous Druids, who, not having been Christians, cannot enter the Christian heaven, but enjoy this heaven of their own. They however discover a love of mischief, neither becoming happy Spirits, nor consistent with their original character; for they love to visit the earth, and, seizing a man, enquire whether he will travel above wind, mid wind, or below wind; above wind is a giddy and terrible passage, below wind is through bush and brake, the middle is a safe course. But the spell of security is, to catch hold of the grass, for these Beings have not power to destroy a blade of grass. In their better moods they come over and carry the Welsh in their boats. He who visits these Islands imagines on his return that he has been absent only a few hours, when, in truth, whole centuries have passed away.

If you take a turf from St David's church yard, and stand upon it on the sea shore, you behold these Islands. A man once, who had thus obtained sight of them, immediately put to sea to find them; but they disappeared, and his search was in vain. He returned, looked at them again from the enchanted turf, again set sail, and failed again. The third time he took the turf with his vessel, and stood upon it till he reached them.

"The inhabitants of Arran More, the largest of the south isles of Arran, on the coast of Galway, are persuaded that in a clear day they can see *Hy Brasail*, the Enchanted Island, from the coast, the Paradise of the Pagan Irish."—*Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis*. BEAUFORD's *ancient Topography of Ireland*.

General Vallancey relates a different history of this superstition. "The old Irish," he says, "say, that great part of Ireland was swallowed up by the

sea, and that the sunken part often rises, and is frequently to be seen on the horizon from the Northern coast. On the North-west of the Island they call this enchanted country *Tir Hudi*, or the City of Hud, believing that the City stands there which once possessed all the riches of the world, and that its key lies buried under some druidical monument. When Mr Burton, in 1765, went in search of the Ogham monument, called Conane's Tomb, on Callan mountain, the people could not be convinced that the search was made after an inscription, but insisted that he was seeking after an Enchanted Key that lay buried with the Hero, and which, when found, would restore the Enchanted City to its former splendour, and convert the moory heights of Callan mountain into rich and fruitful plains. They expect great riches whenever this city is discovered."

This Enchanted country is called *O Breasil*, or *O Brazil*, which, according to General Vallancey's interpretation, signifies the Royal Island. He says it is evidently the lost city of Arabian story, visited by their fabulous prophet Houd, . . the City and Paradise of Irem! He compares this tradition with the remarks of Whitehurst upon the Giant's Causeway, and suspects that it refers to the lost Atlantis, which Whitehurst thinks perhaps existed there.

Is that very extraordinary phenomenon, known in Sicily by the name of Morgaine le Fay's Works, ever witnessed on the coast of Ireland? If so, the superstition is explained by an actual apparition.

*In his crystal Ark*

*Whither sailed Merlin with his band of Bards,*

*Old Merlin, master of the mystic lore ?—Xl. p. 113.*

The name of Merlin has been so canonized by Ariosto and our diviner Spenser, that it would have been a heresy in poetry to have altered it to its genuine orthography.

Merddin was the Bard of Emrys Wledig, the Ambrosius of Saxon history, by whose command he erected Stonehenge, in memory of the Plot of the Long Knives, when, by the treachery of Gwrtheyrn, or Vortigern, and the Saxons, three hundred British chiefs were massacred. He built it on the site of a former Circle. The structure itself affords proof that it cannot have

been raised much earlier, inasmuch as it deviates from the original principle of the Bardic Circles, where no appearance of art was to be admitted. Those of Avebury, Stanton Drew, Keswick, &c. exemplify this. It is called by the Welsh *Gwaith Emrys*, the Work of Ambrosius. Drayton's reproach, therefore, is ill founded,

Ill did those mighty men to trust thee with their story,  
That hast forgot their names, who reared thee for their glory.

The Welsh traditions say that Merddin made a House of Glass, in which he went to sea, accompanied by the Nine Cylveirdd Bards, and was never heard of more. This was one of the Three Disappearances from the isle of Britain. Merddin is also one of the Three principal Christian Bards of Britain; Merddin Wylt and Taliesin are the other two. *Cambrian Biography*.

A diving House of Glass is also introduced in the Spanish Romance of Alexander, written about the middle of the 13th century, by Joan Lorenzo Segura de Astorga.

Unas facianas suelen las gentes retraer,  
Non yaz en escrito, è es grave de creer;  
Si es verdat ò non, yo non he y que veer,  
Pero no lo quiero en olvido poner.

Dicen que por saber que facen los pescados,  
Como viven los chicos entre los mas granados,  
Fizo cuba de vidrio con puntos bien cerrados,  
Metios en ella dentro con dos de sus criados.

Estos furon catados de todos los meiores,  
Por tal que non oviessen dona los traedores,  
Ca que el ò que ellos avrien aguardadores,  
Non farien à sus guisas los malos revoltiores.

Fu de bona betume la cuba aguisada,  
 Fu con bonas cadenas bien presa è calzada,  
 Fu con priegos firmes á las naves pregada,  
 Que fonder non se podiesse è estodiesse colgada.

Mando que quinze dias lo dexassen hy durar,  
 Las naves con todesto pensassen de tost andar,  
 Assaz podrie en esto saber e mesurar.  
 Metria en escrito los secretos del mar.

La cuba fue fecha en quel Rey acia,  
 A los unos pesaba, à los otros placia ;  
 Bien cuidaban algunos que nunca ende saldria,  
 Mas destaiado era que en mar non moriria.

Andabal bon Rey en su casa cerrada,  
 Seia grant corazon en angosta posada ;  
 Veia toda la mar de pescados poblada,  
 No es bestia nel siglo que non fus y trobada.

Non vive en el mundo nenguna creatura.  
 Que non cria la mar semejante figura ;  
 Traen enemizades entre sí por natura,  
 Los fuertes a los flacos danles mala ventura.

Estonce vío el Rey en aquellas andadas  
 Como echan los unos a los otros celadas ;  
 Dicen que ende furon presas è sossacadas,  
 Furon desent aca por el siglo usadas.

Tanto se acogien al Rey los pescados  
 Como si los ovies el Rey por subiugados,  
 Venien fasta la cuba todos cabezcolgados,  
 Tremian todos antel como mozos moiados.

Juraba Alexandre per lo su diestro llado,  
 Que nunca fura domes meior acompañado;  
 De los pueblos del mar tovoise por pagado,  
 Contaba que avie grant imperio ganado.

Otra faciana vio en esos pobladores,  
 Vio que los maores comien à los menores,  
 Los chicos à los grandes tenienos por sennores,  
 Maltraen los mas fuertes à los que son menores.

Diz el Rey, soberbia es en todos los lugares,  
 Forcia es enna tierra è dentro ennos mares:  
 Las aves esso mismo non se catan por pares,  
 Dios confunda tal vicio que tien tantos lugares.

Nacio entre los angelos è fizo muchos caer,  
 Arramólos Dios per la tierra, è dioles grant poder,  
 La mesnada non puede su derecho aver,  
 Ascondio la cabeza, non osaba parecer.

Quien mas puede mas face, non de bien, mas de mal,  
 Quien mas à aver mas quier, è morre por ganar;  
 Non veeria de su grado nenguno so igual:  
 Mal peccado, nenguno no es à Dios leal.

Las aves e las bestias, los omes, los pescados,  
 Todos son entre si a bandos derramados;  
 De vicio è de soberbia son todos entregados,  
 Los flacos de los fuertes andan desafiados.

Se como sabel Rey bien todesto osmar,  
 Quisiesse assimismo à derechas iulgar,  
 Bien debie un poco su lengua refrenar,  
 Que en tant fieras grandias non quisiesse andar.

De su gradol Rey mas oviera estado,  
 Mas a sus criazones faciesles pesado,  
 Temiendo la ocasion que suel venir privado,  
 Sacaronlo bien ante del termino passado.

The sweet flow of language and metre in so early a poem is very remarkable; but no modern language can boast of monuments so early and so valuable as the Spanish. To attempt to versify this passage would be laborious and unprofitable. Its import is, that Alexander, being desirous to see how the Fish lived, and in what manner the great Fish behaved to the little ones, ordered a vessel of glass to be made, and fastened with long chains to his ships, that it might not sink too deep. He entered it with two chosen servants, leaving orders that the ships should continue their course, and draw him up at the end of fifteen days. The vessel had been made perfectly water-tight. He descended, and found the fish as curious to see him as he had been to see the fish. They crouded round his machine, and trembled before him as if he had been their conqueror, so that he thought he had acquired another empire. But Alexander perceived the same system of tyranny in the water as on the land, the great eat the little, and the little eat the less; upon which tyranny he made sundry moral observations, which would have come with more propriety from any other person than from himself. However, he observed the various devices which were used for catching fish, and which, in consequence of this discovery, have been used in the world ever since. His people were afraid some accident might happen, and drew him up long before the fifteen days were expired.

The Poet himself does not believe this story. "People say so," he says, "but it is not in writing, and it is a thing difficult to believe. It is not my business to examine whether it be true or not, but I do not chuse to pass it over unnoticed." The same story was pointed out to me by Mr Coleridge in one of the oldest German poems; and, what is more remarkable, it is mentioned by one of the old Welsh Bards. DAVIES's *Celtic Researches*, p. 196. Jests, and the fictions of romance and superstition, seem to have travelled every where.



*Flathinnis*.—XI. p. 113.

Flath-innis, the Noble Island, lies surrounded with tempest in the Western Ocean. I fear the account of this Paradise is but apocryphal, as it rests upon the evidence of Macpherson, and has every internal mark of a modern fiction.

In former days there lived in Skerr \* a Magician † of high renown. The blast of wind waited for his commands at the gate; he rode the tempest, and the troubled wave offered itself as a pillow for his repose. His eye followed the sun by day; his thoughts travelled from star to star in the season of night; he thirsted after things unseen; he sighed over the narrow circle which surrounded his days; he often sat in silence beneath the sound of his groves; and he blamed the careless billows that rolled between him and the Green Isle of the West.

One day, as the Magician of Skerr sat thoughtful upon a rock, a storm arose on the sea: a cloud, under whose squally skirts the foaming waters complained, rushed suddenly into the bay, and from its dark womb at once issued forth a boat, with its white sails bent to the wind, and hung round with a hundred moving oars. But it was destitute of mariners, itself seeming to live and move. An unusual terror seized the aged Magician; he heard a voice though he saw no human form. "Arise! behold the boat of the heroes! arise and see the Green Isle of those who have passed away!"

He felt a strange force on his limbs; he saw no person; but he moved to the boat: the wind immediately changed; in the bosom of the cloud he sailed away. Seven days gleamed faintly round him, seven nights added their gloom to his darkness; his ears were stunned with shrill voices; the dull murmur of winds passed him on either side; he slept not, but his eyes were not heavy; he ate not, but he was not hungry: on the eighth day the waves swelled into mountains; the boat was rocked violently from side to side: the darkness thickened around him, when a thousand voices at once cried aloud, the Isle! the Isle! The billows opened wide before him; the calm land of the departed rushed in light on his eyes.

\* Skerr signifies, in general, a Rock in the Ocean.

† A Magician is called Druidh in the Gaelic.

It was not a light that dazzled, but a pure, distinguishing, and placid light, which called forth every object to view in their most perfect form. The isle spread large before him like a pleasing dream of the soul, where distance fades not on the sight, where nearness fatigues not the eye. It had its gently-sloping hills of green, nor did they wholly want their clouds; but the clouds were bright and transparent, and each involved in its bosom the source of a stream, . . . a beauteous stream, which, wandering down the steep, was like the faint notes of the half-touched harp to the distant ear. The valleys were open and free to the ocean; trees loaded with leaves, which scarcely waved to the light breeze, were scattered on the green declivities and rising grounds; the rude winds walked not on the mountain; no storm took its course through the sky. All was calm and bright; the pure sun of autumn shone from his blue sky on the fields: he hastened not to the West for repose, nor was he seen to rise from the East: he sits in his mid-day height, and looks obliquely on the Noble Isle.

In each valley is its slow-moving stream: the pure waters swell over the banks, yet abstain from the fields: the showers disturb them not, nor are they lessened by the heat of the sun. On the rising hill are the halls of the departed, . . . the high-roofed dwellings of the heroes of old.

The departed, according to the Tale, retained, in the midst of their happiness, a warm affection for their country and living friends. They sometimes visited the first; and by the latter, as the Bard expresses it, they were transiently seen in the hour of peril, and especially on the near approach of death: it was then that at midnight the death-devoted, to use the words of the Tale, were suddenly awakened by a strange knocking at their gates; it was then that they heard the indistinct voice of their departed friends calling them away to the Noble Isle: "a sudden joy rushed in upon their minds, and that pleasing melancholy which looks forward to happiness in a distant land." MACPHERSON'S *Introduction to the History of Great Britain*.

"The softer sex, among the Celtæ," he adds, "passed with their friends to the fortunate isles; their beauty increased with the change, and, to use the words of the Bard, they were ruddy lights in the Island of Joy."

*Where one emerald light*

*Through the green element for ever shines.*—XI. p. 113.

I have supplied Merlin with light when he arrived at his world of Mer-mankind, but not for his submarine voyage: let Paracelsus do this.

“Urim and Thummim were the Philosopher’s Stone, and it was this which gave light in the Ark.

“For God commanded Noah to make a clear light in the Ark, which some take for a window. But since the Text saith, *Day and Night shall no more cease*; it seems *it did then cease*, and therefore there could be no exterior light.

“The Rabbis say, that the Hebrew word Zohar, which the Chaldee translate Neher, is only to be found in this place. Other Hebrew Doctors believe it to have been a precious stone hung up in the Ark, which gave light to all living creatures therein. This the greatest Carbuncle could not do, nor any precious stone which is only natural. But the Universal Spirit, fixed in a transparent body, shines like the sun in glory, and this was the light which God commanded Noah to make.”—PARACELUS’ *Urim and Thummim*.

*Rhys ab Gruffydd ab Rhys.*—XII. p. 117.

Was one of the bravest, wisest, most liberal, and most celebrated of the princes of South Wales. He is thus praised in the Pentarchia;

Quis queat heroem calamo describere tantum,  
Quantus ut ipse fuit, modo civibus Hectoris instar,  
Fortis in hostiles modo turmas instar Achillis.  
Ultus avos patriæ fere sexaginta per annos,  
Quot fusas acies, quot castra recepta, quot urbes,  
Spes patriæ, columen pacis, lux urbis et orbis,  
Gentis honos, decus armorum, fulmenque duelli,  
Quo neque pace prior, neque fortior alter in armis.

In Hearne’s Collection of Curious Discourses, are these funeral verses upon Lord Rhys, as preserved by Camden:

Nobile Cambrensis cecidit diadema decoris,  
 Hoc est Rhesus obiit, Cambria tota gemit.  
 Subtrahitur, sed non moritur, quia semper habetur  
 Ipsius egregium nomen in orbe novum.  
 Hic tegitur, sed detegitur, quia fama perennis  
 Non sinit illustrem voce latere ducem.  
 Excessit probitate modum, sensu probitatem,  
 Eloquio sensum, moribus eloquium.

Rhys ap Gryffith, say the Chronicles, was no less remarkable in courage, than in the stature and lineaments of his body, wherein he exceeded most men. *Royal Tribes.*

*Beavers.*—XII. p. 118.

When Giraldus Cambrensis wrote, that is, at the time whereof the poem treats, the only Beavers remaining in Wales or England were in the Towy. *Inter universos Cambriæ, seu etiam Loegriæ fluvios, solus hic (Teivi) castores habet.*

The Beaver is mentioned also in the Laws of Hoel Dha, and one of those dark deep resting-places, or pits of the river Conway, which the Spaniards call the *remansos del rio*, is called the Beavers pool.

*The Great Palace, like a sanctuary,  
 Is safe.*—XII. p. 121.

*Dinas Vawr*, the Great Palace. It was regarded as an asylum.

*Goagan of Powys-land.*—XII. p. 124.

Properly Gwgan; but I have adapted the orthography to an English eye. This very characteristic story is to be found, as narrated in the poem, in Mr Yorke's curious work upon the Royal Tribes of Wales. Gwgan's demand was for five pounds, instead of ten marks; this is the only liberty I have taken with the fact, except that of fitting it to the business of the poem, by the last part of Rhys's reply. The ill humour in which the Lord of Dinevawr confesses the messenger had surprised him, is mentioned more bluntly by the

historian. "Gwgan found him in a furious temper, beating his servants and hanging his dogs." I have not lost the character of the anecdote, by relating the cause of his anger instead of the effects.

*The Bay whose reckless waves*

*Roll o'er the plain of Gwaelod.*—XIII. p. 128.

A large track of fenny country, called Cantrev y Gwaelod, the Lowland Canton, was, about the year 500, inundated by the sea, for Seithenyn, in a fit of drunkenness, let the sea through the dams which secured it. He is therefore distinguished with Geraint and Gwrtheyrn, under the appellation of the Three arrant Drunkards. This district, which forms the present Cardigan Bay, contained sixteen principal towns of the Cymry, the inhabitants of which, who survived the inundation, fled into the mountainous parts of Meirion and Arvon, which were till then nearly uncultivated. Gwyddno Garanhir, one of the petty Princes whose territories were thus destroyed, was a poet. There were lately (and I believe, says Edward Williams, are still) to be seen in the sands of this bay large stones with inscriptions on them, the characters Roman, but the language unknown. E. WILLIAMS'S *Poems. Cambrian Biography.*

The two other arrant Drunkards were both Princes; the one set fire to the standing corn in his country, and so occasioned a famine; Gwrtheyrn, the other, is the Vortigern of Saxon history, thus distinguished for ceding the Isle of Thanet in his drunkenness, as the price of Rowena. This worthless King is also recorded as one of the Three disgraceful men of the Island, and one of the Three treacherous conspirators, whose families were for ever divested of privilege. *Cambrian Biography.*

*Bardsey.*—XIII. p. 129.

"This little island," says Giraldus, "is inhabited by certain monks of exceeding piety, whom they call Culdees (*Cathbes vel Colideos.*) This wonderful property it hath, either from the salubrity of its air, which it partakes with the shores of Ireland, or rather from some miracle by reason of the merits of the Saints, that diseases are rarely known there, and seldom or never does any one die till worn out by old age. Infinite numbers of Saints are buried there."

*On his back,*

*Like a broad shield, the Coracle was hung.*—XIII. p. 135.

“The Coracles are generally five feet and a half long and four broad, their bottom is a little rounded, and their shape nearly oval. These boats are ribbed with light laths, or split twigs, in the manner of basket work, and are covered with a raw hide, or strong canvas, pitched in such a mode as to prevent their leaking; a seat crosses just above the centre, towards the broader end; they seldom weigh more than between 20 and 30 pounds. The men paddle them with one hand while they fish with the other, and when their work is completed, they throw the coracles over their shoulders, and without difficulty return with them home.

“Riding through Abergwilly we saw several of these phænomena resting with their bottoms upwards against the houses, and resembling the shells of so many enormous turtles: and indeed a traveller, at the first view of a coracle on the shoulders of a fisherman, might fancy he saw a tortoise walking on his hinder legs.”—WYNDHAM.

The Saxon pirates ventured to sea in vessels of basket work covered with skins; they were used also by the ancient Spaniards; perhaps the Coracle succeeded the Canoe, implying more skill than is necessary to scoop out a tree, or hollow it with fire, and less than is required to build a boat. The boats of bark which the savages of Canada use are equally ingenious, and possess the same advantages.

*Prince Hoel's lay of love.*—XIV. p. 144.

Eight poems by Prince Hoel are preserved; they are here given in Mr Owen's translation.

# 1.

My choice is a lady, elegant, slender, and fair, whose lengthened white form is seen through the thin blue veil; and my choicest faculty is to muse on superior female excellence, when she with diffidence utters the becoming sentiment; and my choicest participation is to become united with the maid, and to share mutual confidence as to thoughts and fortune. I choose the bright hue of the spreading wave, thou who art the most discreet in thy

country, with thy pure Welsh speech, chosen by me art thou : what am I with thee? how ! dost thou refrain from speaking? ah ! thy silence even is fair ! I have chosen a maid, so that with me there should be no hesitation : it is right to choose the choicest, fair one : choose, fair maid !

## 2.

I love the white glittering walls on the side of the bank, clothed in fresh verdancy, where bashfulness loves to observe the modest sea-mew's course : it would be my delight, though I have met with no great return of love in my much-desired visit on the sleek white steed, to behold my sister of flip-pant smile ; to talk of love since it is come to my lot ; to restore my ease of mind, and to renew her slighted troth with the nymph as fair as the hue of the shore-beating wave.

From her country who is bright as the coldly-drifted snow upon the lofty hill, a censure has come to us, that I should be so treated with disdain in the Hall of Ogyrvan.

Playful, from her promise was new-born expectation ;—she is gone with my soul away : I am made wretched !—Am I not become for love like Garwy Hir to the fair one of whom I am debarred in the Hall of Ogyrvan !

## 3.

I love the castle of proud workmanship in the Cyvylci, where my own assuming form is wont to intrude ; the high of renown, in full bustle, seek admittance there, and by it speaks the mad-resounding wave.

It is the chosen place of a luminary of splendid qualities, and fair : glorious her rising from the verge of the torrent, and the fair one shines upon the now progressive year in the wild of Arvon, in the Snowdonian hills.

The tent does not attract ; the glossy silk is not looked on by her I love, with passing tenderness ; if her conquest could be wrought by the muse's aid, ere the night that comes, I should next to her be found.

## 4.

I have harnessed thee to-day, my steed of shining grey ; I will traverse on thee the fair region of Cynlas ; and I will hold a hard dispute before death

shall cut me off in obstructing sleep, and thus obstructing health; and on me it has been a sign, no longer being the honoured youth, the complexion is like the pale blue waves.

Oppressed with longing is my memory in society; regret for her by whom I am hated! whilst I confer on the maid the honoured eulogy; she, to prosper pain, deigns not to return the consolation of the slightest grace.

Broken is my heart! my portion is regret, caused by the form of a slender lady, with a girdle of ruddy gold; my treatment is not deserved; she is not this day where my appointed place was fixed. Son of the God of Heaven! if before a promise of forbearance she goes away, woe to me that I am not slain!

## 5.

When the ravens rejoice, when blood is hastening, when the gore runs bubbling, when the war doth rage, when the houses redden in Ruzlan, when the red hall is burning, when we glow with wrath; the ruddy flame it blazes up to heaven; our abode affords no shelter; and plainly is the bright conflagration seen from the white walls upon the shore of Menai.

They perished on the third day of May, three hundred ships of a fleet roving the ocean; and ten hundred times the number the sword would put to flight, leaving not a single beard on Menai.

## 6.

Five evening tides were celebrated when France was saved, when barbarian chiefs were made to fly, when there was pressure round the steel-clad bodies; should a weapon yet be brandished round the beard, a public triumph would my wrath procure, scouring the bounds of Loegyr, and on her habitation hurling ruin; there should be the hand of the hastening host upon the cross, the keen edge slaughtering, the blade reeking with blood, the blood hue over the abject throng, a blood veil hiding its place of falling, and a plain of blood, and a cheek suffused with gore.

## 7.

I love the time of summer; then the gladly-exulting steed of the warrior prances before a gallant chief; the wave is crowned with foam; the limb of



the active more quickly moves; the apple tree has arrayed itself in another livery; bordered with white is my shield on my shoulder, prepared for violence. I have loved, with ardency of desire, the object which I have not obtained.

Ceridwen, fair and tall, of slowly languid gait, her complexion vies with the warm dawn in the evening hour, of a splendid delicate form, beautifully mild and white-hued presence! in stepping over a rush nearly falling seems the little tiny fair one; gentle in her air, she appears but scarcely older than a tenth year infant. Young, shapely, and full of gracefulness, it were a congenial virtue that she should freely give; but the youthful female does more embarrass good fortune by a smile, than an expression from her lips checks impertinence.

A worshipping pilgrim, she will send me to the celestial presence; how long shall I worship thee? stop and think of thine office! if I am unskilful, through the dotage of love, Jesus, the well-informed will not rebuke me.

## 8.

Fair foam-crowned wave, spraying over the sacred tomb of Ruvon the brave, the chief of princes, behold this day I love the utmost hate of England, a flat and unergetic land, with a race involved in every wile. I love the spot that gave me the much-desired gift of mead, where the seas extend a tedious conflict. I love the society and thick inhabitants therein, and which, obedient to its lord, directs its view to peace. I love its sea-coast and its mountains, its city bordering on its forest, its fair landscape, its dales, its water and its vales, its white sea-mews and its beauteous women. I love its warriors and its well-trained steeds, its woods, its strong-holds and its social domicil. I love its fields clothed with tender trefoil, where I had the glory of a mighty triumph. I love its cultivated regions, the prerogative of heroism, and its far-extending wild, and its sports of the chase, which, Son of God! have been great and wonderful: how sleek the melodious deer, and in what plenty found! I atchieved by the push of a spear an excellent deed between the chief of Powys and happy Gwynez, and upon the pale hued element of ever-struggling motion, may I accomplish a liberation from exile. I will not take breath until my party comes; a dream declares it, and God wills it to be so, fair foam-crowned wave spraying over the grave.

Fair foam-crowned wave, impetuous in thy course, like in colour to the hoar when it accumulates ; I love the sea-coast in Meirionyz, where I have had a white arm for a pillow. I love the nightingale upon the privet-brake in Cymmer Denzur, a celebrated vale. Lord of heaven and earth, the glory of the blest, though so far it is from Ceri to Caerliwelyz, I mounted the yellow steed, and from Maelienyz reached the land of Reged between the night and day. Before I am in the grave, may I enjoy a new blessing from the land of Tegyingyl of fairest aspect ! Since I am a love-wight, one inured to wander, may God direct my fate ! fair foam-crowned wave of impetuous course.

I will implore the divine Supreme, the wonderful in subjugating to his will, as king, to create an excelling muse for a song of praise to the women, such as Merzin sung, who have claimed my bardic lore so long, who are so tardy in dispensing grace. The most eminent in all the west I name, from the gates of Chester to the port of Ysgewin : The first is the nymph who will be the subject of universal praise, Gwenliant, whose complexion is like the summer's day. The second is another of high state, far from my embrace, adorned with golden necklace, fair Gweirvyl, from whom nor token nor confidence have I obtained, nor has any of my race ; though I might be slain by two-edged blades, she, whose foster-brother was a King, should be my theme ; and next for the handsome Gwladys, the young and modest virgin, the idol of the multitude, I utter the secret sigh ; I will worship her with the yellow blossoms of the furze. Soon may I see my vigour rouse to combat, and in my hand my blade, bright Leucu, my companion, laughing, and whose husband laughs not from anxiety. Great anxiety oppresses me, makes me sad ; and longing, alas ! is habitual for fair Nêst, for her who is like the apple-tree blossom ; and for Perwewr, the centre of my desire ; for Generys the chaste, who grants not a smile for me : may continence not overcome her ! for Hunyz, whose fame will last till the day of doom ; for Hawis, who claims my choicest eulogy. On a memorable day I had a nymph ; I had a second, more be their praise ! I had a third and a fourth with prosperity ; I had a fifth, of those with a skin white and delicate ; I had a sixth, bright and fair, avoiding not the temptation, above the white walls did she arrest me ; I had a seventh, and this was satiety of love ; I had eight in recompence for

a little of the praise which I sung : but the teeth most opportunely bar the tongue.

*Ere ever Saxon set his hateful foot*

*Upon the beautiful Isle.—XV. p. 152.*

"The three names of this Island : the first, before it was inhabited it was called the Water-guarded Green Spot ; after it was inhabited it was called the Honey Island ; and after its subjection to Prydain, the son of Aedd Mawr, he gave it the name of the Isle of Prydain."—*Cambrian Register*.

This name was appropriately given to it, for Ynys Prydain signifies the Beautiful Isle. *Cambrian Biography*. E. WILLIAMS.

*The contumacious Prince of Mathraval.—XV. p. 154.*

"Oenum de Cevelioc, quia solus inter Walliæ principes Archipræsuli cum populo suo non occurrerat, excommunicavimus. Oenus iste præ aliis Cambriæ principibus, et linguæ dicacis extiterat, et in terræ suæ moderamine ingenii perspicacis."—GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS.

*Even as Owen in his deeds*

*Disowned the Church when living, even so*

*The Church disowns him dead.—XV. p. 157.*

Owen Gwyneth was buried at Bangor. When Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, coming to preach the crusade against the Saracens, saw his tomb, he charged the Bishop to remove the body out of the Cathedral, when he could find a fit opportunity so to do ; in regard that Archbishop Becket had excommunicated him heretofore, because he had married his first cousin, the daughter of Grono ab Edwyn, and that notwithstanding he had continued to live with her till she died. The Bishop, in obedience to the charge, made a passage from the vault through the south wall of the church, under ground, and so secretly shoved the body into the church-yard. *Royal Tribes, from the HENGWRT MS.*

*Winning slow Famine to their aid.—XVII. p. 172.*

"I am much affected," says old Fuller, "with the ingenuity of an English nobleman, who following the camp of King Henry III. in these parts (Caer-

narvonshire) wrote home to his friends, about the end of September 1243, the naked truth indeed as followeth: ‘ We lie in our tents watching, fasting, praying, and freezing; we watch for fear of the Welshmen, who are wont to invade us in the night; we fast for want of meat, for the half-penny loaf is worth five-pence; we pray to God to send us home speedily: we freeze for want of winter garments, having nothing but thin linen betwixt us and the wind.”

*Be not thou*

*As is the black and melancholy yew,  
That strikes into the grave its baleful roots,  
And prospers on the dead.—XVII. p. 173.*

Borrowed from an old play, by John Webster:

Like the black and melancholick yew-tree,  
Dost think to root thyself in dead mens graves,  
And yet to prosper?

*The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona.*

*Never shall her waking eye*

*Behold them, till that hour of happiness*

*When Death hath made her pure for perfect bliss.—XVII. p. 179.*

“ The three Restorations in the Circle of Happiness: Restoration of original genius and character: *Restoration of all that was beloved*; and the Restoration of remembrance from the origin of all things: without these perfect happiness cannot exist.”—*Triads of Bardism*, 32.

I have thought it unnecessary to give a connected account of the Bardic system in these Notes, as it has been so well done by my friend, Mr Turner, in his *Vindication of the Ancient British Poems*.



# NOTES

ON

## THE SECOND PART.

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*We neighbour nearer to the Sun!—I. p. 193.*

Columbus inferred this from the elevation of the Pole at Paria. "How it cometh to pass," says Pietro Martire, "that at the beginning of the evening twilight it is elevate in that region only five degrees in the month of June, and in the morning twilight to be elevate fifteen degrees by the same quadrant, I do not understand, nor yet do the reasons which he bringeth in any point satisfy me. For he sayeth that he hereby conjectured that the Earth is not perfectly round, but that, when it was created, there was a certain heap raised thereon, much higher than the other parts of the same. So that, as he sayth, it is not round after the form of an apple or a ball, as others think, but rather like a pear as it hangeth on the tree, and that Paria is the region which possesseth the supereminent or highest part thereof, nearest unto heaven. In so much, that he earnestly contendeth the earthly Paradise to be situate in the tops of those three hills which the Watchmen saw out of the top-castle of the ship; and that the outrageous streams of the fresh waters which so violently issue out of the red gulfs, and strive so with the salt water, fall headlong from the tops of the said mountains."—PIETRO MARTIRE, *Dec. 1. Book 6.*

*Tezcalipoca.*—II. p. 197.

A devout worshipper of this Deity once set out to see if he could find him: he reached the sea-coast, and there the God appeared to him, and bade him call the Whale, and the Mermaid, and the Tortoise to make a bridge for him, over which he might pass to the House of the Sun, and bring back from thence instruments of music and singers to celebrate his festivals. The Whale, the Mermaid, and the Tortoise accordingly made the bridge, and the man went over it, singing, as he went, a song which the God taught him. As soon as the Sun heard him, he cautioned all his servants and people not to answer to the song, for they who answered would be obliged to abandon his House and follow the Singer. Some there were, however, who could not resist the voice of the charmer, and these he brought back with him to earth, together with the drums called *Huahuneth* and *Tepunaztli*. TORQUEMADA, *L. 6. c. 43.*

The particular sacrifice related in the poem is described by this author, *L. 10. c. 14.* It is sufficient merely to refer to my authorities in such instances as these, where no other liberty has been taken than that of omission.

*She gathered herbs which, like our poppy, bear  
The seed of sleep.*—II. p. 200.

The expression is Gower's:

Poppy, which beareth the scede of sleepe.

The Spanish name for the poppy is *adormidera*.

*The field of the Spirit.*—III. p. 209.

Every Spring the Akanceas go in a body to some retired place, and there turn up a large space of land, which they do with the drums beating all the while. After this they take care to call it the Desert, or the field of the Spirit. And thither they go in good earnest when they are in their enthusiastic fits, and there wait for inspiration from their pretended Deity. In the meanwhile, as they do this every year, it proves of no small advantage to them, for by this means they turn up all their land insensibly, and it becomes abundantly more fruitful. TONTI.

*Before these things I was.*—III. p. 210.

“The manner in which, he says, he obtained the spirit of divination was this: He was admitted into the presence of a Great Man, who informed him that he loved, pitied, and desired to do him good. It was not in this world that he saw the Great Man, but in a world above, at a vast distance from this. The Great Man, he says, was clothed with the Day, yea with the brightest Day he ever saw; a Day of many years, yea of everlasting continuance! This whole world, he says, was drawn upon him, so that *in* him the Earth and all things in it might be seen. I asked him if rocks, mountains, and seas were drawn *upon* or appeared *in* him? he replied, that every thing that was beautiful and lovely in the earth was upon him, and might be seen by looking on him, as well as if one was on the earth to take a view of them there. By the side of the Great Man, he says, stood his Shadow, or Spirit, for he used *chichung*, the word they commonly make use of to express that of the man which survives the body, which word properly signifies a shadow. This Shadow, he says, was as lovely as the Man himself, *and filled all places*, and was most agreeable as well as wonderful to him. Here, he says, he tarried some time, and was unspeakably entertained and delighted with a view of the Great Man, of his Shadow, and of all things in him. And what is most of all astonishing, he imagines all this to have past before he was born; he never had been, he says, in this world at that time, and what confirms him in the belief of this is, that the Great Man told him, that he must come down to earth, be born of such a woman, meet with such and such things, and in particular that he should once in his life be guilty of murder; at this he was displeased, and told the Great Man he would never murder. But the Great Man replied, I have said it, and it shall be so; which has accordingly happened. At this time, he says, the Great Man asked him what he would chuse in life; he replied, first to be a Hunter, and afterwards to be a *Powwow*, or Divine; whereupon the Great Man told him he should have what he desired, and that his Shadow should go along with him down to earth, and be with him for ever. There was, he says, all this time no words spoken between them; the conference was not carried on by any human language, but they had a kind of mental intelligence of each others thoughts, dispositions, and proposals. After this, he says, he saw the Great Man no more, but supposes



he now came down to earth to be born; but the Shadow of the Great Man still attended him, and ever after continued to appear to him in dreams and other ways. This Shadow used sometimes to direct him in dreams to go to such a place and hunt, assuring him he should there meet with success, which accordingly proved so; and when he had been there some time the Spirit would order him to another place, so that he had success in hunting, according to the Great Man's promise made to him at the time of his chusing this employment.

"There were some times when this Spirit came upon him in a special manner, and he was full of what he saw in the Great Man, and then, he says, he was *all light*, and not only *light himself*, but it was *light all around him*, so that he could see through men, and knew the thoughts of their hearts. These depths of Satan I leave to others to fathom or to dive into as they please, and do not pretend, for my own part, to know what ideas to affix to such terms, and cannot well guess what conceptions of things these creatures have at these times when they call themselves *all light*." DAVID BRAINERD'S *Journal*.

Had Brainerd been a Jesuit, his superiors would certainly have thought him a fit candidate for the crown of martyrdom, and very worthy to be made a Saint. This poor fanatic found one of the Indian conjurers who seemed to have something like grace in him, only he would not believe in the Devil.

"Of all the sights," says he, "I ever saw among them, or indeed any where else, none appeared so frightful, or so near a-kin to what is usually imagined of infernal powers; none ever excited such images of terror in my mind as the appearance of one, who was a devout and zealous reformer, or rather restorer, of what he supposed was the ancient religion of the Indians. He made his appearance in his pontifical garb, which was a coat of bears skins, dressed with the hair on, and hanging down to his toes, a pair of bear-skin stockings, and a great wooden face, painted the one-half black, and the other tawny, about the colour of an Indian's skin, with an extravagant mouth, cut very much awry; the face fastened to a bear-skin cap, which was drawn over his head. He advanced toward me with the instrument in his hand that he used for music in his idolatrous worship, which was a dry Tortoise-shell, with some corn in it, and the neck of it drawn on to a piece of wood, which made

a very convenient handle. As he came forward, he beat his tune with the rattle, and danced with all his might, but did not suffer any part of his body, not so much as his fingers, to be seen: and no man would have guessed by his appearance and actions that he could have been a human creature, if they had not had some intimation of it otherwise. When he came near me, I could not but shrink away from him, although it was then noon-day, and I knew who it was, his appearance and gestures were so prodigiously frightful. He had a house consecrated to religious uses, with divers images cut out upon the several parts of it: I went in, and found the ground beat almost as hard as a rock, with their frequent dancing in it. I discoursed with him about Christianity, and some of my discourse he seemed to like, but some of it he disliked entirely. He told me, that God had taught him his religion, and that he never would turn from it, but wanted to find some that would join heartily with him in it; for the Indians, he said, were grown very degenerate and corrupt. He had thought, he said, of leaving all his friends, and travelling abroad, in order to find some that would join with him; for he believed God had some good people somewhere that felt as he did. He had not always, he said, felt as he now did, but had formerly been like the rest of the Indians, until about four or five years before that time: then, he said, his heart was very much distressed, so that he could not live among the Indians, but got away into the woods, and lived alone for some months. At length, he said, God comforted his heart, and showed him what he should do; and since that time he had known God, and tried to serve him; and loved all men, be they who they would, so as he never did before. He treated me with uncommon courtesy, and seemed to be hearty in it; and I was told by the Indians, that he opposed their drinking strong liquor with all his power; and if at any time he could not dissuade them from it, by all he could say, he would leave them, and go crying into the woods. It was manifest he had a set of religious notions that he had looked into for himself, and not taken for granted upon bare tradition: and he relished or disrelished whatever was spoken of a religious nature, according as it either agreed or disagreed with his standard. And while I was discoursing he would sometimes say, 'Now that I like: so God has taught me;' and some of his sentiments seemed very just. Yet he utterly denied the being of a

Devil, and declared there was no such a creature known among the Indians of old times, whose religion, he supposes, he was attempting to revive. He likewise told me, that departed souls all went southward, and that the difference between the good and bad was this, that the former were admitted into a beautiful town with spiritual walls, or walls agreeable to the nature of souls; and that the latter would for ever hover round those walls, and in vain attempt to get in. He seemed to be sincere, honest, and conscientious in his own way, and according to his own religious notions, which was more than I ever saw in any other Pagan: and I perceived he was looked upon and derided amongst most of the Indians as a precise zealot, who made a needless noise about religious matters. But I must say, there was something in his temper and disposition that looked more like true religion than any thing I ever observed amongst other Heathens.”—BRAINERD.

*Why should we forsake*

*The worship of our fathers?*—III. p. 214.

Olearius mentions a very disinterested instance of that hatred of innovation which is to be found in all ignorant persons, and in some wise ones.

“An old country fellow in Livonia being condemned, for faults enormous enough, to lye along upon the ground to receive his punishment, and Madam de la Barre, pitying his almost decrepit age, having so far interceded for him, as that his corporal punishment should be changed into a pecuniary mulct of about fifteen or sixteen pence; he thanked her for her kindness, and said, that, for his part, being an old man, he would not introduce any novelty, nor suffer the customs of the country to be altered, but was ready to receive the chastisement which his predecessors had not thought much to undergo; put off his clothes, layd himself upon the ground, and received the blows according to his condemnation.”—*Ambassador's Travels*.

— *her flaxen hair,*

*Bright eyes of heavenly hue, and that clear skin.*—IV. p. 214.

A good description of Welsh beauty is given by Mr Yorke, from one of their original chronicles, in the account of Gruffydd ab Cynan and his Queen,

"Grufydd in his person was of moderate stature, having yellow hair, a round face, and a fair and agreeable complexion; eyes rather large, light eyebrows, a comely beard, a round neck, white skin, strong limbs, long fingers, straight legs, and handsome feet. He was, moreover, skilful in divers languages, courteous and civil to his friends, fierce to his enemies, and resolute in battle; of a passionate temper, and fertile imagination. . . Angbarad, his wife, was an accomplished person; her hair was long and of a flaxen colour; her eyes large and rolling; and her features brilliant and beautiful. She was tall and well proportioned; her leg and foot handsome; her fingers long, and her nails thin and transparent. She was good tempered, chearful, discreet, and witty; gave good advice as well as alms to her needy dependants, and never transgressed the laws of duty."

*Thus let their blood be shed!*—V. p. 226.

This ceremony of declaring war with fire and water is represented, by De Bry, in the eleventh print of the Description of Florida, by Le Moyne de Morgues.

*The Feast of the Departed.*—VI. p. 228.

Laftau. Charlevoix.

*The Council Hall.*—VI. p. 228.

"The town house, in which are transacted all public business and diversions, is raised with wood and covered over with earth, and has all the appearance of a small mountain at a little distance. It is built in the form of a sugar loaf, and large enough to contain 500 persons, but extremely dark, having (besides the door, which is so narrow that but one at a time can pass, and that after much winding and turning) but one small aperture to let the smoke out, which is so ill contrived that most of it settles in the roof of the house. Within it has the appearance of an ancient amphitheatre, the seats being raised one above another, leaving an area in the middle, in the centre of which stands the fire: the seats of the head warriors are nearest it."—*Memoirs of Lieutenant HENRY TIMBERLAKE, who accompanied the Cherokee Indians to England in 1762.*

*The Sarbacan.*—VI. p. 229.

"The children at eight or ten years old are very expert at killing birds and smaller game with a sarbacan, or hollow cane, through which they blow a small dart, whose weakness obliges them to shoot at the eye of the larger sort of prey, which they seldom miss."—TIMBERLAKE.

*The pendant string of shells.*—VI. p. 229.

"The doors of their houses and chambers were full of diverse kinds of shells, hanging loose by small cordes, that being shaken by the wind they might make a certaine ratteling, and also a whisteling noise, by gathering the wind in their holowe places; for herein they have great delight, and impute this for a goodly ornament."—PIETRO MARTIRE.

*Still do your Shadows roam dissatisfied,  
And to the cries of wailing woe return  
A voice of lamentation.*—VI. p. 229.

"They firmly believe that the Spirits of those who are killed by the enemy, without equal revenge of blood, find no rest, and at night haunt the houses of the tribe to which they belonged; but when that kindred duty of retaliation is justly executed, they immediately get ease and power to fly away."—ADAIR.

"The answering voices heard from caves and hollow holes, which the Latines call Echo, they suppose to be the Soules wandring through those places."—PIETRO MARTIRE.

The word by which they express the funeral wailing in one of the Indian languages is very characteristic,—*Máuo*; which bewailing, says Roger Williams, is very solemn amongst them: morning and evening, and sometimes in the night, they bewail their lost husbands, wives, children, &c.; sometimes a quarter, half, yea a whole year and longer, if it be for a great Prince.

*The Skull of some old Secr.*—VI. p. 230.

On the coast of Paria oracles were thus delivered. TORQUEMADA, L. 6. c. 26.

*Their happy souls**Pursue in fields of bliss the shadowy deer.*—VI. p. 232.

This opinion of the American Indians may be illustrated by a very beautiful story from Carver's Travels :

“ Whilst I remained among them, a couple, whose tent was adjacent to mine, lost a son of about four years of age. The parents were so much affected at the death of their favourite child, that they pursued the usual testimonies of grief with such uncommon rigour, as through the weight of sorrow and loss of blood to occasion the death of the father. The woman, who had hitherto been inconsolable, no sooner saw her husband expire, than she dried up her tears, and appeared chearful and resigned. As I knew not how to account for so extraordinary a transition, I took an opportunity to ask her the reason of it; telling her, at the same time, that I should have imagined the loss of her husband would rather have occasioned an increase of grief, than such a sudden diminution of it.

“ She informed me, that as the child was so young when it died, and unable to support itself in the country of spirits, both she and her husband had been apprehensive that its situation would be far from being happy : but no sooner did she behold its father depart for the same place, who not only loved the child with the tenderest affection, but was a good hunter, and would be able to provide plentifully for its support, than she ceased to mourn. She added, that she now saw no reason to continue her tears, as the child, on whom she doated, was happy under the care and protection of a fond father, and she had only one wish that remained ungratified, which was that of being herself with them.

“ Expressions so replete with unaffected tenderness, and sentiments that would have done honour to a Roman matron, made an impression on my mind greatly in favour of the people to whom she belonged, and tended not a little to counteract the prejudices I had hitherto entertained, in common with every other traveller, of Indian insensibility and want of parental tenderness. Her subsequent conduct confirmed the favourable opinion I had just imbibed, and convinced me that, notwithstanding the apparent suspension of her grief, some particles of that reluctance to be separated from a beloved relation, which is implanted by nature or custom in every human

heart, still lurked in hers. I observed that she went almost every evening to the foot of the tree on a branch of which the bodies of her husband and child were laid, and after cutting off a lock of her hair, and throwing it on the ground, in a plaintive melancholy song bemoaned its fate. A recapitulation of the actions he might have performed, had his life been spared, appeared to be her favourite theme; and whilst she foretold the fame that would have attended an imitation of his father's virtues, her grief seemed to be suspended. 'If thou hadst continued with us, my dear Son,' would she cry, 'how well would the bow have become thy hand, and how fatal would thy arrows have proved to the enemies of our bands! thou would'st often have drunk their blood and eaten their flesh, and numerous slaves would have rewarded thy toils. With a nervous arm wouldest thou have seized the wounded buffalo, or have combated the fury of the enraged bear. Thou wouldest have overtaken the flying elk, and have kept pace on the mountain's brow with the fleetest deer. What feats mightest thou not have performed, hadst thou staid among us till age had given thee strength, and thy father had instructed thee in every Indian accomplishment!' In terms like these did this untutored savage bewail the loss of her son, and frequently would she pass the greatest part of the night in the affectionate employ."

*The spirit of that noble blood which ran  
From their death-wounds, is in the ruddy clouds  
Which go before the Sun when he comes forth  
In glory.*—VI. p. 233.

Among the last comers, one Avila, a cacique, had great authority, who understanding that Valdivia affirmed the God of the Christians was the only Creator of all things, in a great rage cried out, he would never allow Pillan, the God of the Chilenians, to be denied the power of creating. Valdivia inquired of him concerning this imaginary deity. Avila told him, that his God did, after death, translate the chief men of the nation and soldiers of known bravery to places where there was dancing and drinking, there to live happy for ever; that the blood of noble men slain in battle was placed about the sun, and changed into red clouds, which sometimes adorn his rising. *Hist. of Paraguay, &c. by F. A. del Techo.*

*O my people,*

*I too could tell ye of the former days.*—VI. p. 235.

The mode of sowing is from the 21st plate of De Bry to J. Le Moyne de Morgues; the common store-houses are mentioned by the same author; and the ceremony of the widows strewing their hair upon their husbands' graves is represented in the 19th plate.

*The Snake Idol.*—VI. p. 237.

Snake worship was common in America. Bernal Diaz, p. 3. 7. 125. The Idol described VII. p. 248, somewhat resembles what the Spaniards found at Campeche, which is thus described by the oldest historian of the Discoveries. "Our men were conducted to a broad crosse-way, standing on the side of the towne. Here they shew them a square stage or pulpit foure steppes high, partly of clammy bitumen, and partly of small stones, whereto the image of a man cut in marble was joyned, two foure-footed unknown beastes fastening upon him, which, like madde dogges, seemed they would tear the marble man's guts out of his belly. And by the Image stood a Serpent, besmeared all with goare bloud, devouring a marble lion, which Serpent, compacted of bitumen and small stones incorporated together, was seven and fortie feete in length, and as thicke as a great ox. Next unto it were three rafters or stakes fastened to the ground, which three others crossed, underpropped with stones; in which place they punish malefactors condemned, for proof whereof they saw innumerable broken arrowes, all bloudie, scattered on the ground, and the bones of the dead cast into an inclosed courterneere unto it."—PIETRO MARTIRE.

It can scarcely be necessary to remark, that I have attributed to the Hoamen such manners and superstitions as, really existing among the savage tribes of America, best suited the plan of the Poem.

— *piously a portion take*

*Of that cold earth, to which, for ever now*

*Consigned, they leave their fathers, dust to dust.*—VI. p. 237.

Charlevoix assigns an unworthy motive for this remarkable custom, which may surely be more naturally explained: he says they fancy it procures luck at play.



— *from his head*

*Plucking the thin grey hairs, he dealt them round.*—VI. p. 239.

Some passages in Mr Mackenzie's Travels suggested this to me.

"Our guide called aloud to the fugitives, and entreated them to stay, but without effect; the old man, however, did not hesitate to approach us, and represented himself as too far advanced in life, and too indifferent about the short time he had to remain in the world, to be very anxious about escaping from any danger that threatened him; at the same time he pulled the grey hairs from his head by handfulls to distribute among us, and implored our favour for himself and his relations.

"As we were ready to embark, our new recruit was desired to prepare himself for his departure, which he would have declined; but as none of his friends would take his place, we may be said, after the delay of an hour, to have compelled him to embark. Previous to his departure a ceremony took place, of which I could not learn the meaning: he cut off a lock of his hair, and having divided it into three parts, he fastened one of them to the hair on the upper parts of his wife's head, blowing on it three times with all the violence in his power, and uttering certain words. The other two he fastened, with the same formalities, on the heads of his two children."—MACKENZIE.

*Forth from the dark recesses of the Cave*

*The Serpent came.*—VII. p. 245.

Of the wonderful docility of the Snake one instance may suffice.

"An Indian belonging to the Menomonie, having taken a Rattle Snake, found means to tame it; and when he had done this treated it as a Deity; calling it his great Father, and carrying it with him in a box wherever he went. This he had done for several summers, when Mons. Pinnisance accidentally met with him at this carrying place, just as he was setting off for a winter's hunt. The French gentleman was surprised one day to see the Indian place the box which contained his God on the ground, and, opening the door, give him his liberty; telling him, whilst he did it, to be sure and return by the time he himself should come back, which was to be in the month of May following. As this was but October, Monsieur told the Indian, whose simplicity astonished him, that he fancied he might wait long enough, when

May arrived, for the arrival of his great Father. The Indian was so confident of his creature's obedience that he offered to lay the Frenchman a wager of two gallons of rum, that at the time appointed he would come and crawl into his box. This was agreed on, and the second week in May following fixed for the determination of the wager. At that period they both met there again; when the Indian set down his box, and called for his great Father. The Snake heard him not; and the time being now expired, he acknowledged that he had lost. However, without seeming to be discouraged, he offered to double the bet if his father came not within two days more. This was farther agreed on; when behold on the second day, about one o'clock, the Snake arrived, and, of his own accord, crawled into the box, which was placed ready for him. The French gentleman vouched for the truth of this story, and, from the accounts I have often received of the docility of those creatures, I see no reason to doubt his veracity."—CARVER'S *Travels*.

We have not taken animals enough into alliance with us. In one of the most interesting families which it was ever my good fortune to visit, I saw a child suckled by a goat. The Gull should be taught to catch fish for us in the sea, the Otter in fresh water. The more Spiders there were in the stable, the less would the horses suffer from the flies. The great American fire fly should be imported into Spain to catch musquitos. Snakes would make good mousers; but one favourite mouse should be kept to rid the house of cock roaches. The Toad is an excellent fly catcher, and in hot countries a reward should be offered to the man who could discover what insect fed upon fleas; for, say the Spaniards, *no ay criatura tan libre, a quien falta su Alguacil*.

— *that huge King*

*Of Basan, hugest of the Anakim.*—VII. p. 245.

Og, the King of Basan, was the largest man that ever lived: all Giants, Titans, and Ogers are but dwarfs to him; Garagantua himself is no more compared to Og, than Tom Thumb is to Garagantua. For thus say the Rabbis; Moses chose out twelve Chiefs, and advanced with them till they approached the land of Canaan, where Jericho was, and there he sent those Chiefs that they might spy out the land for him. One of the Giants met them; he was called Og the son of Anak, and the height of his stature was

twenty three thousand and thirty-three cubits. Now Og used to catch the clouds and draw them towards him and drink their waters; and he used to take the fishes out of the depths of the sea, and toast them against the orb of the Sun and eat them. It is related of him, by tradition, that in the time of the deluge he went to Noah and said to him, take me with thee in the Ark; but Noah made answer, depart from me, O thou enemy of God! And when the water covered the highest mountains of the earth, it did not reach to Og's knees. Og lived three thousand years, and then God destroyed him by the hand of Moses. For when the army of Moses covered a space of nine miles, Og came and looked at it, and reached out his hand to a mountain and cut from it a stone so wide that it could have covered the whole army, and he put it upon his head, that he might throw it upon them. But God sent a lapwing, who made a hole through the stone with his bill, so that it slipped over his head, and hung round his neck like a necklace, and he was borne down to the ground by its weight. Then Moses ran to him; Moses was himself ten cubits in stature, and he took a spear ten cubits long, and threw it up ten cubits high, and yet it only reached the heel of Og, who was lying prostrate, and thus he slew him. And then came a great multitude with scythes, and cut off his head, and when he was dead his body lay for a whole year, reaching as far as the river Nile in Egypt. His mother's name was Enac, one of the daughters of Adam, and she was the first harlot; her fingers were two cubits long, and upon every finger she had two sharp nails, like two sickles. But because she was a harlot, God sent against her lions as big as elephants, and wolves as big as camels, and eagles as big as asses, and they killed her and eat her.

When Og met the spies who were sent by Moses, he took them all twelve in his hand and put them in his wallet, and carried them to his wife and said to her, look, I beseech you, at these men who want to fight with us! and he emptied them out before her, and asked her if he should tread upon them? but she said, let them go and tell their people what they have seen. When they were got out they said to each other, if we should tell these things to the Children of Israel they would forsake Moses; let us therefore relate what we have seen only to Moses and Aaron. And they took with them one grape

stone from the grapes of that country, and it was as much as a camel could carry. And they began to advise the people that they should not go to war, saying what they had seen; but two of them, namely, Caleb the son of Jepho, and Josuah the son of Nun, concealed it. MARACCI.

Even if the grapes had not been proportioned to Og's capacious mouth, the Rabbis would not have let him starve. There were Behemoths for him to roast whole, and Bar-Chana saw a fish to which Whales are but sprats, and Leviathan but a herring. "We saw a fish," says he, "into whose nostrils the worm called Tinna had got and killed it, and it was cast upon the shore with such force by the sea, that it overthrew sixty maritime cities: sixty other cities fed upon its flesh, and what they left was salted for the food of sixty cities more. From one of the pupils of his eyes they filled thirty barrels of oil. A year or two afterwards, as we past by the same place, we saw men cutting up his bones, with which the same cities were built up again." MARACCI.

*Arrows round whose head dry tow was twined,  
With pine gum dipt.—VII. p. 249.*

This mode of offence has been adopted wherever bows and arrows were in use. De Bry represents it in the 31st plate to *Le Moyne de Morgues*.

"The Medes poisoned their arrows with a bituminous liquor called naphtha, whereof there was great plenty in Media, Persia, and Assyria. The arrow, being steeped in it, and shot from a slack bow (for swift and violent motion took off from its virtue), burnt the flesh with such violence, that water rather increased than extinguished the malignant flame: dust alone could put a stop to it, and, in some degree, allay the unspeakable pain it occasioned."—*Universal History*.

*His hands transfixed  
And lacerate with the body's pendent weight.—VIII. p. 255.*  
*Laceras toto membrorum pondere palmas.*  
MAMBRUNI *Constantinus, sive Idololatria Debellata.*

*Not for your lots on earth,  
Menial or mighty, slave or highly born,  
Shall ye be judged hereafter.*—VIII. p. 256.

They are informed in some places that the Kings and Noblemen have immortal souls, and believe that the souls of the rest perish together with their bodies, except the familiar friends of the Princes themselves, and those only who suffer themselves to be buried alive together with their Masters funerals; for their ancestors have left them so persuaded that the souls of Kings, deprived of their corporeal clothing, joyfully walk to perpetual delights, through pleasant places always green, eating, drinking, and giving themselves to sports, and dancing with women, after their old manner, while they were living, and this they hold for a certain truth. Thereupon many, striving with a kind of emulation, cast themselves headlong into the sepulchres of their Lords, which, if his familiar friends defer to do, they think their souls become temporary of eternal. PIETRO MARTIRE.

When I was upon the Sierras of Guaturo, says Oviedo, and had taken prisoner the Cacique of the Province who had rebelled, I asked him whose graves were those which were in a house of his; and he told me, of some Indians who had killed themselves when the Cacique his father died. But because they often used to bury a quantity of wrought gold with them, I had two of the graves open, and found in them a small quantity of maize, and a small instrument. When I enquired the reason of this the Cacique and his Indians replied, that they who were buried there were labourers, who had been well skilled in sowing corn and in gathering it in, and were his and his father's servants, who, that their souls might not die with their bodies, had slain themselves upon his father's death, and that maize with the tools was laid there with them that they might sow it in heaven. In reply to this, I bade them see how the Tuyra had deceived them, and that all he had told them was a lie; for, though they had long been dead, they had never fetched the maize, which was now rotten and good for nothing, so that they had sown nothing in heaven. But the Cacique answered, that was because they found plenty there, and did not want it. *Relacion sumaria de la Historia Natural de las Indias, por el Capitan GONZALO FERNANDEZ DE OVIEDO.*

The Tlascallans believed that the souls of Chiefs and Princes became clouds, or beautiful birds, or precious stones; whereas those of the common

people would pass into beetles, rats, mice, weasels, and all vile and stinking animals. TORQUEMADA, *L. 6. c. 47.*

*Cadog, Deiniol,  
Padarn, and Teilo,—VIII. p. 260.*

The two first of these Saints, with Madog Morvryn, are called the three holy bachelors of the Isle of Britain. Cadog the Wise was a Bard who flourished in the sixth century. He is one of the three protectors of innocence; his protection was through the church law; Blas's by the common law; and Pedrogyl's by the law of arms; these three were also called the three just Knights of the Court of Arthur. Cadog was the first of whom there is any account, who collected the British Proverbs. There is a church dedicated to him in Caermarthenshire, and two in Monmouthshire. Deiniol has churches dedicated to him in Monmouth, Cardigan, and Pembrokeshires. In the year 525 he founded a College at Bangor, where he was Abbot, and when it was raised to the dignity of a Bishopric he was the first Bishop. Padarn and Teilo rank with Dewi or David, as the three blessed Visitors, for they went about preaching the faith to all degrees of people, not only without reward, but themselves alleviating the distresses of the poor as far as their means extended. Padarn found a congregation at a place called from him Llanbadarn Vawr, where he had the title of Archbishop. Teilo established the college at Llandaff; the many places called Llandeilo were so named in honour of him. He and Cadog and David were the three canonical Saints of Britain. *Cambrian Biography.*

An able writer in the Annual Review, Vol. II. p. 230, asks if Teilo be the St Olave of whose ancient popularity so many streets and churches bear witness. St Olave was a royal saint of Norway; and has no great claim to the gratitude of the Londoners, as he was one of the Vikingr who besieged it in the reign of Edmund Ironside. TURNER's *History of the Anglo-Saxons.*

Teilo, or Teliau as he is called by David Williams, took an active part against the heresy of Pelagius, the great Welshman. "Such was the lustre of his zeal, that, by something like a pun on his name, he was compared to the sun, and called *HLAW*; and, when slain at the altar, devotees contended with so much virulence for the reputation of possessing his body, that the

Priests, to avoid scandalous divisions, found three miraculous bodies of the Saint, as similar, according to the phrase used on the occasion, as one egg to another; and miracles were equally performed at the tombs of all the three."

—D. WILLIAMS'S *Hist. of Monmouthshire*.

This miracle is claimed by Catholic Agiologists for St Baldred, Confessor; "whose memory in ancient tymes hath byn very famous in the kingdome of Scotland. For that he having sometymes preached to the people of three villages neere adjoyning one to the other in Scotland, called Aldham, Tiningham, and Preston, was so holy a man of life, that when he was dead, the people of ech village contended one with another which of them should have his body; in so much, that at last, they not agreeing therabout, tooke armes, and each of them sought by force to enjoy the same. And when the matter came to issue, the said sacred body was found all whole in three distinct places of the house where he died; so as the people of each village coming thither, and carrying the same away, placed it in their churches, and kept it with great honour and veneration for the miracles that at each place it pleased God to worke."—*English Martyrologe*.

The polypus's power of producing as many heads, legs, and arms as were wanted, has been possessed by all the great Saints. This miracle of triplification would have been more appropriate had it been worked upon some zealous Homousian.

*David.*—VIII. p. 260.

Mongst Hatterill's lofty hills, that with the clouds are crown'd,  
The valley Ewias lies, immur'd so deep and round,  
As they below who see the mountains rise so high,  
Might think the straggling herds were grazing in the sky:  
Which in it such a shape of solitude doth bear,  
As Nature at the first appointed it for prayer.  
Where in an aged cell, with moss and ivy grown,  
In which not to this day the Sun hath ever shone,  
That reverend British Saint, in zealous ages past,  
To contemplation lived; and did so truly fast,  
As he did only drink what crystal Hodney yields,  
And fed upon the leeks he gathered in the fields;

In memory of whom, in each revolving year,  
The Welchmen on his day that sacred herb do wear.

\* \* \* \* \*

Of all the holy men whose fame so fresh remains,  
To whom the Britons built so many sumptuous fanes,  
This Saint before the rest their patron still they hold,  
Whose birth their ancient Bards to Cambria long foretold;  
And seated here a see, his bishopric of yore,  
Upon the farthest point of this unfruitful shore,  
Selected by himself, that far from all resort  
With contemplation seemed most fitly to comport,  
That void of all delight, cold, barren, bleak, and dry,  
No pleasure might allure, nor steal the wandering eye.

DRAYTON.

“ A. D. 462. It happened on a day, as Gildas was in his sermon, (Reader, whether smiling or frowning, forgive the digression) a Nunne big with child came into the congregation, whereat the preacher presently was struck dumb, (would not a Maid’s child amaze any man?) and could proceed no farther. Afterwards he gave this reason for his silence, because that Virgin bare in her body an infant of such signal sanctity, as far transcended him. Thus, as lesser load-stones are reported to loose their virtue in the presenoe of those that are bigger, so Gildas was silenced at the approach of the Welsh St David (being then but Hanse in Kelder) though afterwards, like Zachary, he recovered his speech again.”—FULLER’s *Church History of Britain*.

“ David one day was preaching in an open field to the multitude, and could not be well seen because of the concourse, (though they make him four cubits high, a man and half in stature) when behold the Earth whereon he stood, officiously heaving itself up, mounted him up to a competent visibility above all his audience. Whereas our Saviour himself, when he taught the people, was pleased to chuse a mountain, making use of the advantage of Nature, without improving his miraculous power.”—FULLER.



David is indebted to the Romancers for his fame as a Champion of Christendom: how he came by his leek is a question which the Antiquarians have not determined. I am bound to make grateful mention of St David, having in my younger days been benefited by his merits at Westminster, where the first of March is an *early play*.

*But I too here upon this barbarous land,  
Like Elmur and like Aronan of old,  
Must lift the ruddy spear.*—IX. p. 262.

Elmur, Cynhaval, and Avaon the son of Taliesin, all deserted the Bardic principles to bear arms, and were called the three Chiefs like Bulls in conflict. Avaon, Aronan, and Dygynnelw are the three Bards of the ruddy spear.

—*for this the day  
When to his favoured city he vouchsafes  
His annual presence.*—IX. p. 266.

The Feast of the Arrival of the Gods is minutely described by Torquemada, *L. 10. c. 24*. Tezcalipoca was believed to arrive first, because he was the youngest of the Gods, and never waxed old: Telpuctli, the Youth, was one of his titles. On the night of his arrival a general carousal took place, in which it was the custom, particularly for old people, men and women alike, to drink immoderately: for they said the liquor which they drank would go to wash the feet of the God, after his journey. And I, says the Franciscan provincial, . . who, if he had been a philosopher, would perhaps have not written a book at all, or certainly not so interesting a one, . . I say, that this is a great mistake, and the truth is, that they washed their own tripes and filled them with liquor, which made them merry, and the fumes got up into their heads and overset them, with which fall it is not to be wondered at that they fell into such errors and foolishness.

It was thought that this God often visited the Mexicans, but, except on this occasion, he always came incognito. A stone seat was placed at every crossing, or division, of a street, called *Momoztli*, or *Ichialoca*, *where he is ex-*

*pected*; and this was continually hung with fresh garlands and green boughs, that he might rest there. TORQUEMADA, *L. 6. c. 20.*

*Mexitli, woman-born.—IX. p. 266.*

The history of Mexitli's birth is related in the Poem, Sect. XXI. Though the Mexicans took their name from him he is more usually called Huitzilpuchtli, or corruptly Vitzliputzli. In consequence of the vengeance which he exercised as soon as born, he was stiled Tetzahuitl, Terror, and Tetzauhteotl, the Terrible God. CLAVIGERO. TORQUEMADA, *L. 6. c. 21.*

*Quetzalcoatl.—IX. p. 266.*

God of the Winds: his temple was circular, "for even as the ayre goeth rounde about the heavens, even for that consideration they made his temple round. The entrance of that temple had a dore made lyke unto the mouth of a serpent, and was paynted with foule and divilish gestures, with great teeth and gummes wrought, which was a thing to feare those that should enter thereat, and especially the Christians, unto whom it represented very Hell with that ougly face and monstereous teeth."—GOMARA.

Some history is blended with fable in the legend of Quetzalcohuatl, for such is the *uglyography* of his name. He was chief of a band of strangers who landed at Panuco, coming from the North; their dress was black, long, and loose, like the Turkish dress, or the Cas-sock, says Torquemada, open before, without hood or cape, the sleeves full, but not reaching quite to the elbow: such dresses were, even in his time, used by the natives in some of their dances, in memory of this event. Their leader was a white man, florid, and having a large beard. At first he settled in Tullan, but left that province in consequence of the vices of its Lords, Huemac and Tezcalipoca, and removed to Cholullan. He taught the natives to cut the green stones, called chalchihuites, which were so highly valued, and to work silver and gold. Every thing flourished in his reign; the head of maize was a man's load, and the cotton grew of all colours; he had one palace of emeralds, another of silver, another made of shells, one of all kinds of wood, one of turquoises, and one of feathers: his commands were proclaimed by a cryer from the Sierra of Tzatzitepec, near the city of Tulla, and were heard as far as the sea

coast, and for more than a hundred leagues round. Fr. Bernardino de Sahagun heard such a voice once in the dead of the night, far exceeding the power of any human voice: he was told that it was to summon the labourer to the maize fields; but both he and Torquemada believe it was the Devil's doing. Notwithstanding his power, Quetzalcoal was driven out by Tezcalipoca and Huemac: before he departed he burnt or buried all his treasures, converted the cocoa trees into others of less worth, and sent off all the sweet singing birds, who had before abounded, to go before him to Tlapallan, the land of the Sun, whither he himself had been summoned. The Indians always thought he would return, and when first they saw the Spanish ships, thought he was come in these moving temples. They worshipped him, for the useful arts which he had taught, for the tranquillity they had enjoyed under his government, and because he never suffered blood to be shed in sacrifice, but ordered bread, and flowers, and incense to be offered up instead. TORQUEMADA, *L. 3. c. 7. L. 6. c. 24.*

Some authors have supposed that these strangers came from Ireland, because they scarred their faces and eat human flesh: this is no compliment to the Irish, and certainly does not accord with the legend. Others that they were Carthaginians, because New Spain was called Anahuac, and the Phœnicians were children of Anak. That the Carthaginians peopled America is the more likely, say they, because they bored their ears, and so did the Incas of Peru. One of these princes, in process of time, says Garcilasso, being willing to enlarge the privileges of his people, gave them permission to bore their ears also, but not so wide as the Incas.

This much may legitimately be deduced from the legend, that New Spain, as well as Peru, was civilized by a foreign adventurer, who, it seems, attempted to destroy the sanguinary superstition of the country, but was himself driven out by the Priests.

*Tlaloc.*—IX. p. 266.

God of the Waters: he is mentioned more particularly in Section XII. Tlalocatecuhtli, the Lord of Paradise as he is also called, was the oldest of the country Gods. His Image was that of a man sitting on a square seat, with a vessel before him, in which a specimen of all the different grains and

fruit seeds in the country was to be offered; it was of a sort of pumice stone, and, according to tradition, had been found upon the mountains. One of the Kings of Tetzcuco ordered a better Idol to be made, which was destroyed by lightning, and the original one, in consequence, replaced with fear and trembling. As one of the arms had been broken in removing, it was fastened with three large golden nails; but in the time of the first bishop, Tumarraga, the golden nails were taken away and the idol destroyed.

Tlaloc dwelt among the mountains, where he collected the vapours and dispensed them in rain and dew. A number of inferior Deities were under his command.

*Tlalala*.—IX. p. 267.

Some of my readers will stumble at this name: but to those who would accuse me of designing to *Hottentotify* the language by introducing one of the barbarous clacks, I must reply, that the sound is Grecian. The writers who have supposed that America was peopled from Plato's Island, observe, that the *tl*, a combination so remarkably frequent in the Mexican tongue, has probably a reference to *Atlantis* and the *Atlantic*, *Atl* being the Mexican word for water, and *Tlaloc* the God of the waters. An argument quite worthy of the hypothesis. FR. GREGORIO GARCIA. *Origen de los Indios*, Lib. 4. c. 8. § 2.

The quaintest opinion ever started upon this obscure subject is that of Fr. Pedro Simon, who argued, that the Indians were of the tribe of Issachar, because he was "a strong ass in a pleasant land, who bowed his shoulder to bear, and became a servant unto tribute." If the Hebrew word, which is rendered tribute, may mean taxes as well, I humbly submit it to consideration, whether Issachar may not be John Bull.

*Tyger of the War*.—IX. p. 268.

This was one of the four most honourable titles among the Mexicans: the others were, Shedder of Blood, Destroyer of Men, and Lord of the Dark House. Great Slayer of Men was also a title among the Natchez; but to obtain this it was necessary that the warrior should have made ten prisoners, or brought home twenty scalps.

The Chinese have certain soldiers whom they call Tygers of war. On their large round shields of basket work are painted monstrous faces of some imaginary animal, intended to frighten the enemy. *BARROW'S Travels in China.*

*Whose conquered Gods lie idle in their chains,  
And with tame weakness brook captivity.—IX. p. 266.*

The Gods of the conquered nations were kept fastened and caged in the Mexican temples. They who argued for the Phœnician origin of the Indians, might have compared this with the triumph of the Philistines over the Ark, when they placed it in the temple of Dagon.

— *peace offerings of repentance fill  
The Temple Courts.—IX. p. 269.*

Before the Mexican temples were large courts, kept well cleansed, and planted with the trees which they call Ahuchuetl, which are green throughout the year, and give a pleasant shade, wherefore they are much esteemed by the Indians: they are our savin (*sabines de Espana*). In the comfort of their shade the Priests sit, and await those who come to make offerings or sacrifice to the Idol. *Historie de la Fundacion y Discurso de la Provincia de Santiago de Mexico de la orden de Predicadores; por el Maestro FRAY AUGUSTIN DAVILA PADILLA. Bruxelles, 1625.*

*Ten painful months  
Immured amid the forest had he dwelt,  
In abstinence and solitary prayer  
Passing his nights and days.—X. p. 271.*

Torquemada, *L.* 9. c. 25. Clavigero.

The most painful penance to which any of these Priests were subjected was that which the Chololtecas performed every four years in honour of Quetzalcoal. All the priests sate round the walls in the temple holding a censer in their hands; from this posture they were not permitted to move, except when they went out for the necessary calls of nature; two hours they might sleep at the beginning of the night, and one after the sunrise: at midnight they bathed, smeared themselves with a black unction, and pricked their ears

to offer the blood: the twenty-one remaining hours they sate in the same posture incensing the Idol, and in that same posture took the little sleep permitted them: this continued sixty days; if any one slept out of his time his companions pricked him: the ceremony continued twenty days longer, but they were then permitted more rest. *TORQUEMADA. L. 10. c. 32.*

Folly and madness have had as much to do as knavery in priestcraft. The knaves, in general, have made the fools their instruments, but they have not unfrequently suffered in their turn.

*Coatlantona.—X. p. 274.*

The mother of Mexitli, who, being a mortal woman, was made immortal for her son's sake, and appointed Goddess of all herbs, flowers, and trees. *CLAVIGERO.*

*Mammuth.—X. p. 279.*

Mr Jefferson informs us, that a late governor of Virginia, having asked some delegates of the Delawares what they knew or had heard respecting this animal; the chief speaker immediately put himself into an oratorical attitude, and, with a pomp suited to the elevation of his subject, informed him, that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers, that in ancient times a herd of them came to the Big-bone-licks, and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elks, buffaloes, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians: that the Great Man above, looking down and seeing this, was so enraged, that he seized his lightning, descended to the earth, and seated himself upon a neighbouring mountain on a rock, on which his seat and the print of his feet are still to be seen, and hurled his bolts among them till the whole were slaughtered, except the Big Bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell; but at length missing one, it wounded him on the side, whereon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, the Wabash, the Illinois, and, finally, over the great lakes, where he is living at this day.

Colonel G. Morgan, in a note to Mr Morse, says, "these bones are found only at the Salt Licks on the Ohio; some few scattered grinders have, indeed, been found in other places; but it has been supposed these have been

brought from the above mentioned deposit, by Indian warriors and others who have passed it, as we know many have been spread in this manner. When I first visited the salt licks," says the Colonel, "in 1766, I met here a large party of the Iroquois and Wyandot Indians, who were then on a war expedition against the Chicasaw tribe. The head chief was a very old man to be engaged in war; he told me he was eighty-four years old; he was probably as much as eighty. I fixed on this venerable Chief, as a person from whom some knowledge might be obtained. After making him some acceptable presents of tobacco, paint, ammunition, &c. and complimenting him upon the wisdom of his nation, their prowess in war, and prudence in peace, I intimated my ignorance respecting the great bones before us, which nothing but his superior knowledge could remove, and accordingly requested him to inform me what he knew concerning them. Agreeably to the customs of his nation, he informed me in substance as follows:

"Whilst I was yet a boy, I passed this road several times to war against the Catawbias; and the wise old chiefs, among whom was my grandfather, then gave me the tradition, handed down to us, respecting these bones, the like to which are found in no other part of the country; it is as follows: After the Great Spirit first formed the world, he made the various birds and beasts which now inhabit it. He also made man; but having formed him white, and very imperfect and ill-tempered, he placed him on one side of it, where he now inhabits, and from whence he has lately found a passage across the great water, to be a plague to us. As the Great Spirit was not pleased with this his work, he took of black clay, and made what *you* call a negro, with a woolly head. This black man was much better than the white man; but still he did not answer the wish of the Great Spirit; that is, he was imperfect. At last the Great Spirit having procured a piece of pure, fine red clay, formed from it the red man, perfectly to his mind; and he was so well pleased with him, that he placed him on this great island, separate from the white and black men, and gave him rules for his conduct, promising happiness in proportion as they should be observed. He increased exceedingly, and was perfectly happy for ages; but the foolish young people, at length forgetting his rules, became exceedingly ill-tempered and wicked. In consequence of this, the Great Spirit created the great buffalo, the bones of

which you now see before us; these made war upon the human species alone, and destroyed all but a few, who repented, and promised the Great Spirit to live according to his laws, if he would restrain the devouring enemy: whereupon he sent lightning and thunder, and destroyed the whole race, in this spot, two excepted, a male and a female, which he shut up in yonder mountain, ready to let loose again, should occasion require."

The following tradition, existing among the natives, we give in the very terms of a Shawanee Indian, to shew that the impression made on their minds by it must have been forcible.

Ten thousand moons ago, when nought but gloomy forests covered this land of the sleeping sun, long before the pale men, with thunder and fire at their command, rushed on the wings of the wind to ruin this garden of nature; when nought but the untamed wanderers of the woods, and men as unrestrained as they, were the lords of the soil; a race of animals were in being, huge as the frowning precipice, cruel as the bloody panther, swift as the descending eagle, and terrible as the angel of night. The pines crashed beneath their feet, and the lake shrunk when they slaked their thirst; the forceful javelin in vain was hurled, and the barbed arrow fell harmless from their side. Forests were laid waste at a meal; the groans of expiring animals were every where heard; and whole villages inhabited by men were destroyed in a moment. The cry of universal distress extended even to the region of peace in the west, and the Good Spirit interposed to save the unhappy. The forked lightnings gleamed all around, and loudest thunder rocked the globe. The bolts of heaven were hurled upon the cruel destroyers alone, and the mountains echoed with the bellowsings of death. All were killed except one male, the fiercest of the race, and him even the artillery of the skies assailed in vain. He ascended the bluest summit which shades the source of the Monongahela, and, roaring aloud, bid defiance to every vengeance. The red lightning scorched the lofty firs, and rived the knotty oaks, but only glanced upon the enraged monster. At length, maddened with fury, he leaped over the waves of the west at a bound, and this moment reigns the uncontrouled monarch of the wilderness, in despite of even Omnipotence itself. WINTERBOTHAM. The tradition probably is Indian, but certainly not the bombast.



*In your youth*

*Ye have quaffed manly blood, that manly thoughts*

*Might ripen in your hearts.*—X. p. 280.

In Florida, when a sick man was bled, women who were suckling a man-child drank the blood, if the patient were a brave or strong man, that it might strengthen their milk, and make the boys braver. Pregnant women also drank it. LE MOYNE de MORGUES.

There is a more remarkable tale of kindred barbarity in Irish history. The royal family had been all cut off except one girl, and the wise men of the country fed her upon childrens flesh to make her the sooner marriageable. I have not the book to refer to, and cannot therefore give the names; but the story is in Keating's history.

*The spreading radii of the mystic wheel.*—X. p. 281.

This dance is described from Clavigero; from whom also the account of their musical instruments is taken.

*On the top*

*Of yon magnolia, the loud turkey's voice*

*Is heralding the dawn.*—XI. p. 283.

"I was awakened in the morning early, by the cheering converse of the wild turkey-cock (*Meleagris occidentalis*) saluting each other, from the sun-brightened tops of the lofty *Cupressus disticha* and *Magnolia grandiflora*. They begin at early dawn, and continue till sun-rise, from March to the last of April. The high forests ring with the noise, like the crowing of the domestic cock, of these social centinels, the watch-word being caught and repeated, from one to another, for hundreds of miles around; insomuch, that the whole country is, for an hour or more, in an universal shout. A little after sun-rise, their crowing gradually ceases, they quit their high lodging places, and alight on the earth, where, expanding their silver-bordered train, they strut and dance round about the coy female, while the deep forests seem to tremble with their shrill noise."—BARTRAM.

*His cowl was white.*—XII. p. 291.

“ They wore large garments like surplices, which were white, and had hoods such as the Canons wear; their hair long and matted, so that it could not be parted, and now full of fresh blood from their ears, which they had that day sacrificed; and their nails very long.”—B. DIAZ. Such is the description of the Mexican priests by one who had seen them.

*Tlalocan.*—XII. p. 294.

The Paradise of Tlaloc.

“ They distinguished three places for the souls when separated from the body: Those of soldiers who died in battle or in captivity among their enemies, and those of women who died in labour, went to the House of the Sun, whom they considered as the Prince of Glory, where they led a life of endless delight; where every day, at the first appearance of the sun’s rays, they hailed his birth with rejoicings; and with dancing, and the music of instruments and of voices, attended him to his meridian; there they met the souls of the women, and with the same festivity accompanied him to his setting: they next supposed, that these spirits, after four years of that glorious life, went to animate clouds, and birds of beautiful feathers and of sweet song; but always at liberty to rise again to heaven, or to descend upon the earth to warble and suck the flowers. . . The souls of those that were drowned or struck by lightning, of those who died of dropsy, tumors, wounds, and other such diseases, went along with the souls of children, at least of those which were sacrificed to Tlaloc the God of water, to a cool and delightful place called Tlalocan, where that God resided, and where they were to enjoy the most delicious repasts, with every other kind of pleasure. . . Lastly, the third place allotted for the souls of those who suffered any other kind of death, was the Mictlan, or Hell, which they conceived to be a place of utter darkness, in which reigned a God, called Mictlanteuctli, Lord of Hell, and a Goddess, named Mictlancihuatl. I am of opinion that they believed Hell to be a place in the centre of the earth, but they did not imagine that the souls underwent any other punishment there than what they suffered from the darkness of their abode. Siguenza thought the Mexicans placed Hell in the

northern part of the earth, as the word Mictlampa signified towards both."—  
CLAVIGERO.

When any person whose manner of death entitled him to a place in Tlalocan was buried (for they were never burnt), a rod or bough was laid in the grave with him, that it might bud out again and flourish in that Paradise. TORQUEMADA, *L.* 13. c. 48.

The souls of all the children, who had been offered to Tlaloc, were believed to be present at all after sacrifices, under the care of a large and beautiful serpent, called Xiuhcoatl. TORQUEMADA, *L.* 8. c. 14.

*Green islets float along.*—XII. p. 294.

Artificial Islands are common in China as well as in Mexico.

"The Chinese fishermen, having no houses on shore, nor stationary abode, but moving about in their vessels upon the extensive lakes and rivers, have no inducement to cultivate patches of ground, which the pursuits of their profession might require them to leave for the profit of another; they prefer, therefore, to plant their onions on rafts of bamboo, well interwoven with reeds and long grass, and covered with earth; and these floating gardens are towed after their boats."—BARROW'S *China*.

*To Tlaloc it was hallowed, and the stone  
Which closed its entrance never was removed,  
Save when the yearly festival returned,  
And in its womb a child was sepulchred,  
The living victim.*—XII. p. 497.

There were three yearly sacrifices to Tlaloc: At the first, two children were drowned in the Lake of Mexico; but in all the provinces they were sacrificed on the mountains; they were a boy and girl, from three to four years old: in this last case the bodies were preserved in a stone chest, as relics, I suppose, says Torquemada, of persons whose hands were clean from actual sin, though their souls were foul with the original stain, of which they were neither cleansed nor purged, and therefore they went to the place appointed for all, like them, who perish unbaptized. . . At the second, four children, from six to seven years of age, who were bought for the purpose, the price being

contributed by the chiefs, were shut up in a cavern, and left to die with hunger; the cavern was not opened again till the next year's sacrifice. . . The third continued during the three rainy months, during all which time children were offered up on the mountains; these also were bought: the heart and blood were given in sacrifice, the bodies were feasted on by the Chiefs and Priests. *TORQUEMADA, L. 7. c. 21.*

"In the country of the Mistecas was a cave sacred to the Water God. Its entrance was concealed, for, though this Idol was generally revered, this his temple was known to few: it was necessary to crawl the length of a musquet shot, and then the way, sometimes open and sometimes narrow, extended for a mile, before it reached the great dome, a place 70 feet long and 40 wide, where were the Idol and the altar: the Idol was a rude column of stalactydes, or incrustation, formed by a spring of petryfying water, and other fantastic figures had thus grown around it. The ways of the cave were so intricate, that sometimes those who had unwarily bewildered themselves there perished. The Friar, who discovered this Idol, destroyed it, and filled up the entrance."—*PADILLA, p. 643.*

*The Temple Serpents.—XIV. p. 307.*

"The head of a sacrificed person was strung up; the limbs eaten at the feast; the body given to the wild beasts which were kept within the temple circuits: moreover, in that accursed house they kept vipers and venomous snakes, who had something at their tails which sounded like morris-bells, and they are the worst of all vipers; these were kept in cradles, and barrels, and earthen vessels upon feathers, and there they laid their eggs and nurst up their snakelings, and they were fed with the bodies of the sacrificed and with dogs flesh. We learnt for certain, that, after they had driven us from Mexico and slain above 850 of our soldiers and of the men of Narvaez, these beasts and snakes, who had been offered to their cruel Idol to be in his company, were supported upon their flesh for many days. When these lions and tygers roared, and the jackalls and foxes howled, and the snakes hissed, it was a grim thing to hear them, and it seemed like hell."—*BERNAL DIAZ.*

*He had been confined  
Where myriad insects on his nakedness  
Infixed their venomous anger, and no start,  
No shudder, shook his frame.*—XIV. p. 308.

Some of the South Americans required these severe probations: the principle upon which they acted is strikingly stated by the Abbé Marigny in an Arabian anecdote.

“Ali having been chosen by Nasser for Emir, or general of his army against Makan, being one day before this Prince, whose orders he was receiving, made a convulsive motion with his whole body on feeling an acute bite: Nasser perceived it not. After receiving his orders, the Emir returned home, and, taking off his cloaths to examine the bite, found the scorpion that had bitten him. Nasser, learning this adventure, when next he saw the Emir, reproved him, for having sustained the evil, without complaining at the moment, that it might have been remedied. ‘How, Sir,’ replied the Emir, ‘should I be capable of braving the arrow’s point, and the sabre’s edge, at the head of your armies and far from you, if in your presence I could not bear the bite of a scorpion!’”

Rank in war among savages can only be procured by superior skill or strength.

Y desde ninez al egercicio  
los apremian por fuerza y los incitan,  
y en el belico estudio y duro oficio  
entrando en mas edad los egercitan;  
si alguno de flaqueza da un indicio  
del uso militar lo inhabilitan,  
y el que sale en las armas senalado  
conforme a su valor le dan el grado.

Los cargos de la guerra y preeminencia  
no son por flacos medios proveidos,  
ni van por calidad, ni por herencia,  
ni por hacienda, y ser mejor nacidos;

mas la virtud del brazo y la excelencia,  
 esta hace los hombres preferidos,  
 esta ilustra, habilita, perficiona,  
 y quilata el valor de la persona.

*Araucana*, 1.

*From the slaughtered brother of their King  
 He stript the skin, and formed of it a drum,  
 Whose sound affrighted armies.*—XIV. p. 308.

In some provinces they flead the captives taken in war, and with their skins covered their drums, thinking with the sound of them to affright their enemies; for their opinion was, that when the kindred of the slain heard the sound of these drums, they would immediately be seized with fear and put to flight. *Garcilaso de la Vega*.

“In the Palazzo Caprea at Bologna are several Turkish bucklers lined with human skin, dressed like leather: they told us it was that of the backs of Christian prisoners taken in battle; and the Turks esteem a buckler lined with it to be a particular security against the impression of an arrow, or the stroke of a sabre.”—*Lady MILLER's Letters from Italy*.

*Should thine arm  
 Subdue in battle six successive foes,  
 Life, liberty, and honour will repay  
 The noble conquest.*—XIV. p. 310.

Clavigero. One instance occurred, in which, after the captive had been victorious in all the actions, he was put to death, because they durst not venture to set at liberty so brave an enemy. But this is mentioned as a very dishonourable thing. I cannot turn to the authority, but can trust my memory for the fact.

*Often had he seen  
 His gallant countrymen with naked breast  
 Rush on their iron-coated enemies.*—XIV. p. 311.

Schyr Mawrice alsua the Berclay  
 Fra the gret battaill held hys way,

With a great rout off Walis men :  
 Quhareuir thai yeid men mycht them ken,  
 For thai wele ner all nakyt war,  
 Or lynnyn clathys had but mar.

*The Bruce*, B. 13. p. 417.

*And with the sound of sonorous instruments,  
 And with their shouts, and yells, and cries drove back  
 The Britons' fainter war cry.*—XV. p. 321.

Music seems to have been as soon applied to military as to religious uses.

Con flautas, cuernos, roncós instrumentos,  
 alto estruendo, alaridos desdenosos,  
 salen los fieros barbaros sangrientos  
 contra los Espanoles valerosos.

*Araucana*, C. 4.

"James Reid, who had acted as Piper to a rebel regiment in the Rebellion, 1745, suffered death at York on Nov. 15, 1746, as a rebel. On his trial it was alledged in his defence that he had not carried arms. But the Court observed, that a Highland Regiment never marched without a Piper, and therefore his bagpipe, in the eye of the law, was an instrument of war."—WALKER'S *Irish Bards*.

This construction was too much in the spirit of military law. Esop's Trumpeter should not have served as a precedent. Croxall's fables have been made of much practical consequence: this poor Piper was hung for not remembering one, and Gilbert Wakefield imprisoned for quoting another.

*A line of ample measure still retained  
 The missile shaft.*—XV. p. 323.

A retractile weapon of tremendous effect was used by the Gothic tribes. Its use is thus described in a very interesting poem of the sixth century.

At nonus pugnæ Helmnod successit, et ipse  
 Insertum triplici gestabat fune tridentem,

Quem post terga quidem stantes socii tenuerunt ;  
 Consiliumque fuit, dum cuspes missa sederet  
 In clypeo, cuncti pariter traxisse studerent,  
 Ut vel sic hominem deiecissent furibundum,  
 Atque sub hac certum sibi spe posuere triumphum.  
 Nec mora ; Dux, totas fundens in brachia vires,  
 Misit in adversum magna cum voce tridentem,  
 Et dicens, finis ferro tibi, calve, sub isto.  
 Qui, ventos penetrans, jaculorum more coruscat ;  
 Quod genus aspidis, ex alta sese arbore, tanto  
 Turbine demittit, quo cuncta obstantia vincat.  
 Quid moror ? umbonem scindit, peltaque resultat.  
 Clamorem Franci tollunt, saltusque resultant ;  
 Obnixique trahunt restim simul atque vicissim ;  
 Nec dubitat princeps tali se aptare labori ;  
 Manarunt cunctis sudoris flumina membris :  
 Sed tamen hic intra velut escilus astitit heros,  
 Qui non plus petit astra comis, quam tartara fibris,  
 Contemnens omnes ventorum, immota, fragores.

*De prima Expeditione Attilæ, Regis Hunnorum, in Gallias, ac  
 de Rebus Gestis Waltharii Aquitanorum Principis. Car-  
 men Epicum.*

This weapon, which is described by Suidas, Eustatius, and Agathias, was called Ango, and was a barbed trident ; if it entered the body it could not be extracted without certain death, and if it only pierced the shield, the shield became unmanageable, and the enemy was left exposed.

The *Cataia*, which Virgil mentions as a Teutonic weapon, was also retractile. This was a club of about a yard long, with a heavy end worked into four sharp points ; to the thin end, or handle, a cord was fixed, which enabled a person, well trained, to throw it with great force and exactness, and then by a jerk to bring it back to his hand, either to renew his throw, or to use it in close combat. This weapon was called *Cat* and *Catai*. *Cambrian Register*.



The Irish horsemen were attended by servants on foot, commonly called Daltini, armed only with darts or javelins, to which thongs of leather were fastened, wherewith to draw them back after they were cast. Sir JAMES WARE's *Antiquities of Ireland*.

*Paynalton.*—XV. 325.

When this name was pronounced, it was equivalent to a Proclamation for rising in mass. TORQUEMADA, *L. 6. c. 22*.

*The House of Arms.*—XV. p. 325.

The name of this Arsenal is a tolerable specimen of Mexican sesquipedalianism: Tlacochealcoatlyacapan. TORQUEMADA, *L. 8. c. 13*.

*The ablution of the Stone of Sacrifice.*—XV. p. 325.

An old Priest of the Tlatelucas, when they were at war with the Mexicans, advised them to drink the holy beverage before they went to battle: this was made by washing the Stone of Sacrifice; the King drank first, and then all his Chiefs and Soldiers in order: it made them eager and impatient for the fight. TORQUEMADA, *L. 2. c. 58*.

To physic soldiers before a campaign seems an odd way of raising their courage, yet this was done by one of the fiercest American Tribes.

"When the warriors among the Natchez had assembled in sufficient numbers for their expedition, the Medicine of War was prepared in the Chief's cabin. This was an emetic, composed of a root boiled in water. The warriors, sometimes to the number of three hundred, seated themselves round the kettles or cauldrons; about a gallon was served to each: the ceremony was, to swallow it at one draught, and then discharge it again with such loud eructations and efforts as might be heard at a great distance."—HERIOT's *History of Canada*.

Odd as this method of administering medicine may appear, some tribes have a still more extraordinary way of dispensing it.

"As I was informed there was to be a physic dance at night, curiosity led me to the town-house to see the preparation. A vessel of their own make, that might contain twenty gallons (there being a great many to take the

medicine), was set on the fire, round which stood several gourds filled with river water, which was poured into the pot. This done, there arose one of the beloved Women, who, opening a deer-skin filled with various roots and herbs, took out a small handfull of something like fine salt, part of which she threw on the head man's seat, and part on the fire close to the pot; she then took out the wing of a swan, and after flourishing it over the pot, stood fixed for near a minute, muttering something to herself; then taking a shrub like laurel, which I supposed was the physic, she threw it into the pot and returned to her seat. As no more ceremony seemed to be going on, I took a walk till the Indians assembled to take it. At my return I found the house quite full; they danced near an hour round the pot, till one of them, with a small gourd that might hold about a gill, took some of the physic, and drank it, after which all the rest took in turn. One of their head men presented me with some, and in a manner compelled me to drink, though I would willingly have declined. It was, however, much more palatable than I expected, having a strong taste of sassafras: the Indian who presented it told me it was taken to wash away their sins, so that this is a spiritual medicine, and might be ranked among their religious ceremonies. They are very solicitous about its success; the conjuror, for several mornings before it is drank, makes a dreadful howling, yelling, and hallowing from the top of the town-house, to frighten away apparitions and evil spirits."—TIMBERLAKE.

— *two fire-flies gave*

*Their lustre.*—XVII. p. 345.

It is well known that Madame Merian painted one of these insects by its own light.

"In Hispaniola and the rest of the Ocean Isles, there are plashy and marshy places, very fitt for the feeding of heardes of cattel. Gnattes of divers kindes, ingendred of that moyste heate, greivously afflict the colonies seated on the brinke thereof, and that not only in the night, as in other countries: therefore the inhabitants build low houses, and make little doores thereip, scarce able to receive the master, and without holes, that the gnats may have no entrance. And for that cause also, they forbear to light torches or candels, for that the gnatts by natural instinct follow the light;

yet neverthelesse they often finde a way in. Nature hath given that pestilent mischeife, and hath also given a remedy; as she hath given us cattles to destroy the filthy progeny of mise, so hath she given them pretty and commodious hunters which they call *Cucuij*. These be harmless winged worms, somewhat lesse than battes or reere mise, I should rather call them a kinde of beetles, because they have other wings after the same order under their hard winged sheath, which they close within the sheath when they leave flying. To this living creature (as we see flyes shine by night, and certaine sluggish worms lying in thick hedges) provident nature hath given some very cleere looking glasses: two in the seate of the eyes, and two lying hid in the flank, under the sheath, which he then sheweth, when, after the manner of the beetle, unsheathing his thin wings, he taketh his flight into the ayre; whereupon every *Cucuius* bringeth foure lights or candels with him. But how they are a remedy for so great a mischeife, as is the stinging of these gnatts, which in some places are little less than bees, it is a pleasant thing to hear. Hee, who either understandeth he hath those troublesome gwestes (the gnattes) at home, or feareth least they may get in, diligently hunteth after the *Cucuij*, which he deceiveth by this means and industry which necessity (effecting wonders) hath sought out: whoso wanteth *Cucuij*, goeth out of the house in the first twilight of the night, carrying a burning fire-brand in his hande, and ascendeth the next hillock, that the *Cucuij* may see it, and hee swingeth the fire-brand about, calling *Cucuius* aloud, and beateth the ayre with often calling and crying out *Cucui*, *Cucui*. Many simple people suppose that the *Cucuij*, delighted with that noise, come flying and flocking together to the bellowing sound of him that calleth them, for they come with a speedy and headlong course: but I rather thinke the *Cucuij* make haste to the brightness of the fire-brand, because swarmes of gnatts fly unto every light, which the *Cucuij* eate in the very ayre, as the martlets and swallowes doe. Behold the desired number of *Cucuij*, at what time the hunter casteth the fire-brand out of his hand. Some *Cucuius* sometimes followeth the fire-brand, and lighteth on the ground; then is he easily taken, as travellers may take a beetle if they have need thereof, walking with his wings shut. Others denie that the *Cucuij* are woont to bee taken after this manner, but say, that the hunters especially have boughs full of leaves ready

prepared, or broad linnen cloaths, wherewith they smite the *Cucuius* flying about on high, and strike him to the ground, where he lyeth as it were astonished, and suffereth himself to bee taken; or as they say, following the fall of the fly, they take the preye, by casting the same bushie bough, or linnen cloath upon him: howsoever it bee, the hunter havinge the hunting *Cucuij*, returneth home, and shutting the doore of the house, letteth the preye goe. The *Cucuij* loosed, swiftly flyeth about the whole house seeking gnatts, under their hanging bedds, and about the faces of them that sleepe, whiche the gnatts use to assayle; they seem to execute the office of watchmen, that such as are shut in may quietly rest. Another pleasant and profitable commodity proceedeth from the *Cucuij*. As many eyes as every *Cucuius* openeth, the hoste enjoyeth the light of so many candels: so that the Inhabitants spinne, sewe, weave, and dance by the light of the flying *Cucuij*. The Inhabitants thinke that the *Cucuius* is delighted with the harmony and melody of their singing, and that hee also exerciseth his motion in the ayre according to the action of their dancing; but hee, by reason of the divers circuit of the gnatts, of necessity swiftly flyeth about divers wayes to seek his food. Our men also reade and write by that light, which alwayes continueth untill he have gotten enough whereby he may be well and fedd. The gnats being cleansed, or driven out of doores, the *Cucuius* beginning to famish, the light beginneth to faile; therefore when they see his light to waxe dim, opening the little doore, they set him at libertie, that he may seeke his foode.

“ In sport and merriment, or to the intent to terrifie such as are afrayd of every shadow, they say that many wanton wild fellowes sometimes rubbed their faces by night with the fleshe of a *Cucuius*, being killed, with purpose to meet their neighbours with a flaming countenance, as with us sometimes wanton young men, putting a gaping toothed visard over their face, endeavour to terrifie children, or women, who are easily frighted: for the face being anointed with the lump or fleshy part of the *Cucuius*, shineth like a flame of fire; yet in short space that fiery virtue waxeth feeble and is extinguished, seeing it is a certayne bright humor received in a thin substance. There is also another wonderful commodity proceeding from the *Cucuius*: the Islanders appoynted by our menn, goe with their good will by night, with two *Cucuij* tied to the great toes of their feet; for the travailer goeth

better by direction of these lights, than if he brought so many candels with him as their open eyes; he also carryeth another in his hand to seek the *Utia* by night, a certaine kind of cony, a little exceeding a mouse in bignesse and bulke of bodie: which four-footed beast they onely knewe before our coming thither, and did eate the same. They also go a fishing by the light of the *Cucuij*."—PIETRO MARTIRE.

*Bells of gold*

*Embossed his glittering helmet.*—XVIII. p. 358.

Among the presents which Cortes sent to Spain were "two helmets covered with blue precious stones; one edged with golden belles and many plates of gold, two golden knobbes sustaining the belles. The other covered with the same stones, but edged with 25 golden belles, crested with a greene foule sitting on the top of the helmet, whose feet, bill, and eyes were all of gold, and several golden knobbes sustained every bell."—PIETRO MARTIRE.

*A white plume*

*Nodded above, far seen, floating like foam*

*On the war-tempest.*—XVIII. p. 359.

His tall white plume, which, like a high wrought foam,  
Floated on the tempestuous stream of fight,  
Shewed where he swept the field.

YOUNG'S *Busiris*.

*So oft the yeomen had in days of yore,*

*Cursing his perilous tenure, wound the horn.*—XVIII. p. 359.

Cornage Tenure.

*The Journey of the Dead.*—XIX. p. 359.

Clavigero. *Torquemada*, L. 13. c. 47.

The fighting mountains of the Mexicans are less absurd than the moving rocks of the Greeks, as they are placed, not in this world, but in the road to the next.

“ L. Martio et Sex. Julio consulibus, in agro Mutinensi duo montes inter se concurrerunt, crepitu maximo assultantes et recedentes, et inter eos flammâ fumoque exeunte. Quo concursu villæ omnes elisæ sunt; animalia permulta quæ intra fuerant, exanimata sunt.”—J. RAVISII TEXTORIS *Officina*, f. 210.

A fiery mountain is a bad neighbour, but a quarrelsome one must be infinitely worse, and a dancing one would not be much better. It is a happy thing for us, who live among the mountains, that they are now-a-days very peaceable, and have left off “ skipping like rams.”

*Funeral and Coronation—XIX. pp. 370. 373.*

Clavigero. Torquemada.

This coronation oath resembles in absurdity the language of the Chinese, who, in speaking of a propitious event occurring, either in their own or any other country, generally attribute it to the joint Will of Heaven and the Emperor of China. BARROW.

I once heard a Methodist Street Preacher exhort his auditors to praise God as the first cause of all good things, and the King as the second.

*Let the guilty tremble! it shall flow  
A draught of agony and death to him,  
A stream of fiery poison.*—XX. 377.

I have no other authority for attributing this artifice to Tezozomoc, than that it has been practised very often and very successfully.

“ A Chief of Dsjedda,” says Niebuhr, “ informed me that two hundred ducats had been stolen from him, and wanted me to discover the thief. I excused myself, saying, that I left that sublime science to the Mahomedan sages; and very soon afterwards a celebrated schech shewed, indeed, that he knew more than I did. He placed all the servants in a row, made a long prayer, then put into the mouth of each a bit of paper, and ordered them all to swallow it, after having assured them that it would not harm the innocent, but that the punishment of Heaven would fall on the guilty; after which he examined the mouth of every one, and one of them, who had not swallowed the paper, confessed that he had stolen the money.”

A similar anecdote occurs in the old Legend of Pierre Faifeu.

*Comment la Dame de une grosse Maison ou il hautoit, perdit ung Dyamant en sa maison, qu'il luy fist subtilement recouvrer.* Chap. 22. p. 58.

Ung certain jour, la Dame de l'hostel  
 Eut ung ennuy, le quel pour vray fut tel,  
 Car elle avoit en sa main gauche ou dextre  
 Ung Dyamant, que l'on renommoit de estre  
 De la valeur de bien cinq cens ducatz;  
 Or, pour soubdain vous advertir du cas,  
 Ou en dormant, ou en faisant la veille,  
 Du doy luy cheut, dont cres font s' esmerveille,  
 Qu'el' ne le treuve est son cueur très marry,  
 Et n'ose aussi le dire a son mary;  
 Mais a Faifeu allee est s'en complaindre,  
 Qui respondit, sans grandement la plaindre,  
 Que bien failloit que le Seigneur le sçeust,  
 Et qu'elle luy dist ains qu'il s'en apperceust.  
 En ce faisant le vaillant Pierre Maistre  
 La recouvrer luy est allé promettre,  
 Ce moyennant qu'il eust cinquante escuz,  
 Qu'elle luy promist, sans en faire refus,  
 Pareillement qu' aucun de la maison  
 L'eust point trouvé, il en rendroit raison.  
 Leurs propos tins, s'en alla seure et ferme  
 La dicte Dame, et au Seigneur afferme  
 Du Dyamant le susdict interest,  
 Dont il ne fist pas grant conte ou arrest,  
 Ce nonobstant que fust le don de nopces,  
 Qu'avoit donne 'par sur autres negoces;  
 Car courroucer sa femme assez en veoit  
 L'avoit perdu, mais grand dueil en avoit:  
 Or toutes fois a Faifeu il ordonne  
 Faire son vueil, et puissance il luy donne

A son plaisir faire ainsi qu'il entend.  
 Incontinent Faifeu fist tout content  
 Tost assembler serviteurs et servantes,  
 Grans et petitz, et les portes-fermantes,  
 Les fist rengu en une chambre a part.  
 Ou de grant peur chascun d'eulz avoit part.  
 Quant il eust fait, appella Sieur et Dame,  
 Desquelz amé estoit de corps et de ame,  
 Et devant eulx au servans fist sermon  
 Du Dyamant, leur disant ; nous chermon,  
 Et scavons bien par l'art de micromance  
 Celuy qui le a et tout en evidance  
 Feignoit chermer la chambre en tous endroitz,  
 Se pourmenant devant boytteu ou droitz.  
 Il apperceut parmy une verriere,  
 Emmy la court, ung garsonnet arriere,  
 Qui n'estoit point o les autres venu,  
 Dont vous orrez qu'il eu est advenu.  
 Ce nonobstant qu'il y en eust grant nombre,  
 Cinquante ou plus, soubdain faignit soube ombre  
 De diviner, que tout n'y estoit point.  
 Les serviteurs ne congnoissans le point  
 Dirent que nul ne restoit de la bende  
 Fors le berger ; donc, dist-il, qu'on le mande,  
 Bien le scavoys et autres choses scay,  
 Qu'il vienne tost, et vous verrez l'essay.  
 Quant fut venu, demande une arballeste  
 Que bender fist o grant peine et moleste,  
 Car forte estoit des meilleures qui soient.  
 Les assistens tresfort s'esbahyssoient  
 Que faire il veult, car dessus il fait mettre  
 Ung font raillon, puis ainsi la remettre  
 Dessus la table, et couchee a travers  
 Tout droit tendue, et atournee envers,



Par ou passer on doit devaont la table.  
 Tout ce cas fait, comme resolu et stable,  
 Dist à la Dame, et aussi au Seigneur,  
 Que nul d'eulx ne heut tant fiance en son heur,  
 De demander la bague dessus dicte,  
 Par nul barat ou cautelle maudicte;  
 Car il convient, sans faire nul destour,  
 Que chascun d'eulx posse et face son tour  
 Devant le trect, arc, arballestes, ou flesches,  
 Sans que le cueur d' aucun se plye ou flesche ;  
 Et puis apres les servans passeront,  
 Mais bien croyer que ne repasseront,  
 Ceulx ou celui qui la bague retiennent,  
 Mais estre mortz tous asseurez se tiennent.  
 Son dit finy, chascun y a passe,  
 Sans que nul fust ne blecé ne casse ;  
 Mais quant ce fut a cil qui a la bague,  
 A ce ne veult user de mine ou brague,  
 Car pour certain se trouva si vain cueur,  
 Que s'excuser ne sceut est vainquer ;  
 Mais tout soubdain son esprit se tendit  
 Cryer mercy, et la bague rendit,  
 En effermant qu'il en l'avoit robee,  
 Mais sans Faifeu eust este absorbée.  
 Auquel on quis s'il estoit bien certain  
 Du larronneau, mais jura que incertain  
 Il en estoit, et sans science telle  
 Qu'on estimoit, avoit quis la cantelle  
 Espoventer par subtile Leçon  
 Ceulx qui la bague avoient, en la façon  
 Vous pouver voir que, par subtile prouve,  
 Tel se dit bon, qui meschant on approuve.

The trial by ordeal more probably originated in cunning than in superstition. The Water of Jealousy is the oldest example. This seems to have been

a device to enable women, when unjustly suspected, fully to exculpate themselves; for no one who was guilty would have ventured upon the trial.

I remember an anecdote of John Henderson, which is characteristic of the man. The maid servant one evening, at a house where he was visiting, begged that she might be excused from bringing in the tea, for he was a conjuror, she said. When this was told him, he desired the Mistress would insist upon her coming in; this was done: he fixed his eye upon her, and after she had left the room said, take care of her; she is not honest. It was soon found that he had rightly understood the cause of her alarm.

*The Sports.*—XXI. p. 382.

These are described from Clavigero, who gives a print of the Flyers: the tradition of the Banner is from the same author: the legend of Mexitli from Torquemada, *L. 6. c. 21*.

*Then the Temples fell,*

*Whose black and putrid walls were scaled with blood.*—XXII. p. 389.

I have not exaggerated. Bernal Diaz was an eye witness, and he expressly says, that the walls and the floor of Mexitli's temple were black and flaked with blood, and stenching. p. 71. I quote from the original.

*One of our nation lost the Maid he loved.*—XXII. p. 392.

There was a young man in despair for the death of his sister, whom he loved with extreme affection. The idea of the departed recurred to him incessantly. He resolved to seek her in the Land of Souls, and flattered himself with the hope of bringing her back with him. His voyage was long and laborious, but he surmounted all the obstacles, and overcame every difficulty. At length he found a solitary old man, or rather genius, who, having questioned him concerning his enterprise, encouraged him to pursue it, and taught him the means of success. He gave him a little empty calabash to contain the soul of his sister, and promised on his return to give him the brain, which he had in his possession, being placed there, by virtue of his office, to keep the brains of the dead. The young man profited by his instructions, finished his course successfully, and arrived in the Land of Souls,

the inhabitants of which were much astonished to see him, and fled at his presence. Tharonhiaouagon received him well, and protected him by his council from the Old Woman his grandmother, who, under the appearance of a feigned regard, wished to destroy him by making him eat the flesh of serpents and vipers, which were to her delicacies. The Souls being assembled to dance, as was their custom, he recognized that of his sister; Tharonhiaouagon assisted him to take it by surprise, without which help he never would have succeeded, for when he advanced to seize it, it vanished as a dream of the night, and left him as confounded as was Æneas when he attempted to embrace the shade of his father Anchises. Nevertheless, he took it, confined it, and, in spite of the attempts and stratagems of this captive soul, which sought but to deliver itself from its prison, he brought it back the same road by which he came, to his own village. I know not if he recollected to take the brain, or judged it unnecessary; but as soon as he arrived he dug up the body, and prepared it according to the instructions he had received, to render it fit for the reception of the soul, which was to re-animate it. Every thing was ready for this resurrection, when the impertinent curiosity of one of those who were present prevented its success. The captive soul, finding itself free, fled away, and the whole journey was rendered useless. The young man derived no other advantage than that of having been at the Land of Souls, and the power of giving certain tidings of it, which were transmitted to posterity. *LAFITAU sur les mœurs des Sauvages Amériquains*, Tom. I. p. 401.

“ One, I remember, affirmed to me, that himself had been dead four days; that most of his friends in that time were gathered together to his funeral; and that he should have been buried, but that some of his relations at a great distance, who were sent for upon that occasion, were not arrived, before whose coming he came to life again. In this time, he says he went to the place where the sun rises (imagining the Earth to be plain), and directly over that place, at a great height in the air, he was admitted, he says, into a great House, which he supposes was several miles in length, and saw many wonderful things too tedious, as well as ridiculous, to mention. Another person, a woman, whom I have not seen, but been credibly informed of by the Indians, declares, she was dead several days; that her soul went South-

ward, and feasted and danced with the happy spirits : and that she found all things exactly agreeable to the Indian notions of a future state.”—BRAINERD.

— *that sweeter one that knoweth all*

*The notes of all the winged choristers.*—XXIII. p. 395.

The Mocking Bird is often mentioned, and with much feeling, in Mr Davis's Travels in America, a very singular and interesting volume. He describes himself in one place as listening by moonlight to one that usually perched within a few yards of his log hut. A negress was sitting on the threshold of the next door, smoaking the stump of an old pipe. *Please God Almighty*, exclaimed the old woman, *how sweet that mocking bird sing ! he never tire*. By day and by night it sings alike ; when weary of mocking others, the bird takes up its own natural strain, and so joyous a creature is it, that it will jump and dance to its own music. The bird is perfectly domestic, for the Americans hold it sacred. Would that we had more of these humane prejudices in England,—if that word may be applied to a feeling so good in itself and in its tendency.

A quaint old protestant missionary mentions another of the American singing-birds very technically.

“ Of black birds there be millions, which are great devourers of the Indian corn as soon as it appears out of the ground : unto this sort of birds, especially, may the mystical fowls, the Divells, be well resembled, (and so it pleaseth the Lord Jesus himself to observe, *Matt. 13.*) which mystical fowl follow the sowing of the word, and pick it up from loose and careless hearers, as these black birds follow the material seed ; against these they are very careful, both to set their corn deep enough, that it may have a strong root, not so apt to be pluckt up, as also they put up little watch-houses in the middle of their fields, in which they or their biggest children lodge.”—ROGER WILLIAMS.

But of all the songsters in America who warble their wood-notes wild, the frogs are the most extraordinary.

“ Prepared as I was to hear something extraordinary from these animals, I confess the first frog concert I heard in America was so much beyond any

thing I could conceive of the powers of these musicians, that I was truly astonished. This performance was *al fresco*, and took place on the 18th (April) instant, in a large swamp, where there were at least ten thousand performers, and, I really believe, not two exactly in the same pitch, if the octave can possibly admit of so many divisions or shades of semitones. An Hibernian musician, who, like myself, was present for the first time at this concert of *anti-music*, exclaimed, ‘By Jasus, but they stop out of tune to a nicety!’

“I have been since informed by an *amateur* who resided many years in this country, and made this species of music his peculiar study, that on these occasions the treble is performed by the Tree Frogs, the smallest and most beautiful species; they are always of the same colour as the bark of the tree they inhabit, and their note is not unlike the chirp of a cricket: the next in size are our counter-tenors, they have a note resembling the setting of a saw. A still larger species sing tenor, and the under part is supported by the Bull Frogs, which are as large as a man’s foot, and bellow out the bass in a tone as loud and sonorous as that of the animal from which they take their name.”  
—*Travels in America*, by W. PRIEST, *Musician*.

“I have often thought,” says this lively traveller, “if an enthusiastic cockney of weak nerves, who had never been out of the sound of Bow bell, could suddenly be conveyed from his bed in the middle of the night, and laid fast asleep in an American swamp, he would, on waking, fancy himself in the infernal regions: his first sensation would be from the stings of a myriad of mosquitoes; waking with the smart, his ears would be assailed with the horrid noises of the frogs; on lifting up his eyes he would have a faint view of the night hawks, flapping their ominous wings over his devoted head, visible only from the glimmering light of the fire-flies, which he would naturally conclude were sparks from the bottomless pit. Nothing would be wanting at this moment to complete the illusion, but one of those dreadful explosions of thunder and lightning, so extravagantly described by Lee in *Oedipus*. ‘Call you these peals of thunder but the yawn of bellowing clouds? by Jove, they seem to me the world’s last groans, and those large sheets of flame its last blaze!’”

*In sink and swell  
More exquisitely sweet than ever art  
Of man evoked from instrument of touch,  
Or beat, or breath.*—XXIII. p. 395.

The expression is from an old Spanish writer : "Tañian instrumentos de diversas maneras de la musica, de pulso, e flato, e tato, e voz."—*Cronica de PERO NINO*.

— *the old in talk*  
*Of other days, that mingled with their joy  
Memory of many a hard calamity.*—XXIV. p. 400.

"And when the builders laid the foundation of the Temple of the Lord, they set the Priests in their apparel with trumpets, and the Levites the sons of Asaph with cymbals, to praise the Lord, after the ordinance of David King of Israel.

"And they sang together by course in praising and giving thanks unto the Lord, because he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever toward Israel. And all the people shouted with a great shout when they praised the Lord, because the foundation of the house of the Lord was laid.

"But many of the Priests and Levites, and chief of the fathers, who were ancient men, that had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice; and many shouted aloud with joy :

"So that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people; for the people shouted with a loud shout, and the noise was heard afar off."—EZRA, III. 10. 13.

*For Aztlan comes in anger, and her Gods  
Spare none.*—XXIV. p. 403.

Kill all that you can, said the Tlascallans to Cortes; the young that they may not bear arms, the old that they may not give counsel. BERNAL DIAZ, p. 56.

*The Cycle of the Years is full.*—XXVI. p. 419.

Torquemada, *L. 10. c. 33.* The tradition of the Five Suns is related by Clavigero; the origin of the present by the same author and by Torquemada, *L. 6. c. 42*: the whole of the ceremonies is accurately stated.

*Depart ! Depart ! for so the note*

*Articulated in his native tongue*

*Spoke to the Azteca.*—XXVII. p. 431.

My excuse for this insignificant agency, as I fear it will be thought, must be, that the fact itself is historically true: by means of this omen the Aztecas were induced to quit their country, after a series of calamities. The leader who had address enough to influence them was Huitziton, a name which I have altered to Yuhidthiton for the sake of euphony; the note of the bird is represented in Spanish and Italian thus, *tihui*; the cry of the *pecwit* cannot be better expressed. TORQUEMADA, *L. 2. c. 1.* CLAVIGERO.

*The Chair of God.*—XXVII. p. 444.

Mexitli, they said, appeared to them during their emigration, and ordered them to carry him before them in a chair: Teoycpalli it was called. TORQUEMADA, *L. 2. c. 1.*

The hideous figures of their Idols are easily accounted for by the Historian of the Dominicans in Mexico.

“As often as the Devil appeared to the Mexicans, they made immediately an Idol of the figure in which they had seen him; sometimes as a lion, othertimes as a Dog, othertimes as a Serpent; and as the ambitious Devil took advantage of this weakness, he assumed a new form every time to gain a new image in which he might be worshipped. The natural timidity of the Indians aided the design of the Devil, and he appeared to them in horrible and affrighting figures that he might have them the more submissive to his will; for this reason the Idols which we still see in Mexico, placed in the corners of the streets as spoils of the Gospel, are so deformed and ugly.”  
FRAY AUGUSTIN DAVILA PADILLA.

*To spread in other lands Mexitli's name.*—XXVII. p. 449.

It will scarcely be believed that the resemblance between Mexico and Messiah should have been adduced as a proof that America was peopled by the Ten Tribes. Fr. Estevan de Selazar discovered this wise argument, which is noticed in Gregorio Garcias' very credulous and very learned work on the Origin of the Indians, *L. 3. c. 7. § 2.*

THE END.

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